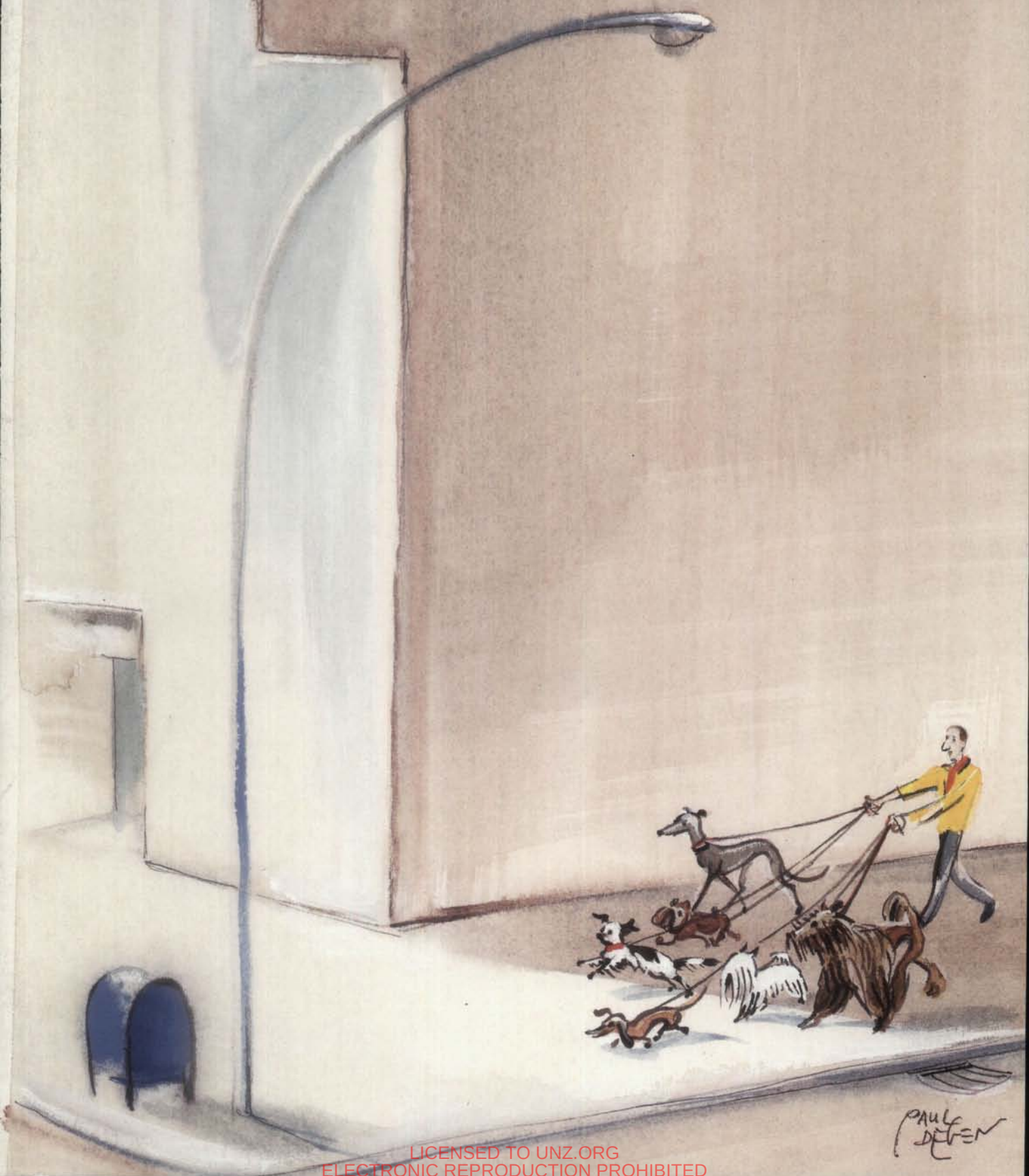


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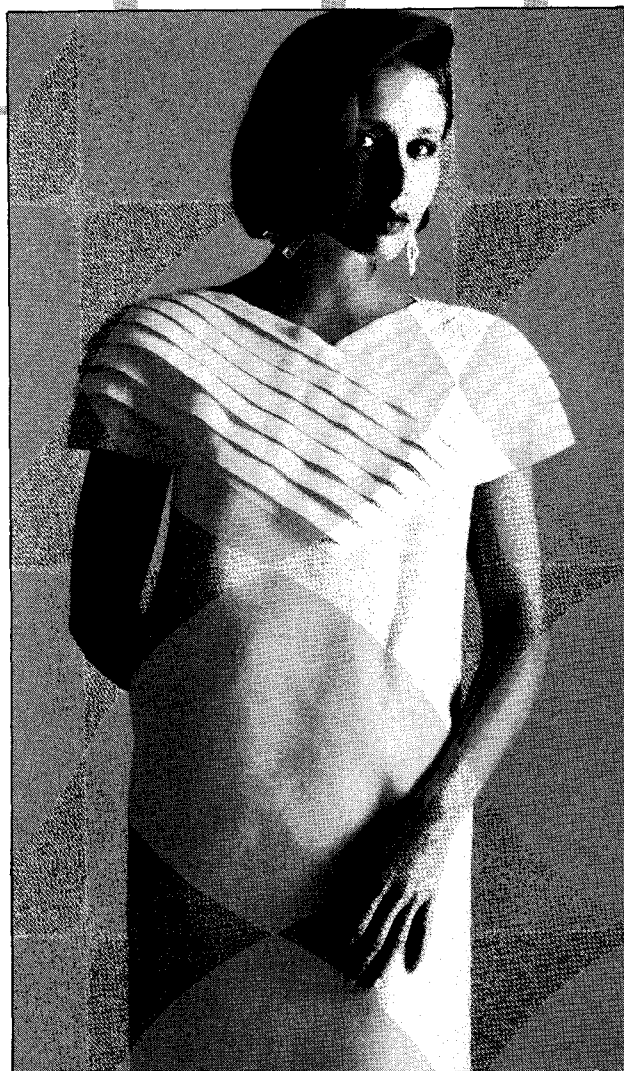
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMERI/CAIN GOTHIC—A play by Paul Carter Harrison, with Moses Gunn and Sylvia Miles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 7.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about this milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AVNER THE ECCENTRIC—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

BILOXI BLUES—Neil Simon's sequel to his "Brighton Beach Memoirs." Matthew Broderick is the star and Gene Saks the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 27. Opens officially on Thursday, March 28. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Sunday, March 24, at 3.)

COMING OF AGE IN SoHo—Albert Innaurato's humorous, touching comedy about an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/18/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

CROSSING THE BAR—A comedy by Michael Zettler. Previews Wednesday, March 20. Opens officially on Thursday, March 21. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DIAMONDS—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, James McDaniel, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and Ellia English. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DIGBY—A comedy by Joseph Dougherty, with Anthony Heald, Roxanne Hart, and John Glover. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of *VERY WARM FOR MAY*, a musical by Jerome Kern (score) and Oscar Hammerstein (book and lyrics), is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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THE FANTOD—A play by Amlin Gray, with music by Norman L. Berman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

THE FOREIGNER—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE HITCH-HIKERS—This play by Larry Ketron, based on a short story by Eudora Welty, makes an engrossing theatrical evening. It is well acted by the whole company, to a subtle jazz and blues accompaniment. Dann Florek was the excellent director. (3/11/85) (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

HURLYBURLY—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Frank Langella, Ron Silver,

Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiello, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JOE EGG—The production of Peter Nichols' play, with Jim Dale and Stockard Channing, seen recently Off Broadway will reopen on Broadway. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, March 21-26. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 27. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Friday, March 29, at 2.)

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not as a historic event alone. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

KUNI-LEML—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfajn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A KURT WEILL CABARET—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 24: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO**. ... Starting Wednesday, March 27: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

THE LOVES OF ANATOL—Ellis Rabb and Nicholas Martin have made a sorry literary hash of Schnitzler's study of a young Viennese amoralist. With Stephen Collins and Philip Bosco. (3/18/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS—A musical version of the Gertrude Stein novel of the same name, composed by Al Carmines and with a libretto by Leon Katz. It was originally staged in 1972 as a production of the Judson Poets' Theatre. (St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 9:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 30.)

MANOA VALLEY—The current production of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre is a domestic comedy from Hawaii, with Alvin Lum in the leading role. Edward Sakamoto was the dramatist. (3/18/85) (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinees Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MIRROR REPERTORY COMPANY—The first three in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. **CLARENCE**: A disastrous production of Booth Tarkington's play. (2/25/85) ... **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (2/11/85) ... **VIVAT! VIVAT! REGINA!**: A pokey revival of Robert Bolt's shallow play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth I, but with a splendid performance by Geraldine Page, as Elizabeth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Frances Foster (a charmer if ever there was one) has the title role in **HENRIETTA**, and plays a somewhat ad-dled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (2/4/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinees Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 24.)

THE OCTETTE BRIDGE CLUB—P. J. Barry has written a sour comedy about a huge and dreary Irish Catholic family in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1934-44; surely the least promising subject matter stumbled upon in our time. (3/18/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PACK OF LIES—A rather humdrum little melodrama, by Hugh Whitmore, about a humdrum British couple and what befalls them when their best friends turn out to be Russian spies. With Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGeehan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SAMUEL BECKETT TRILOGY—The American premieres of the author's plays "Theatre I," "Theatre II," and "That Time." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—A revival, popular in England, of the interminable O'Neill melo-



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drama. With Glenda Jackson, Edward Petherbridge, Brian Cox, James Hazeldine, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Tom Aldredge. The director is Keith Hack. (3/4/85) (Nederland, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 6:45. Matinees Sundays at 2.)

3 GUYS NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN—John Kasir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TRACERS—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

VIRGINIA—Edna O'Brien has arranged selections from Virginia Woolf's diaries and letters into an autobiographical monologue interspersed with scenes involving Leonard Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. Kate Nelligan, an unlikely choice for the title role, nevertheless gives an arresting performance, and Kenneth Welsh is very good as Leonard. (3/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS: Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th St. Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES**: A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CATS**: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DREAMGIRLS**:

Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 10,360 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **FOOL FOR LOVE**: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Katherine Cortez and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach, Lee Roy Reams, and Millicent Martin. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC**: A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **NOISES OFF**: As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **THE REAL THING**: The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Nicol Williamson and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE**: A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Maryann Plunkett. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE TAP DANCE KID**: A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **TORCH SONG TRILOGY**: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

JEROME KERN FESTIVAL—A concert version of the composer's 1919 musical "Zip! Goes a Million," with lyrics by Buddy De Sylva, will be the last in a series of shows originally created for New York's Princess Theatre. Conducted by John McGlinn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 22, at 8:30; Sun-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, March 24, at 2 and 8:30; and Monday, March 25, at 8:30.)

WALL-TO-WALL RICHARD RODGERS—A free twelve-hour marathon, with appearances and performances by, among others, Beverly Sills, Billy Taylor, Celeste Holm, Josh Logan, and an orchestra conducted by John Mauceri. 864-5400. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 23, from 11 to 11.)

PARLONS FRANÇAIS II: UN EXERCISE DE STYLE—A new comedy by Eugene Ionesco, with a cast from the original Paris production. Introduced by Mr. Ionesco and performed in French. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 355-6100.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pals-on-Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "The Moor's Pavane," "Confetti," and "Rodeo." ... Thursday, March 21, at 8: "Hexameron," "Love Songs," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." ... Friday, March 22, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Round of Angels," and "Jamboree." ... Saturday, March 23, at 8; Sunday, March 24, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday, March 26, at 8: "The Taming of the Shrew." ... Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "Light Rain," "Love Songs," "Night," and "Trinity." ... Thursday, March 28, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Parade," and "Kettentanz." ... Friday, March 29, at 8: "Light Rain," "Cloven Kingdom," "Night," and "Trinity." ... Saturday, March 30, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Italian Suite," and "Le Beau Danube." ... Sunday, March 31, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Parade," and "Jamboree." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, March 31.)

SYDNEY DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, March 20, at 7:30; Saturday, March 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 31, at 2: "Wilderness," "Homelands," and "Black and Blue." ... Thursday and Friday, March 21-22, at 8; Saturday, March 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 24, at 2: "After Venice." ... Tuesday through Friday, March 26-29, at 8: "Some Rooms." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

HAMBURG BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "Kinderszenen," "Mozart 338," and "Mahler's Fourth Symphony." ... Thursday, March 21, at 7, and Sunday, March 24, at 2: "Saint Matthew Passion." ... Friday, March 22, at 8, and Saturday, March 23, at 2 and 8: "Mahler's Sixth Symphony." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

BATTERY DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, March 20, at 6:45; Thursday, March 22, at 8; and Saturday, March 23, at 2: "Four Dances to New Music." ... Thursday, March 21, at 6:45; Saturday, March 23, at 8; and Sunday, March 24, at 2: "The Art of Fugue." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. For tickets, call 488-1715.)

PILAR RIOJA—A seven-week engagement. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Thursday through Saturday, March 21-23, at 8; Sunday, March 24, at 3 and 7; Tuesday through Friday, March 26-29, at 8; and Saturday, March 30, at 3. Through Sunday, April 28.)

MARLEEN PENNISON AND DANCERS—"The Hurricane: Dedans l'Année de Cinquante Sept," "River Road Sweet," and "Freeway." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursdays through Saturdays, March 21-23 and 28-30, at 8, and Sundays, March 24 and 31, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

KENNETH KING AND DANCERS—New and repertory works. (St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, March 21-24, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

OHAD NAHARIN AND DANCERS—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.

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Thursday, March 21, and Saturday and Sunday, March 23-24, at 8.)

DOUGLAS DUNN AND DANCERS—Two New York premières—"3rd Rotation" and an untitled work—and "Elbow Room." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. Saturdays and Sundays, March 23-24 and 30-31, at 8. For tickets, call 673-2207.)

BUCKET DANCE THEATRE—Programs of modern dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, March 27-30, at 8; and Sunday, March 31, at 2 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON**, a wonderfully convincing performer, is singing an all-Stephen Sondheim program in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays, Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. A hefty double bill—the **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** quintet and **KENNY BURRELL's** trio—is available through Sunday, March 24. And on Tuesday, March 26, **SARAH VAUGHAN** will arrive for a six-night visit. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, **BUDDY RICH** and his big band and Mike Rowe; Friday, March 22, La Bamba & the Hubcaps and Bill Chinnock; Saturday through Monday, March 23-25, **BILLY COBHAM** and **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**; Wednesday, March 27, new music with **DO'A** and guitarist **PIERRE BENSUSAN**; Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, **NRBQ** and the Nighthawks. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are some-

times posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, March 23, and **HAROLD DANKO** and **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Monday, March 25. Music from nine-forty-five.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** is holding forth in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. ... **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home for traditional small-band jazz on the block (the remains of Jimmy Ryan's sadly waste away nearby). Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Right now, it's strictly guitar city: **JOE PASS**, a jazz guitarist out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike and by a lot of the nonplaying laity, is here through Sunday, March 24. "How does he do it?" his audiences seem to be wondering at the end of a set, stunned smiles on their faces. On Tuesday, March 26, another guitarist, **BIRELI LAGRENE**, a young Gypsy player in the Reinhardt tradition, will begin performing with his quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

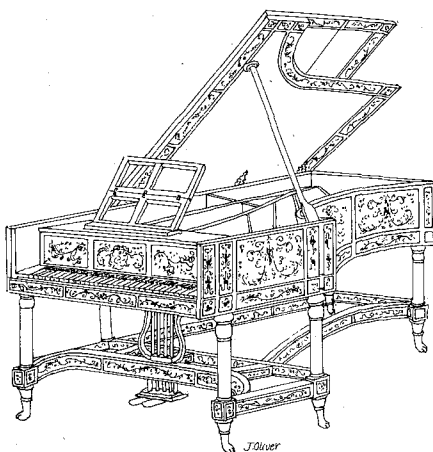
FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, March 20, les Têtes-Noires; Thursday, March 21, Piano-saurus; Friday, March 22, Bill McLaughlin; Saturday, March 23, Ronee Blakley; Wednesday, March 27, Phil Alvin; Friday, March 29, Suzanne Vega; and Saturday, March 30, **ELLEN MCILWAIN**. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of **NEVILLE DICKIE**, an English stride- and boogie-woogie-piano specialist whose sets are fun. Mr. Dickie performs through Saturday, March 23, and on Tuesday, March 26, the City Light Orchestra will take over. Sundays are claimed by pianist Jane Jarvis, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JUNIOR MANCE** works with **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, March 23; then on Tuesday, March 26, **KENNY BARRON** will come in with **RED MITCHELL**. Music from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. The rock, blues, and country: Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, **JUNIOR WALKER** & the All-Stars; Sunday, March 24, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN**; Monday and Tuesday, March 25-26, blues musicians **ALBERT KING** and **JOHNNY COPELAND**; Wednesday, March 27, yodeller-fiddler **PETER ROWAN** with **FLACO JIMENEZ**, the virtuoso accordionist, and the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL**; and Thursday, March 28, keyboardist and singer **BILLY PRESTON**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. The **MINGUS DYNASTY** occupies the bandstand until Sunday, March 24; on Tuesday, March 26, flamethrowing saxophonist and bassoonist



ILLINOIS JACQUET will arrive with a big band. Mondays are the property of **TOSHIO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, with **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor-saxophone solos. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A musical revue, "Offbeats," runs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty and is performed by its composer, **ARTHUR SIEGEL**, its writer, **TONY LANG**, and Janelle Hutchison. On many Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, March 21, the Cucumbers and Broken Arrow; Friday, March 22, les Têtes-Noires; Saturday, March 23, Pillow and Foreign Legion; and Tuesday, March 26, Nolan Thomas & the Vid Kids. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—**WOODY HERMAN** and his Woodchoppers, a sextet, are in residence in the King Cole (as in Old, not Nat) Room. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, March 20, the New York Jazz Guitar Ensemble; Thursday, March 21, Special EFX; Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH**, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and drummer **ADAM NUSSBAUM**; Sunday and Monday, March 24-25, Bush Rock; Tuesday, March 26, **JUMP STREET**, an R. & B. outfit; Wednesday, March 27, saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC**; and Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, the **BRECKER BROTHERS BAND**. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend. The lineup: Wednesday, March 20, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES**; Thursday, March 21, **MUTABARUKA**; Fridays and Saturdays, March 22-23 and 29-30, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, March 24, **LYOYD MC NEILL**; Wednesday, March 27, **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND**; and Thursday, March 28, the Itals, with Roots Radix and Don Carlos. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** work through Sunday, March 24, and on Tuesday, March 26, yet another legendary drummer, **MAX ROACH**, will take charge. On Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage of the wa-wa pedal **GIL EVANS** leads his exuberant **ORCHESTRA**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

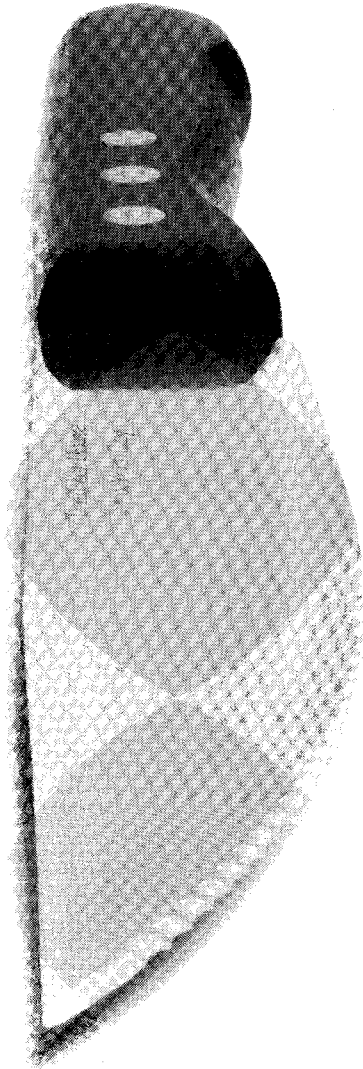
VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On March 25, **MONGO SANTAMARIA**, **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPAÑIA**, and **TITO PUENTE**, the guest soloist, will all be on hand—*muy emocionante!* Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** works with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Sunday, March 24, and starting Tuesday, March 26, pianist **STANLEY COWELL** will play duets with bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops in on Tuesdays. Sets begin at nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and their quartet perform in it through Sunday, March 24; on Tuesday, March 26, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will descend the stairs with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER**. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Altoist **CHRIS WOODS** heads up a quintet through Saturday, March 23, and on Tuesday, March 26, cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** and tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will begin co-piloting a sextet. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** through Saturday.

WHAT TO ORDER AT THE POST HOUSE IF YOU HAVE THE TEMERITY TO RESIST ORDERING STEAK.



"The delicious cold lobster and crab-meat cocktails were moist and snowy, served in copious portions and tasting as though they had been caught minutes before.

"Vegetables were praiseworthy: broccoli came sparkling green and crunchy, zucchini was cut in strips and fried and was one of the best we had ever tasted. The onion rings were also memorable, freshly made and sizzling"

—*N.Y. Times*, October 1980

"The best appetizer is a fresh lumpmeat cocktail, but don't fail to try the stone crabs in season.

"...and luscious New York cheesecake that James Beard and I raved about one evening."

—*Town & Country*, September 1982

"The best choice on the menu is the pungent lemon-and-pepper burnished chicken. The meat is moist, well protected by the veneer of crisp skin."

—*N.Y. Times*, September 1982

"A prime cut above the usual, plus the widest and freshest variety of seafood in New York City's steakhouse milieu. Its raisin bread alone is worth the visit."

—*Forbes*, October 1982

And, oh, yes:

"The kitchen is unstinting in the quality of its steaks, chops, and hamburgers, which are served in gargantuan portions, and seared so that the flesh inside is tender, juicy, and succulent."

—*N.Y. Times*, October 1980

"Steaks and chops are seared to juicy perfection, including one of the best chopped sirloins in town, and I defy anyone to find better onion rings."

—*Town & Country*, September 1982

THE POST HOUSE

New York's most elegant steakhouse.

28 East 63rd Street, N.Y.C. (Between Park & Madison.) Open 7 days, Reservations (212) 935-2888

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 23; pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** beginning Tuesday, March 26. Sundays belong to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**; and Monday's pairing is pianist **Jim Roberts** and bassist **Brian Torff**. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

THE TEMPTATIONS AND THE FOUR TOPS—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, at 8; Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 24, at 3 and 7.

MICHEL LEMIEUX—Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, at 8; Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, March 24, at 2.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Barney Kessel, Tiny Grimes, and Bucky and John Pizzarelli. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

GENE BERTONCINI, ROGER KELLAWAY, AND MICHAEL MOORE—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 22, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

EDDIE MURPHY—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday through Sunday, March 22-24, at 7:30 and 11:30.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Scott Hamilton and Ruby Braff. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 24, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

CHICAGO—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, March 25, at 8.

ROGER WATERS—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, March 26-28, at 8.

UB-40—With Pablo Moses and the Revolutionary Dream Band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday and Thursday, March 27-28, at 8.)

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, at 8.

DOO-WOPP, VOL. VIII—With the Marcells, the Skyliners, the Penguins, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, March 22: Lloyd Cole & the Commotions. . . . Saturday, March 23: Fuzztones, the Vipers, the Mosquitos, and Cheepskates. . . . Thursday, March 28: Glenn Branca. . . . Saturday, March 30: Lyres and the Reducers. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Saturday, March 23, at 9: Ran Blake. . . . Friday, March 29, at 9: Al Grey, Jimmy Knepper, and Steve Turre in a tribute to Trummy Young. . . . Saturday, March 30, at 9 and 11: Ellen Seeling & Jean Fineberg. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ELMER BISCHOFF—Twelve new abstract paintings by a California artist. Through April 13.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

(Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

OSCAR BLUENNER (1867-1938)—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by an early American modernist who concentrated on landscapes, often with buildings. Through May 4. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SUSAN CRILE—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 13. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

KARL GERSTNER—New paintings and sculptural models based on mathematical systems. Through April 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Paintings and drawings. Through April 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—New color abstractions combining two of the styles—poured-pigment veils and hard-edge—he has used individually in the past. Through April 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LOIS LANE—The oils are handled more loosely than in previous paintings, but the images—of calves, angels—are her usual ones. Through April 13. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ROXI MARSDEN—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

RAOUL MIDDLEMAN / WILLIAM UMBREIT—Landscapes of Baltimore's waterfront; groups of figures—friends of the artist—in mythological settings. / Abstractions of farm tools in wood and metal. Through April 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—New paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—Collages by an originator of the form, plus two issues of *Merz* and various memorabilia from the artist's graphic-design business. Through June 1. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: Objects made by Nigeria's Igbo-speaking population, for everyday tasks and communal rituals, the latter represented by life-size mannequins in ceremonial masquerades. Through June 16. (Open Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Drawings and watercolors by British artists T. Gainsborough, W. R. Sickert, and others (and by expatriate artist B. West), eighteenth century to twentieth. Through April 20. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Of fifteen works, eight big paintings and four works on paper are by Picasso. Also, Masson, Dufy, Rouault. Through April 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

BENNY ANDREWS—The genesis of the artist's three fanciful monuments for Washington, D.C. (here in the form of maquettes, drawings, rough sketches), was L'Enfant's original plan for that city. Through Saturday, March 30. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

HELEN BERSHAD—Abstractions combining acrylic

stains, pastel stick, and collage. Through Saturday, March 30. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

KAREN BREUNIG—Figurative paintings that allude to works by Egyptian tomb painters, de Chirico, Beckmann, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SCOTT BURTON—A new series of sculptures entitled "Geometric Granite Furniture." Through Saturday, March 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

CAREN CANIER—Paintings of the landscape around Gubbio, Italy, and of figures (unmodelled) in interiors. First solo show in New York. Through Wednesday, March 27. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

RAY CIARROCHI—Representational landscapes. Through April 11. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

LAWRENCE FANE—Freestanding sculptures and reliefs, in welded steel, wood, and bronze, that suggest rock formations and other natural phenomena. Through Saturday, March 30. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

JANE FREILICHER—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, March 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID HARE—New paintings in a series the artist has named "Lionscapes." Through April 13. (Gruenbaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Paintings and pastels of Vermont landscapes, most pared to semi-abstractation. Through Tuesday, March 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ / LEE KRASNER (1908-84)—Images of couples painted on two-dimensional aluminum cutouts. / Charcoal nude sketches from the late thirties. Through Saturday, March 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—New monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Recent sculptures and other works. Through Thursday, March 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SIMEON LAODICH—Vividly colored landscapes, such as one of a forest floor, set in black frames. Through Saturday, March 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

TERENCE LANOUÉ—Abstract paintings characterized by heavily worked surfaces. Through April 6. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

FRANK LOBBELL—Four paintings executed between 1958 and 1972, in addition to gouaches and lithographs from the same period. Through Saturday, March 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

BERNARD MAISNER—Small emblematic paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL MALPASS—Small freestanding sculptures composed of thin woven wires, and steel spheres covered with spiral and straight rods and other metal parts. Through April 20. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Collage paintings in mixed mediums, all dated 1982. Through April 6. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

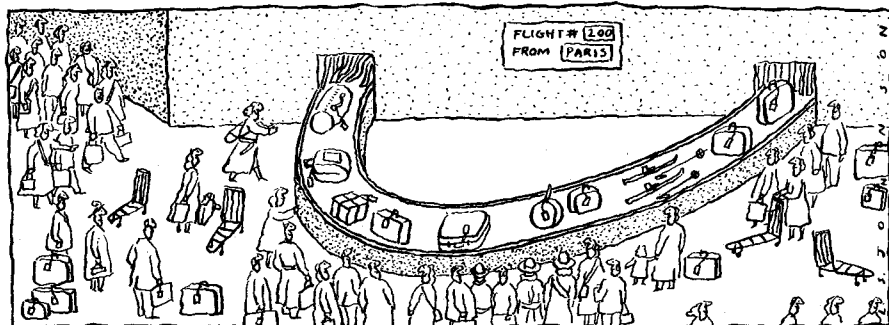
PHILIP MCCracken—A series of symbolic representations of plants, consisting of "Potato with Eyes," in faceted cherry wood, and several works on paper; also, carved-wood sculptures of animals, real and imaginary. Through Tuesday, March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Huge matte-black wall reliefs. Through Saturday, March 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD NONAS—Minimalist industrial-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

IZHAR PATKIN / JOHN BOWMAN—Expressionist compositions of figures and dense patterns, worked in oil crayon applied to and pushed through mesh screens, which are stretched and framed as canvases would be. Also, encaustic figurines. / Realist didactic oils. Through Saturday, March 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LAWRENCE POONS / KENNETH NOLAND—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 23. / Painted



Practice really does make perfect.

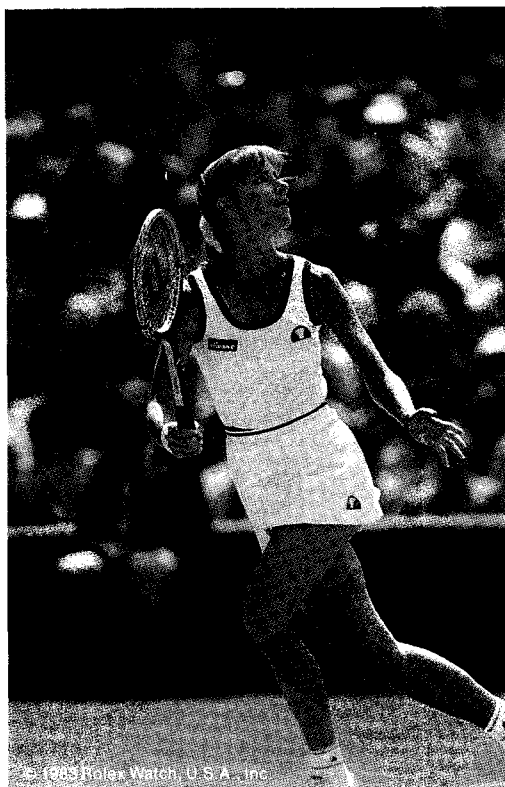
Without doubt, Chris Evert-Lloyd is one of the all-time great women tennis players.

Three Wimbledon, six U.S. and five French championships, as well as the Australian Open and five Italian titles, are evidence of Chris's unmatched will to win.

She has always played with metronomic precision. She drives the ball hard and deep with a consistency and accuracy that bear testament to years of practice. An increasing willingness to come to the net and volley with the same ruthless efficiency has raised her game to near perfection.

Chris Evert-Lloyd is a very strong competitor indeed. Those who know how tough the game can be have learned to appreciate her for it.

"For the first few years, I think the



crowds were just waiting to see the Ice Queen melt," she says. "And, of course, eventually I lost some matches ... but when they saw I could take it ... that I was human ... then they liked me for it. Now crowds are usually on my side ... and that's nice!"

To Chris Evert-Lloyd, stamina and style count. In her game. In the watch she wears. A Rolex Lady-Datejust. "It's a strong watch," she says. "It's always surprising to me how

tough it really is.

"Still, I know Rolex has been making watches for a very long time, and 'practice makes perfect' is something I've always agreed with."

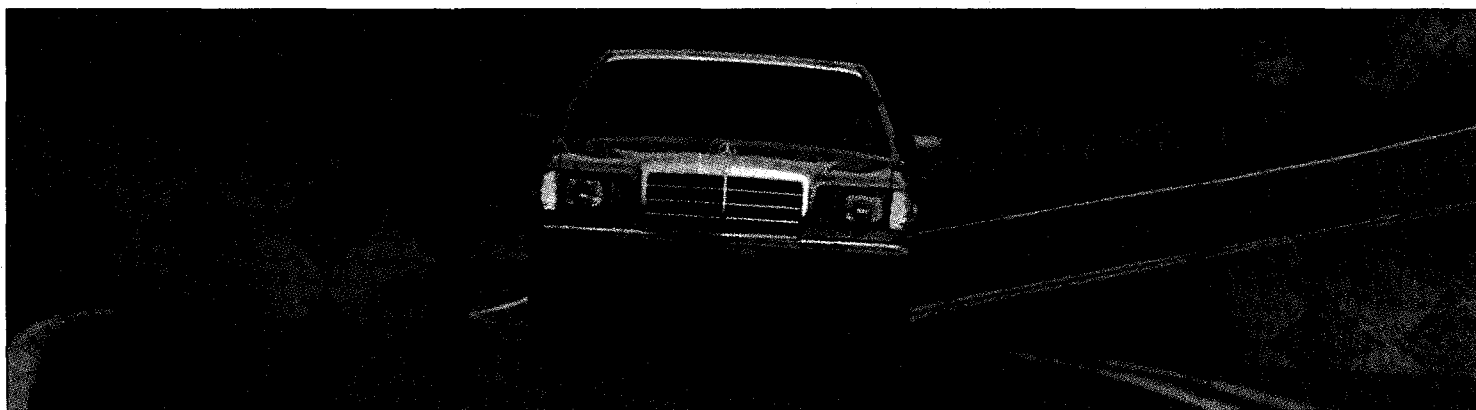
Chris Evert-Lloyd and her Rolex Lady-Datejust. Both made perfect by practice.


ROLEX



The Rolex Lady-Datejust Chronometer. Available in 18kt. gold, with matching bracelet.

*Write for brochure. Rolex Watch, U.S.A., Inc., Dept. 756, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
World headquarters in Geneva. Other offices in Canada and major countries around the world.*



The Mercedes-Benz 380SE Sedan is engineered to deliver the luxury of deep performance reserves. For 1985, it also delivers

How the Mercedes-Benz 380SE is accelerating the demise of the traditional luxury sedan.

AN AUTOMOBILE need not concede stirring over-the-road performance in order to provide civilized levels of comfort.

Given enlightened technology and skillful engineering, it can provide both.

That is a lesson being reluctantly learned by the builders of some conventional luxury sedans in this changing automotive world.

It is a lesson tirelessly taught by the engineers of Mercedes-Benz almost since the dawn of the automobile. And epitomized today by the burly yet butter-smooth sedan seen charging the camera above: the Mercedes-Benz 380SE.

"QUIETLY, LIKE A TURBINE"

The 380SE is a performance machine—as only a 3.8-liter

Mercedes-Benz V-8 can be a performance machine. Its test track maximum nudges two miles per minute. Its highway passing thrust is thrilling. Yet that C.I.S. fuel-injected aluminum alloy V-8 engine "...hums quietly, like a turbine," reports the German journal, *Auto, Motor und Sport*.

Driving controls are too precise and perhaps simply too *pleasurable* to be emulated by a conventional luxury sedan. Example: power steering crisp and accurate enough to make a power steering enthusiast of a sports car purist. Example: the four-speed automatic gearbox, its tunnel-mounted lever and shift gate so ingeniously well designed that you may be unable to resist shifting manually.

The 380SE rests on a suspension system whose high sophistication few luxury sedans even attempt to match.

The ultimate object of this fully independent system, with diagonal-pivot rear axle, is more than high-speed handling heroics. It is to help the 380SE convey its driver and passengers without drama between Point A and Point B—whatever may lie between.

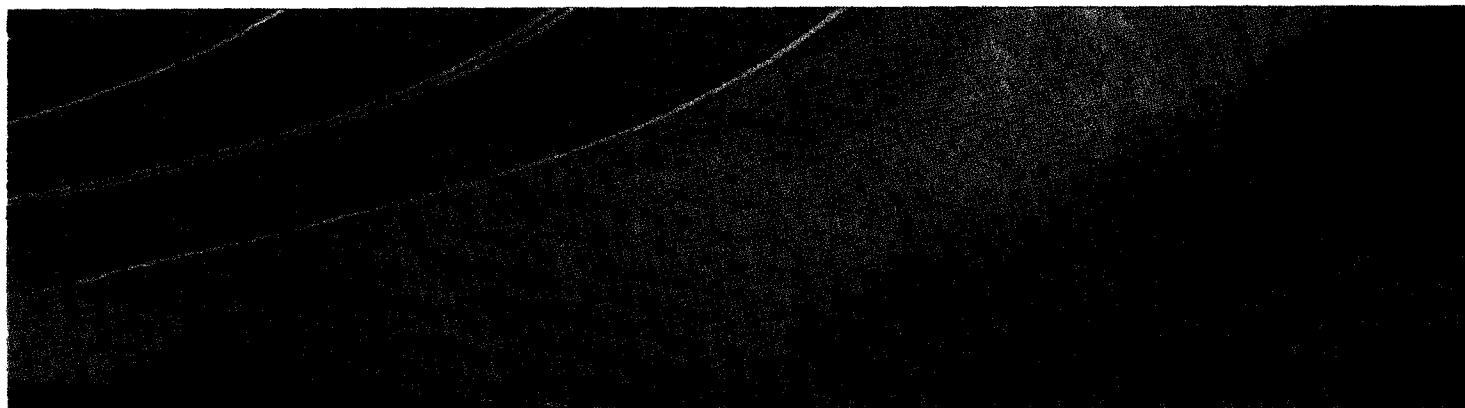
This is one substantial five-passenger sedan that doesn't flinch but seems to flourish when the going gets rough underfoot.

The absence of pitching and rolling in this solid 3,740-lb. machine marks another sharp contrast with soft-sprung luxury sedans. (Note that sturdy anti-sway bars are fitted fore *and* aft.) Yet the ride is never harsh. "The contours of the road's surface simply become a secondary matter," comments one automotive journalist.

In brief, the 380SE reconciles high standards of performance and high standards of riding comfort in the same chassis design. One result is a sense of motoring security that the word "comfort" can barely begin to describe.

The 380SE yields nothing

3 8 0 S E S E D A N



the reassurance of the computer-regulated Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking System (ABS) as standard equipment.

to luxury sedans in its provision for creature comfort in transit. You will find a full complement of electronic, electric and other power-assisted amenities.

You will also find ample space for five—93.6 cubic feet of space. The oversized automobile may be gone; the roomy automobile lives.

You will *not* find gadgetry or razzle-dazzle decor. Instead, fine velour carpeting and hand-finished wood veneer trim and tasteful understatement in the classic Mercedes-Benz manner.

BRAKES THAT THINK

A 380SE technological bonus for 1985 is inclusion of the Mercedes-Benz Anti-lock Braking

System (ABS) as standard equipment.

Incredibly, with ABS, the car's four-wheel disc braking system can "think"—utilizing computer-regulated technology to sense and then prevent wheel lockup in hard braking on uncertain surfaces. Helping the car decelerate normally. Helping the driver retain precise steering control.

THE BOTTOM LINE

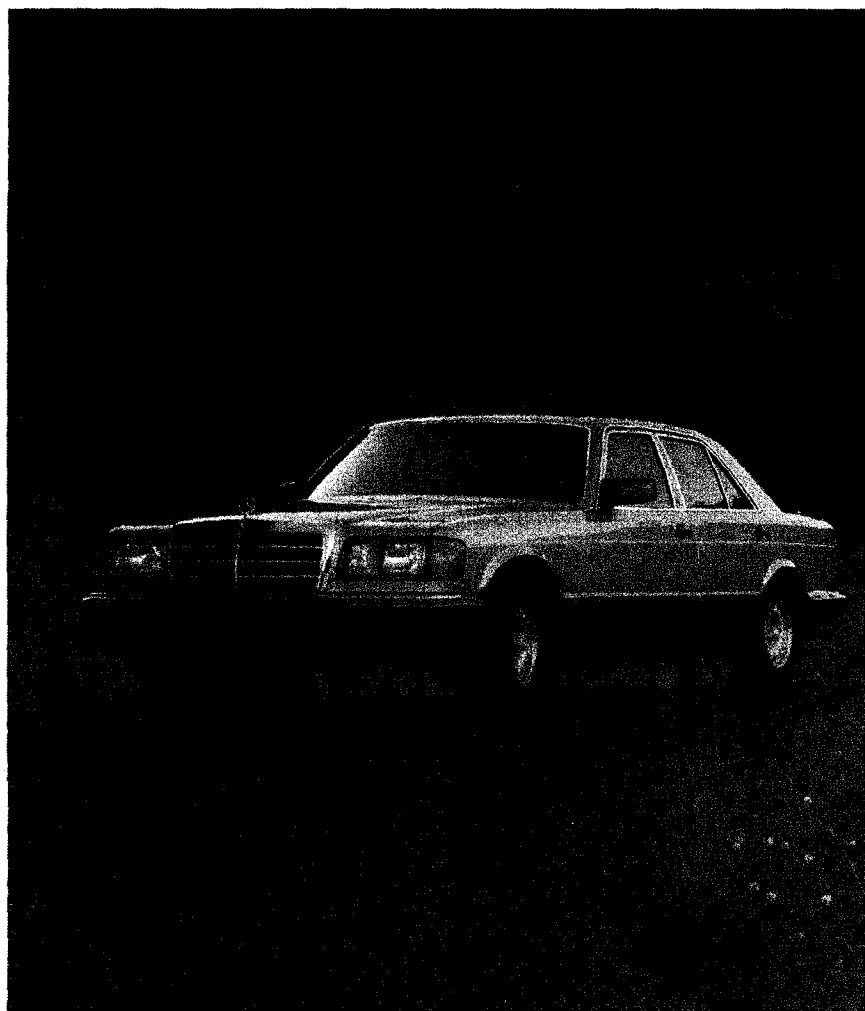
The 380SE Sedan is priced at \$42,730.* Perspective may be added by noting that year after year, not certain isolated models but Mercedes-Benz automobiles *as a line* have been shown to retain a higher percentage of their original retail value than any luxury car sold in America.

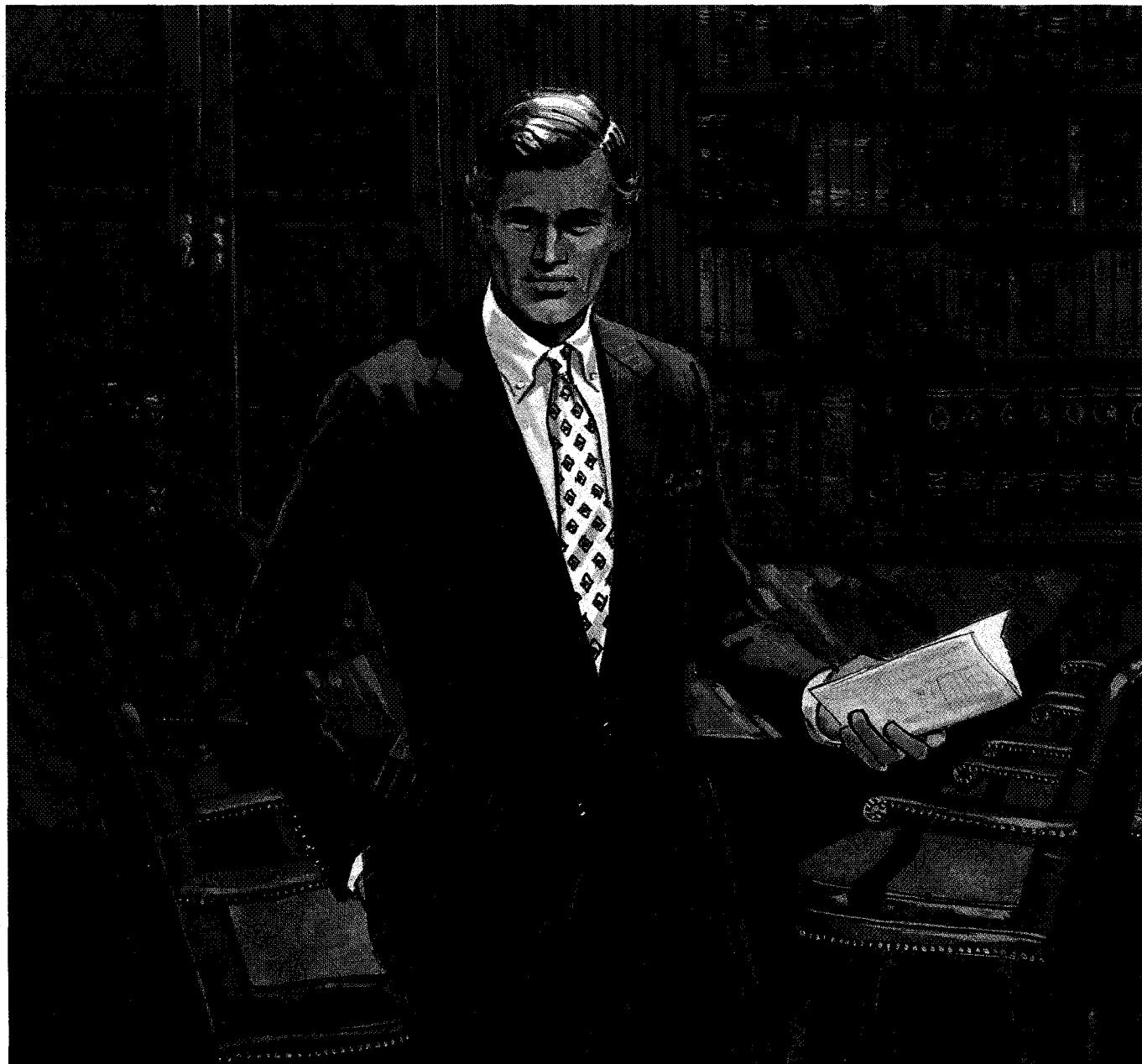
Its robust performance makes the 380SE exciting. Its deep comfort makes it livable. But its rare ability to *combine* these often opposite traits is what makes the 380SE an automobile apart.



Engineered like no other car in the world

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Most ways of saving money ask you to accept one trade-off or another. The savings in Jos. A. Bank's 22 stores and 88-page catalog are different.

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between us, you save 20% to 30% in season, every day, without a stitch of compromise. Our styling is impeccable. Our fabrics are classic and long-lived. We take infinite pains with every tailoring detail, on the surface *and* below. Our salespersons are very, very knowledgeable.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

monotypes. Through Saturday, March 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAN SAWKA—Two related exhibits. Paintings, including three confined in window frames within which are many individual canvases (representational and nonrepresentational). (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St. Through Wednesday, March 27. . . .) Paintings and constructions. 112 Greene Street Gallery. Through Saturday, March 30.)

RICHARD SERRA—Models for new outdoor sculptures by the author of the controversial public sculpture "Tilted Arc," in Federal Plaza. Through April 13. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ERIC SLOANE (1905-85)—Rural scenes and cloud studies in oil on board by an artist who died this month. Through Saturday, March 23. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Sixteen canvases, including three large oils of snowy landscapes. Through Saturday, March 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

TIMOTHY WOODMAN—Cutout aluminum wall reliefs on many of which contemporary genre scenes are painted—a man descending the stairs to a subway, for instance. Through Saturday, March 30. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

TROELS WÖRSEL—Abstractions incorporating a distinctive orange color. Through Saturday, March 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT—Fifteen new works on canvas and wood. Through Saturday, March 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

HANS BELLMER (1902-75)—Drawings, photographs, and sculptures by a European artist known best for his kinky photographs of dolls. Through April 6. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

TOM BILLS / CAROLE SEBOROVSKI—Small-scale shaped steel or concrete structures, each with an archlike opening. / Charcoal, oil stick, and pastel drawings dominated by heavily worked geometric forms. Through April 20. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

D. CAPOBIANCO / LINDA BESEMER—Works in mixed mediums centering on abstract forms. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

PORFIRIO DI DONNA / EUGENE LEROY—Recent abstractions on paper. / Impastoed oils by a French artist. Through April 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

RON ISAACS—Trompe-l'oeil painted-plywood constructions of one of the artist's frequent subjects—antique clothing and accessories. Through April 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

KOMAR & MELAMID—Paintings in mixed mediums, a result, the artists say, of "trying out all the styles we've known since kindergarten." Through Saturday, March 23. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH / RALPH GIBSON—Gnomic texts in color photographs—new works by a Conceptualist. / Thirty photographs. Through Saturday, March 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

LOUISE KRAMER—Wall reliefs using brass, steel, and plywood, which pay homage to working women. Through Saturday, March 30. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

JOHN LAVELLE—Paintings in which big, blocky nude figures are sitting among, and dwarfing, TV sets, stoves, refrigerators. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 30. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

THOMAS LAWSON / WALTER ROBINSON—A few recognizable objects seen through a haze of brushwork. / Paintings dignifying an arsenal of cold remedies—from honey to Vicks Vaporub. Through Saturday, March 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

JOSEF LEVI / RANDY DUDLEY—Paintings and drawings that pair off portraits copied from past masters—Matisse's "La Femme au Chapeau" juxtaposed with Leonardo's "Madonna with Carnation," for instance. / Magic Realist paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

HAROLD OLEJARZ—Wood-chip sculptures of classical figures, one in the round, the rest reliefs.

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Through Saturday, March 30. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—Large-scale color drawings for outdoor sculptures. Through Saturday, March 30. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

GERHARD RICHTER—Two related exhibits of paintings of abstractions and landscapes. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through Tuesday, March 26. . . .) Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Through Saturday, March 30. Open Mondays.)

JOAN WITEK—Uniform lozenge shapes applied to raw canvas with black oil stick and graphite. Through Saturday, March 30. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Paul Laster's carefully made collages using figures cut from comic-book pages, and Paloma Cernuda's charcoal abstractions are among the works in the current show. Through Saturday, March 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8. . . .) WEBER, 142 Greene St.: An early and a recent painting or sculpture apiece by Minimalist artists—Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Agnes Martin, Brice Marden, and others. Through Saturday, March 30.

SCULPTURE—Three contemporary British artists: David Mach, who has contrived to make a collection of empty and filled transparent bottles represent a disturbing underwater scene; Bill Culbert, who uses fluorescent tubing where tubing is inappropriate—poking out of luggage, for instance; and Tony Hayward, whose wall reliefs of found objects include a tangible expression of "everything but the kitchen sink." Through Saturday, March 23. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

JOHN HIMMELFARB—Paintings, brush-and-ink drawings, and ceramics from the past ten years. Through April 14. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 1 on Sundays.)

DAVID RABINOWITCH—Low-lying rolled-steel floor sculptures. Through April 13. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

GROUP SHOW—Figure drawings by Rosemarie Castoro, Luis Frangella, Grace Graupe-Pillard, Jody Pinto, and Rick Prol. Through April 13. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Two shows in tandem, "Ancien Régime" (prints of Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sceaux) and "Modern Times" (working-class Paris), complete a survey of the photographer's work at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

PETER CAMPUS—Photographs of Hudson River landscapes. Through Saturday, March 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

JUDY FISKIN—Photographs of middle-class hous-

ing in New York and California. Through April 7. (Wyatt, 202 E. 10th St. Open Sundays.)

SCOTT MACLEAY—Two-color Fresson prints of figures at close range. Through April 19. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

RICHARD MISRACH / JOANN VERBURG—Desert landscapes and the series "Three Days at Edwards Air Force Base: The Shuttle Landing." / Group portraits, each divided among several frames, and swimmers in unconventional poses. Through April 13. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

AARON SISKIND / AUGUSTIN VICTOR CASASOLA (1874-1938)—A large retrospective. / Photographs spanning the four-decade career of a photo-journalist, and documenting the Mexican revolution of 1910-20. Through Sunday, March 24. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOW—At the BURDEN, 20 E. 23rd St.: Photographs of American landscapes by thirteen contemporary artists, including Robert Adams, Marilyn Bridges, Emmet Gowin, and Stephen Shore. Through April 27. (Opens at 1. . . .) LEDEL, 168 Mercer St.: Tina Barney's huge color prints of families in informal poses and Lorie Novak's still-lives are among works by contemporary photographers. Through Saturday, March 30. (Opens at noon.)

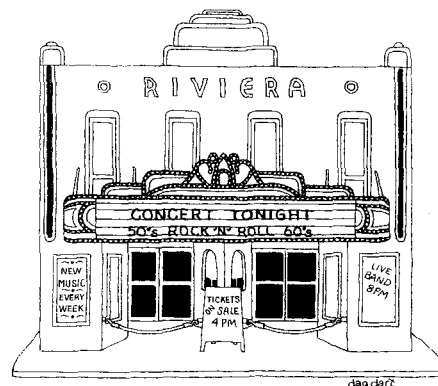
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. . . . A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 2. . . . Chinese paintings and calligraphy promised to the museum by John M. Crawford, Jr., whose collection is being shown in two parts—this is the second. Through June 30. . . . Twenty statues, portrait reliefs, and busts by the nineteenth-century sculptor John Quincy Adams Ward, including a study in bronze for the statue of George Washington that is in front of Federal Hall National Memorial, on Wall Street. Through May 19. . . . Linoleum cuts by Picasso. Through May 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of drawings by Henri Matisse, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through May 14. . . . Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Last sections of the Atget survey. Through May 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," an exhibit surveying the influences on this painter in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Picasso, Klee, Albers, and others. Through April 14. . . . A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Through April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). The second floor and the film and video galleries are ready; the fourth floor and the lobby gallery will open Thursday, March 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8,



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7-day Island Princess cruises between Los Angeles and Acapulco. Save \$800 per couple, \$400 per person. Now through March 30, fares start at \$1119.* Or sail April 6 through May 25 from \$1049.* Visit Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Zihuatanejo/Ixtapa and Acapulco. Cruise a second week for only \$500 per person.** Fly free or for a low air add-on.



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Step up to Princess Cruises

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of works in a variety of mediums, primarily photography, by Robert Fichter. . . . ¶ Thirty-one of Irwin Kremen's collages. Both shows through May 13. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of skeletal studies done by osteologist S. Harmsted Chubb (a staff member at the museum between 1901 and 1949) which capture their subjects in motion—e.g., a man reaching for the bridle of a rearing horse. Through June 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by thirty contemporary American artists, who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A hundred and twenty Old Master prints by (with four exceptions) German and Dutch artists, such as Dürer, Rembrandt, Schongauer, and Goltzius. From the collection of the late Leo Wallerstein. Through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. . . . ¶ Also from the Morgan's holdings come thirty music manuscripts that were either composed in Austria or first heard there, including several in the hand of Mozart. Both exhibits through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—The skills of male weavers from New York State are displayed in this exhibit of fancy coverlets completed between 1820 and 1860. . . . ¶ A show of seventeen Amish quilts. Both shows through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-nine samples of figure drawing representing almost the whole of the twentieth century. A nice coup: a study, in conté crayon, for Edward Hopper's "Night-hawks" and Red Grooms' colored-pencil drawing "Night Hawks Revisited." Also, Charles Demuth, Philip Pearlstein, Keith Haring, and others. Through May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Bill Gordh and others (performance with music), Thursday, March 21, at 8:30; R. P. Conolly (performance), Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Jim Self and Dancers, with Richard Elovich, Thursday through Sunday, March 21-24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Three programs of music: Anomy and Borbetomagus, Wednesday, March 27, at 8:30; "First . . . Sounds" and the Christmas Rose Choir, Thursday, March 28, at 8:30; Henry Threadgill Orchestra, Friday, March 29, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Charles Moulton Dance Company, Thursday through Sunday, March 21-24, at 8; Tom Cayler (performance), Friday through Sunday, March 29-31, at 8; David Cale (perfor-



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mance), Friday through Sunday, March 29-31, at 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Heribert Steinbach, Anthony Lacura, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Ernani," with Aprile Millo, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Dimitri Kavrakos; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Monday, March 25, at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, John Alexander, David Rendall, and Peter Strummer; Christof Perick. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 26, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Veronica Tyler, Bernard Thacker, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; William Vendice.

JOHN BROWNLEE OPERA THEATRE—Shostakovich's "The Nose" (New York premiere), conducted by David Gilbert and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. 749-2802, Ext. 504. Wednesday, March 20, and Friday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 2:30.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Gounod's "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, March

22-23, and Saturday, March 30, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 2:30.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Victoria Bond conducting performances of Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour." (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturdays, March 23 and 30, at 8, and Sundays, March 24 and 31, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Rafael Kubelik directing an all-Bach program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudia Catania and Birgit Finnilä, mezzo-sopranos; Philip Creech, tenor; Wolfgang Schoene, baritone; Charles Rex and Kenneth Gordon, violin; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8; Friday, March 22, at 2; Saturday, March 23, at 8; Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30; Thursday, March 28, at 8; Friday, March 29, at 2; and Saturday, March 30, and Tuesday, April 2, at 8. Norman Andersson will replace Mr. Schoene on April 2.)

ORCHESTRE DE PARIS—At Avery Fisher Hall, Daniel Barenboim conducting—Wednesday, March 20, at 8: A Saint-Saëns-Wagner program. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 24, at 8: A Beethoven-Debussy-Scriabin program, with Mr. Barenboim acting as piano soloist.

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Michael Gielen conducting—Monday, March 25, at 8: With Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 26, at 8: With Heinz Holliger, oboe.

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8, an all-Bach program, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano, and Lionel Rogg, organ. Mr. Rogg will give a half-hour Bach recital starting at 7. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 23, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 3, with the American String Quartet.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Lukas Foss conducting the third in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one devoted to works inspired by Bach, in honor of the three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. With Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Malcolm Goldstein, violin; and the Doubters Saxophone Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, March 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6300, Ext. 205.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC'S GRANDE BANDE—An all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—JoAnn Falletta conducting, with João Carlos Martins, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 24, at 3.)

CLARION CONCERTS—Newell Jenkins conducting Bach's complete suites for orchestra. With John Solum, flute, and Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 24, at 8.)

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Patrick Flynn conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Paul Dunkel conducting, with Joseph Swensen, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

JULIUS GROSSMAN ORCHESTRA—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Peter Winograd, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

BACH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION CONCERT—Henry Schuman directing a chamber orchestra, with, among others, Caroline Stoessinger, piano and narration; Beverly Myers, soprano; Carter Brey, cello; and the New Amsterdam Singers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesday, March 20, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

"ST. JOHN PASSION"—Gerre Hancock directing the St. Thomas Choir and the Concert Royal in a performance of the Bach work, with Peter Becker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke and Jeffrey Thomas, tenors; and Glendower Jones and Wilbur Pauley, basses. (St. Thomas

Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Lyndon Woodside conducting a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Sheila Nadler, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Cornett, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, March 27, at 8.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS AND BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—Harry Saltzman directing two performances of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Saturday, March 30, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 2.)

RECITALS

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in a performance of Bach's "Goldberg Variations." (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

TREVOR PINNOCK—Harpichord, in the first in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

LINDA KOBLER—Harpichord, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

GUILD OF COMPOSERS—Jacques-Louis Monod conducting an ensemble, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

PAUL WINTER CONSORT—Presenting a program entitled "Equinox." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, March 22-23, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

KEITH JARRETT—Piano, in a Bach-Handel-Scarlatti program. (Avery Fisher Hall, Friday, March 22, at 8.)

ANDRAS SCHIFF—Piano, in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fridays, March 22 and 29, and Monday, March 25, at 8.)

ARMINDA CANTEROS—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, March 22, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—With Paul Neubauer, viola; Carter Brey, cello; David Jolley and William Purvis, horn; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall, Friday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 24, at 5.) ... With Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and the Emerson String Quartet. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, March 30, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SAMUEL RHODES—Viola, in the second of three all-Hindemith concerts, this one with Cynthia Raim, piano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Joel Krosnick and Bonnie Hampton, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Saturday, March 23, at 2.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano, in a Beethoven-Schubert program. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL AND TREVOR PINNOCK—Flute and harpichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Saturday, March 23, at 8, a Handel-Bach-Telemann program. ... Carnegie Hall, Sunday, March 24, at 8, a Bach-Handel program.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—A program of twentieth-century piano music, performed by Aleck Karis. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

GABRIELI QUARTET—A Mozart-Elgar-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM—Dawn Upshaw, soprano; Joseph Swensen, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, March 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 24, at 2.)

GALIMIR STRING QUARTET—A program of early-twentieth-century music, with Lucy Shelton,

soprano; Margo Garrett, piano; and Arnold Steinhardt, violin. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 24, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

NANCY WILSON AND JAMES RICHMAN—Baroque violin and harpsichord. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Sunday, March 24, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

AN DIE MUSIK—The second of two concerts of chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Sunday, March 24, at 4.)

LEONTYNE PRICE AND JAMES LEVINE—Soprano and piano. (Metropolitan Opera House, Sunday, March 24, at 8.)

DETLEF KRAUS—Piano, in a series of three concerts presenting Bach's complete "Well-Tempered Clavier." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Monday, March 25; Thursday, March 28; and Sunday, March 31, all at 8.)

RUGGIERO RICCI—Violin, with Harry Sargous, oboe, and the University of Michigan Chamber Strings, in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, March 25, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SERIES—With Christine Schadeberg, soprano; Mineko Yajima, violin; Daniel Druckman, percussion; and others. The last in a series of concerts. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, March 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

GILBERT AMY—Piano, performing the American premiere of his "Une Saison en Enfer," with assisting artists and tape accompaniment. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, March 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

FINE ARTS QUARTET—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, Tuesday, March 26, at 2.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 26-27, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—With Maryvonne Le Dizes-Richard, violin, in a program that includes works by John Cage, Joan Tower, Valerie Capers, and David Noon, all of whom will discuss their compositions. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Tuesday, March 26, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE OF INDIANA UNIVERSITY—Presenting two programs. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, March 26, at 8, with Harvey Sollberger conducting. ... Wednesday, March 27, at 8, with Donald Erb and Mr. Sollberger conducting.)

JEFFREY SIEGEL—Piano, in a performance and discussion of Liszt's B-Minor Sonata. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Wednesday, March 27, at 8.)

MUSICAL ELEMENTS—A program of music by Fred Lerdahl, Robert Ashley, Francis Thorne, and William Mayer, conducted by Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, March 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MORTON ESTRIN—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

DONALD JOYCE—Organ, in an all-Bach recital. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

NORTH / SOUTH CONSONANCE—A program of contemporary instrumental and electronic music



by Paul Betjeman and others, with Catherine Rowe, soprano, and the Times Square Bass-tet. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, March 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ANDRÉS SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Friday, March 29, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Dvořák program. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, March 28, at 8. ... Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, March 30, at 7:30. ... BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, March 20. ... Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 22. ... Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, March 27. (Games begin at 7:30.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, March 24, at 8:35. ... Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, March 26, at 7:35. ... NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, March 21, at 8:05. ... Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, March 26, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) ... BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, March 21, at 7:35. ... Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, March 23, at 1:35. ... Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, March 28, at 7:35. ... Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 30, at 1:35.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Bay Shore, Saturday, March 23, and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 30.

RUNNING—The Perrier Ten-Kilometre Run will start at eleven on Saturday, March 30, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern on the Green.

TENNIS—Virginia Slims Championships: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Hana Mandlikova, Carling Bassett, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Wednesday through Friday, March 20-22, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 23, at 1; consolation singles match Sunday, March 24, at 11; and final singles match Sunday, March 24, at 1.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30. ... MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Chaim Potok reading from his own novels. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) ... Josephine Jacobsen, Carolyn Kizer, and Katie Louchheim reading from their own poetry. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 25, at 7:30.) ... David Plante reading from his own fiction. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, March 26, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

CAT SHOW—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 30-31, from 10 to 7.)

NEW YORK FLOWER SHOW—Sponsored by the Horticultural Society of New York, this show will feature two main garden exhibits—"Paradise in the Sun" and "The Garden of the Pools." (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 50th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 20-23, from 10 to 10; Sunday, March 24, from 10 to 8. For information about tickets, call 888-9000.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.)—Saturday, March 23, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. ... Wednesday, March 27, at 10:15 and 2: American manuscripts, from the collection of Mrs. Philip D. Sang. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 21.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-1717; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Allonsanfan" (1974; directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Beyond the Walls" (Uri Barbash; an Israeli film, in Hebrew).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th (533-9292)

Through March 21: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich; and "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher.
From March 22: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through March 21: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.

From March 22: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald. From March 22: "Baby... Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

Theatre 3: Through March 21: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From March 22: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through March 21: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

March 22-28: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
From March 29: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Amadeus" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through March 21: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
From March 22: To be announced.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through March 28: "The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt.
From March 29: To be announced.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine. From March 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through March 28: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From March 29: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

Theatre 2: Through March 28: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†). No evening performances on Thursday, March 21. From March 29: "King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through March 21: "Blood Simple" (†).
From March 22: To be announced.

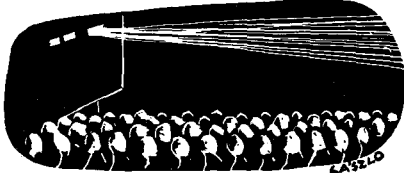
CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "The Return of the Soldier" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "The Last Winter" (Riki Shelach), with Kathleen Quinlan and Stephen Macht. From March 22: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Witness" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through March 21: "Hellhole" (Pierre de Moro), with Ray Sharkey.
From March 22: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From March 22: "Baby... Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Ghoulies" (Luca Bercovici), with Peter Liapis. From March 22: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen. From March 22: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Mississippi Blues" (1983; directed by Bertrand Tavernier and Robert Parrish; in French and English), a documentary.

Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Up to a Certain Point" (Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish). March 27-30: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (†).

VANDAM, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

WAVELY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Variety" (Bette Gordon).
Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton. From March 22: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.
Theatre 2: "The Makin' Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 21: "Choose Me"

(†). From March 22: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
Theatre 4: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Birdy" (†).

Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Theatre 3: Through March 21: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†). From March 22: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through March 28: "A Passage to India" (†).
From March 29: "King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Places in the Heart" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Heartbreakers" (Bobby Roth), with Peter Coyote and Nick Mancuso.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Private Function" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

Through March 21: "Birdy" (†).

From March 22: "The Wild Duck" (Henri Safran), with Jeremy Irons and Liv Ullmann.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Stop Making Sense" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog).

From March 22: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 21: "Amadeus" (†). From March 22: "The 400 Blows" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Blood Simple" (†). From March 22: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†). From March 22: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Theatre 2: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Theatre 3: Through March 21: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From March 22: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

Theatre 4: Through March 21: "Witness" (†).
From March 22: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

Theatre 2: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Theatre 3: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 4: From March 22: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Theatre 5: From March 22: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 6: From March 22: "Baby... Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.

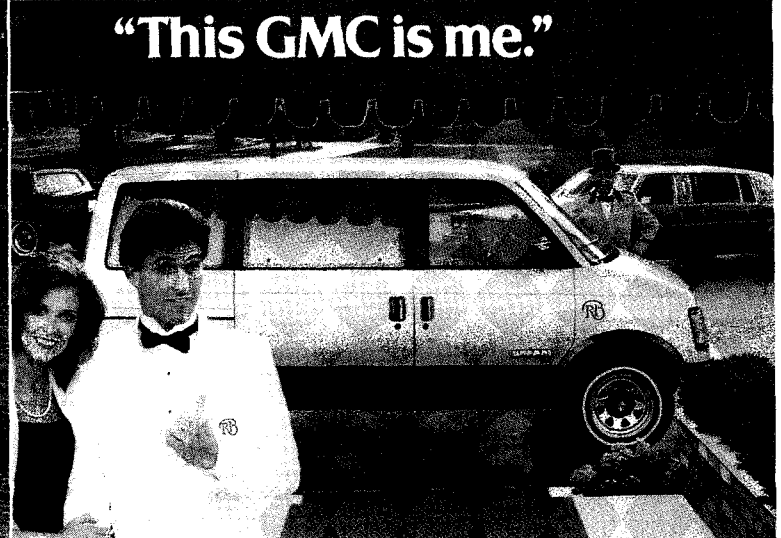
Theatre 2: "Birdy" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer. From March 22: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Hellhole" (Pierre de Moro), with Ray Sharkey. From March 22: "Baby... Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

Theatre 3: Through March 21: "The Break-

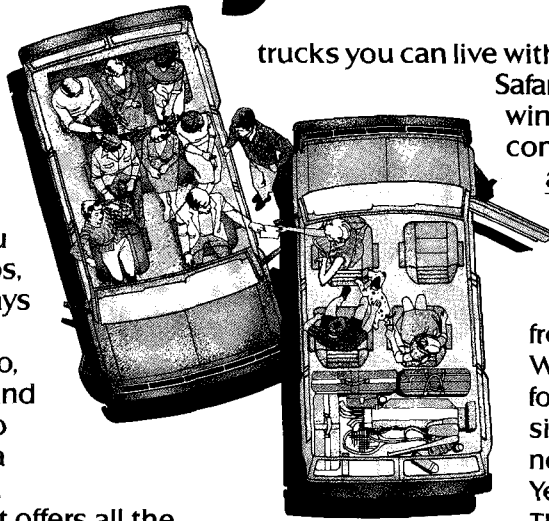


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald. From March 22: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Theatre 4: Through March 21: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen. From March 22: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "Vision Quest" (directed by Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine. From March 22: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Theatre 2: Through March 28: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer. From March 29: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 3: Through March 21: "The Cotton Club" (†). From March 22: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.

Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Theatre 5: Through March 21: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams. From March 22: "Vision Quest."

Theatre 6: Through March 21: "Zombie Island Massacre" (John N. Carter), with David Broadnax and Rita Jenrette. From March 22: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through March 21: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan.

March 22-28: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From March 29: "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through March 28: "Blood Simple" (†). From March 29: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 3: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Theatre 4: Through March 28: "Starman" (†). From March 29: "Blood Simple" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Witness" (†).

LOEWS STATE I AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through March 21: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. From March 22: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From March 22: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through March 21: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†). From March 22: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†). Theatre 2: Through March 28: "The Mack." From March 29: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through March 27: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen. March 28: All three segments of the "Star Wars" trilogy will be shown, starting at 4 p.m. From March 29: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Ghoulies" (Luca Bercovici), with Peter Liapis. From March 22: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

U. A. TWIN I AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: "Hellhole" (Pierre de Moro), with Ray Sharkey.

Theatre 2: Through March 21: "Missing in Action 2" (Lance Hool), with Chuck Norris. From March 22: "Baby... Secret of

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24	25	26	27	28	29	30

the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Repo Man" (1984; directed by Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Hotel New York" (1985; Jackie Raynal).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

March 20: A program of Claude Chabrol films.

March 21-27: A program of films by Claude Lelouch.

From March 28: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 21: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

March 22-23: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

March 24-26: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jackin; in French); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti; in French).

March 27-28: "Starstruck" (1982; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

March 29-30: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Stop Making Sense" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA I, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

March 20: "Cross Creek" (1983; Martin Ritt), with Mary Steenburgen, Rip Torn, and Alfre Woodard; and "The Yearling" (1947; Clarence Brown), with Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, Jr.

March 21-23: "The Little Drummer Girl" (1984; George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton, Klaus Kinski, and Yorgo Voyagis; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, and Richard Gere.

March 24-25: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

March 26-27: "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman; and "Teachers" (1984; Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.

March 28-30: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe

de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Genevieve Bujold.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 21: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair.

March 22-23: "Cujo" (1983; Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace; and "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (1983; John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

March 24: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones; and "South Pacific" (1958; Joshua Logan), with Rossano Brazzi, Miltzi Gaynor, John Kerr, Ray Walston, and Juanita Hall.

March 25-26: "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "O Lucky Man!" (†).

March 27-28: "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals; and "Footloose" (1984; Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon, Lori Singer, John Lithgow, and Christopher Penn.

March 29-30: "Magnum Force" (1973; Ted Post), "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), and "The Enforcer" (1976; James Fargo), all with Clint Eastwood as Harry Callahan.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Through March 21: "Falasha—Exile of the Black Jews" (1983; Simcha Jacobovici), a documentary; and "Image Before My Eyes" (1981; Josh Waletzky), a documentary of pre-Second World War Jewish Poland.

March 22: "Purple Rain" (1984; Albert Magnoli), with Prince; and "Streets of Fire" (1984; Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

March 23: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger.

March 24: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Liquid Sky" (1983; Slava Tsukerman).

March 25: "Hamlet" (1948; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier.

March 26: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Mean Streets" (†).

March 27: "Late Spring" (†) and "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (†).

March 28: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance; a French silent film), with Albert Dieubonné.

March 29: "Full Moon in Paris" (1984; Eric Rohmer; in French); and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.

March 30: "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 23: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes; and "Marnie" (1964; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, and Martin Gabel.

March 24-25: "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone," Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sydney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester; and "Murder" (1930; Alfred Hitchcock), with Herbert Marshall, and Norah Baring.

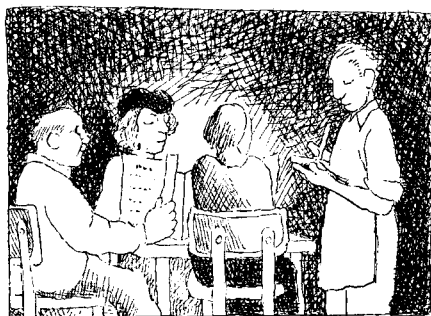
March 26-27: "Torn Curtain" (†) and "Topaz" (†).

March 28-30: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 20: "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "The Goddess" (1958; John Cromwell), with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steve Hill.

March 21: "Burroughs" (1984; Howard



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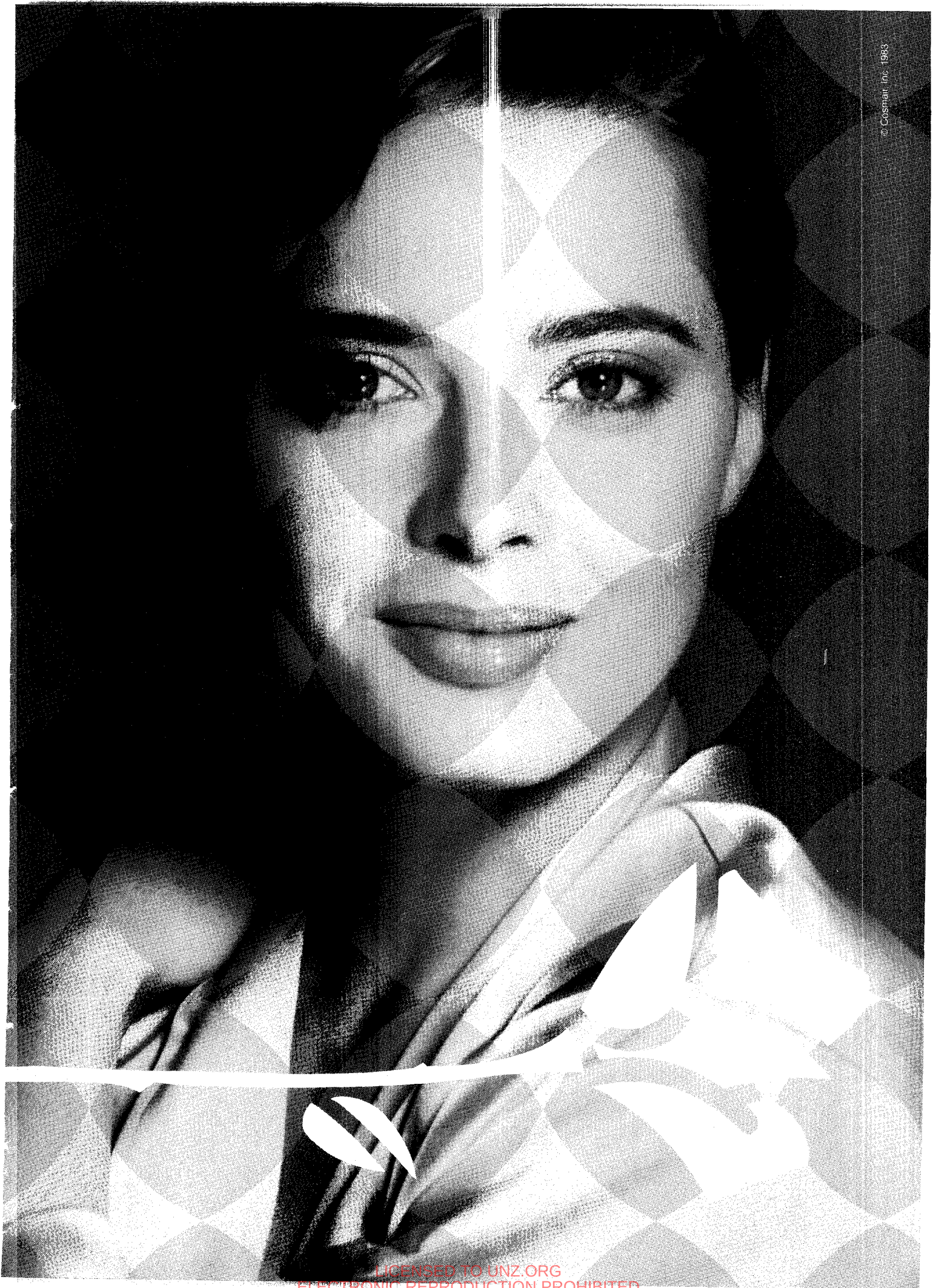
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LANCÔME

PARIS



Brookner), a documentary; and "The Henry Miller Odyssey" (1974; Robert Snyder).

March 22: "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.

March 23: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "The Mad Adventures of Rabbi Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès.

March 24: "After the Rehearsal" (1984; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Magic Flute" (†).

March 25: "Tightrope" (1984; Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold; and "Play Misty for Me" (1971; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood and Jessica Walter.

March 26: "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "The Talk of the Town" (1942; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman.

March 27: "The Third Man" (†) and "Brighton Rock" (†).

March 28: "Chicken Ranch" (1983; Sandi Sissel and Nick Broomfield); and "Exhibition" (1975; Jean-François Davy), a documentary.

March 29-30: "Imperative" (1982; Krzysztof Zanussi), with Robert Powell; and "Cul-de-Sac" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 20: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

March 21: "Beast of the City" (1932; Charles Brabin), with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston; and "Secret Six" (1931; George Hill), with Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow.

March 22-23: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

March 24: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr,

Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

March 25: "Liebelei" (1932; Max Ophüls; in German), with Wolfgang Liebeneiner; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophüls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gelin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

March 26: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

March 27: "City for Conquest" (1940; Anatole Litvak), with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan; and "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young.

March 28: "Nightmare Alley" (1947; Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power and Joan Blondell; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

March 29-30: "Murder Most Foul" (1965; George Pollock), and "Murder She Said" (1962; George Pollock), both with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490); a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: March 21 at 2:30 and 6: "The Navigator" (1924; directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp; a silent film). . . . March 22 at 2:30: "Royal Cavalcade" (1935). . . . March 22 at 6: "Downhill" (1927; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans. . . . March 23 at 2: "The Four Feathers" (1939; Zoltan Korda), with Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez, and John Clements. . . . March 23 at 5: "Royal Cavalcade." . . . March 24 at 2: "Pimpernel Smith" (1941; Leslie Howard), with Howard, Mary Morris, and Francis L. Sullivan. . . . March 24 at 5: "East Meets West" (1936; Herbert Mason), with George Arliss. . . . March 25 at 2:30: "The Four Feathers." . . . March 25 at 6: "The

Dawn" (1936; Thomas G. Cooper), with Tom Cooper, Eileen Davis, and Brian O'Sullivan. . . . March 26 at 2:30: "East Meets West." . . . March 26 at 6: "Pimpernel Smith." . . . March 28 at 2:30 and 6: "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film). . . . March 29: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

THEATRE 2: March 21 at 6:30: "Mountain Music of Peru" (1984; John Cohen), a documentary. . . . March 22 at 6:30: "Wings" (1968; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . March 23 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of animated films by Co Hoedeman, who will be present at 5:30. . . . March 24 at 2:30: "You and I" (1971; Larissa Shepitko; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . March 24 at 5:30: "A Generation Apart" (1983; Danny Fisher, Jack Fisher, and Ed Fields), a documentary. . . . March 25 at 6:30: "It Don't Pay to Be an Honest Citizen" (1984; Jacob Burckhardt); Mr. Burckhardt will be present. . . . March 26 at 6:30: "Afgrunden" (1910; Urban Gad; a silent film); and "Anna Christie" (1923; John Griffith Wray; a silent film), with Blanche Sweet and William Russell. . . . March 28 at 6:30: "One on Every Corner: Manhattan's Greek-Owned Coffee Shops" (1984; Doreen Moses and Andrea Hall), a documentary. . . . March 29: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER (AT MOMA)—The first programs in a seventeen-day festival of new films by new directors. March 29 at 6: "A Test of Love" (Australia; Gil Brealey). . . . March 29 at 8:30 and March 30 at 1: "Crossover Dreams" (United States; Leon Ichaso). . . . March 30 at 3:30: "A Test of Love." . . . March 30 at 6: "Funny Dirty Little War" (Argentina; Hector Olivera). . . . March 30 at 8:30: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Spain; Pedro Almodovar). (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9503.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadores, in cumbersome armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Film Forum; March 27-30.)

AMADEUS—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gyping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Lincoln Plaza.)

BEVERLY HILLS COP—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hootfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa

Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State; through March 21. . . . March 21 at 2:30, East, and Embassy 1; March 22-28. . . . Olympia Quad; starting March 22. . . . Embassy; starting March 29.)

BIRDY—Part satire, part Christ myth, it's about two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia; they have both been maimed in Vietnam. Al (Nicolas Cage), his mutilated face wrapped in bandages, comes to see the psychically injured Birdy (Matthew Modine), who squats naked on the floor of a military hospital, crumpled like a broken bird. The movie is about the purity of madness, about male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on. And, with Al sitting on the hospital floor holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pietà after another. Directed by Alan Parker, the movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths. It feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors. With John Harkins and Sandy Baron. (2/11/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and New Yorker. . . . Cinema 3; through March 21.)

BLOOD SIMPLE—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is

so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly, and Embassy). . . . D. W. Griffith, and Cinema Studio; through March 21.)

BRIGHTON ROCK (1947; also known as "Young Scarface")—Graham Greene's 1938 novel about a man who goes to hell was filmed with the young and chilling Richard Attenborough as the vicious teen-age leader of a gang of slayers. In this tense thriller, the suspense is indistinguishable from dread—everything is tinged with evil. With Hermione Baddeley, Harcourt Williams, William Hartnell, and Carol Marsh. John and Roy Boulting produced and directed. (Thalia; March 27.)

CHOOSE ME—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema; through March 21.)

THE COTTON CLUB—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the

"I put my heart into it."

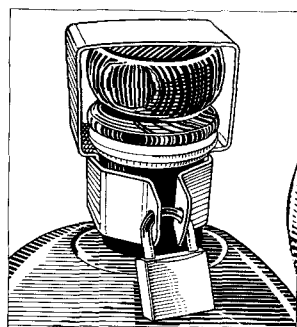
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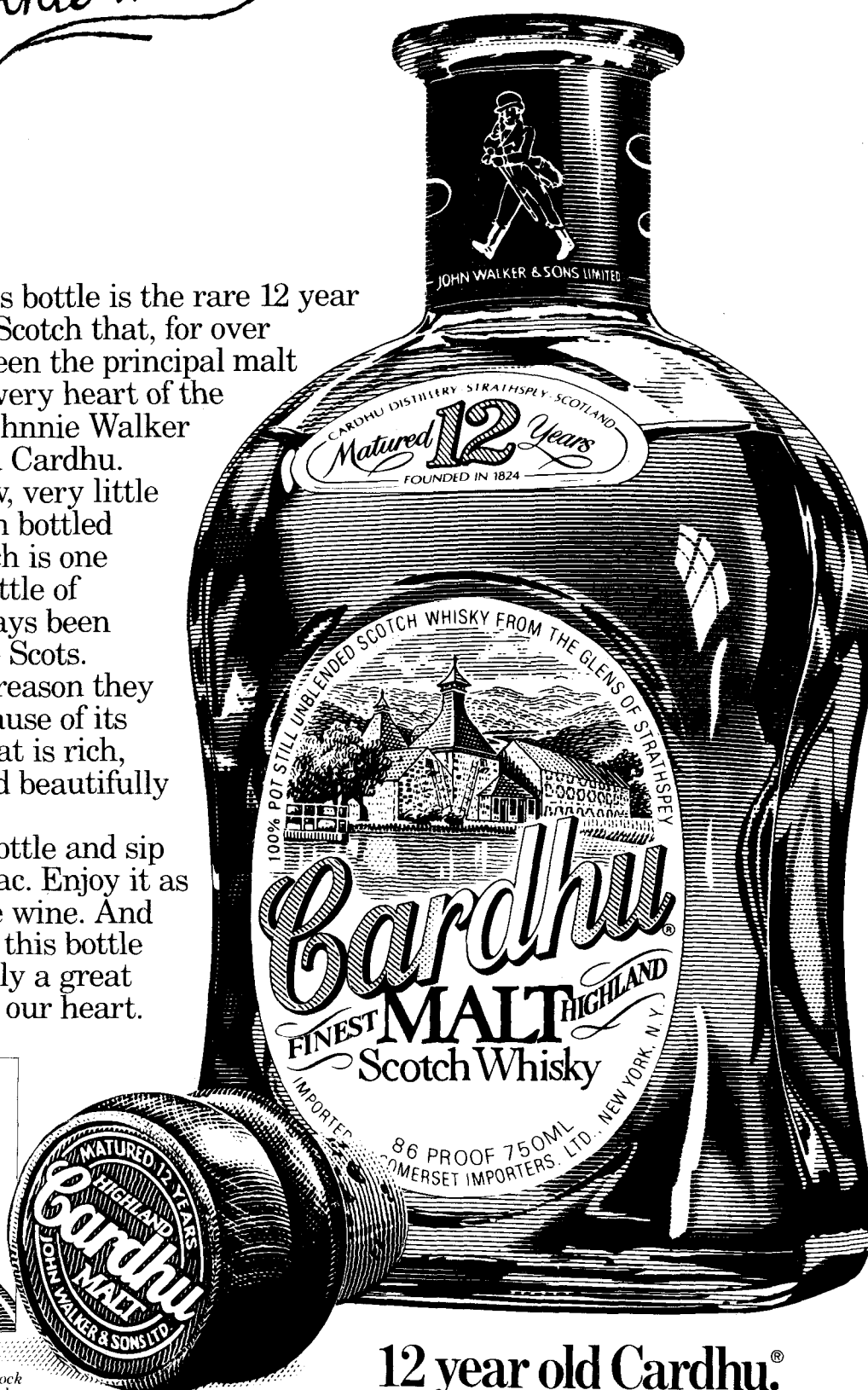
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Criterion Theatres; through March 21.)

CUL-DE-SAC (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Thalia; March 29-30.)

THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN—The movie isn't really interested in why the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds, sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. While Schlesinger gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, but the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. With David Suchet, Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. (2/11/85) (34th St. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Movieland; through March 21....) Coronet; through March 28. No evening performances on Thursday, March 21.... Criterion Theatres; starting March 22.)

THE FLAVOR OF GREEN TEA OVER RICE (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; March 27.)

THE 400 BLOWS (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Lincoln Plaza; starting March 22.)

THE KILLING FIELDS—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his debut as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

LATE SPRING (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a tranquil simplicity. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; March 27.)

THE MAGIC FLUTE (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection.

We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation (he clarifies the text) has considerable grace, and the titles are unusually well placed in the frame; the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. In Swedish. (Thalia; March 24.)

THE MAKIOKA SISTERS (1983)—This Kon Ichikawa film has a triumphant simplicity about it. You don't just watch the film—you coast on its rhythms and glide past the precipitous spots. Ichikawa celebrates the delicate beauty of the four Makioka sisters—the four heiresses of an aristocratic Osaka family, who move as if always conscious that they must be visual poetry—and at the same time he makes you feel that there's something amusingly perverse in their poise and their politesse. Set in 1938, the film is based on Junichiro Tanizaki's novel, originally titled "A Light Snowfall," and it's like a succession of evanescent revelations—the images are stylized and formal, yet the quick cutting melts them away. The venerable Ichikawa is doing what so many younger directors have claimed to be doing: he's making visual music. And he's doing it without turning the actors into zombies, and without losing his sense of how corruption and beauty and humor are all rolled up together. The themes are worked out in shades of pearl and ivory for the interiors and bursts of color outside—cherry and maple and red-veined burgundy. In Japanese. (3/11/85) (Quad Cinema.)

MEAN STREETS (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. This picture about the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has an unsettling, episodic rhythm, and it's dizzyingly sensual. The director, Martin Scorsese, shows us a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a ripper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, Richard Romanus, David Proval, Harry Northup, George Memmoli, Amy Robinson, Cesare Danova, and, in bits, David Carradine, Robert Carradine, and the director. (Metro Cinema; March 26.)

LUCKY MAN! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 25-26.)

A PASSAGE TO INDIA—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld; through March 28.)

PLACES IN THE HEART—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Festival.)

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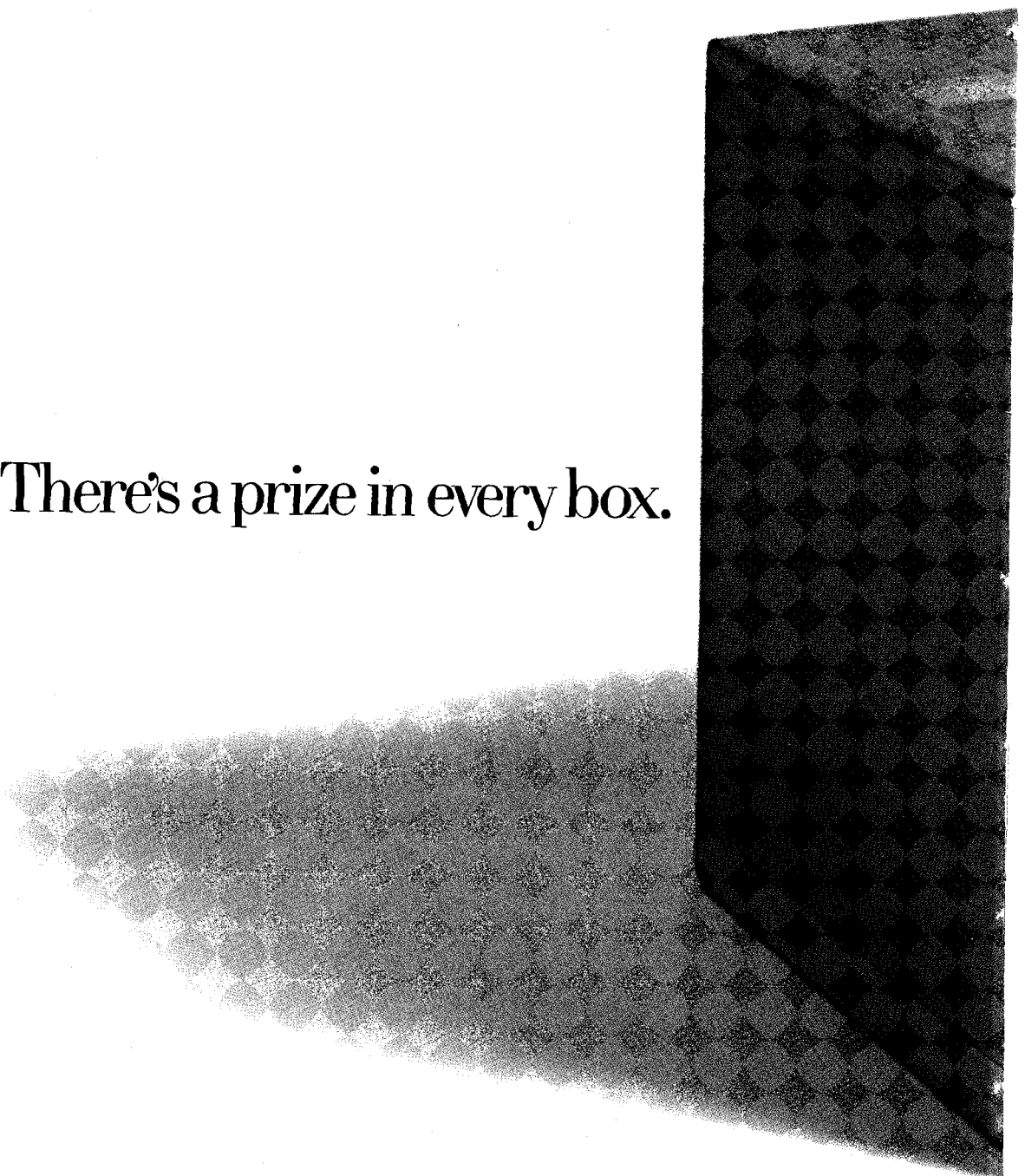
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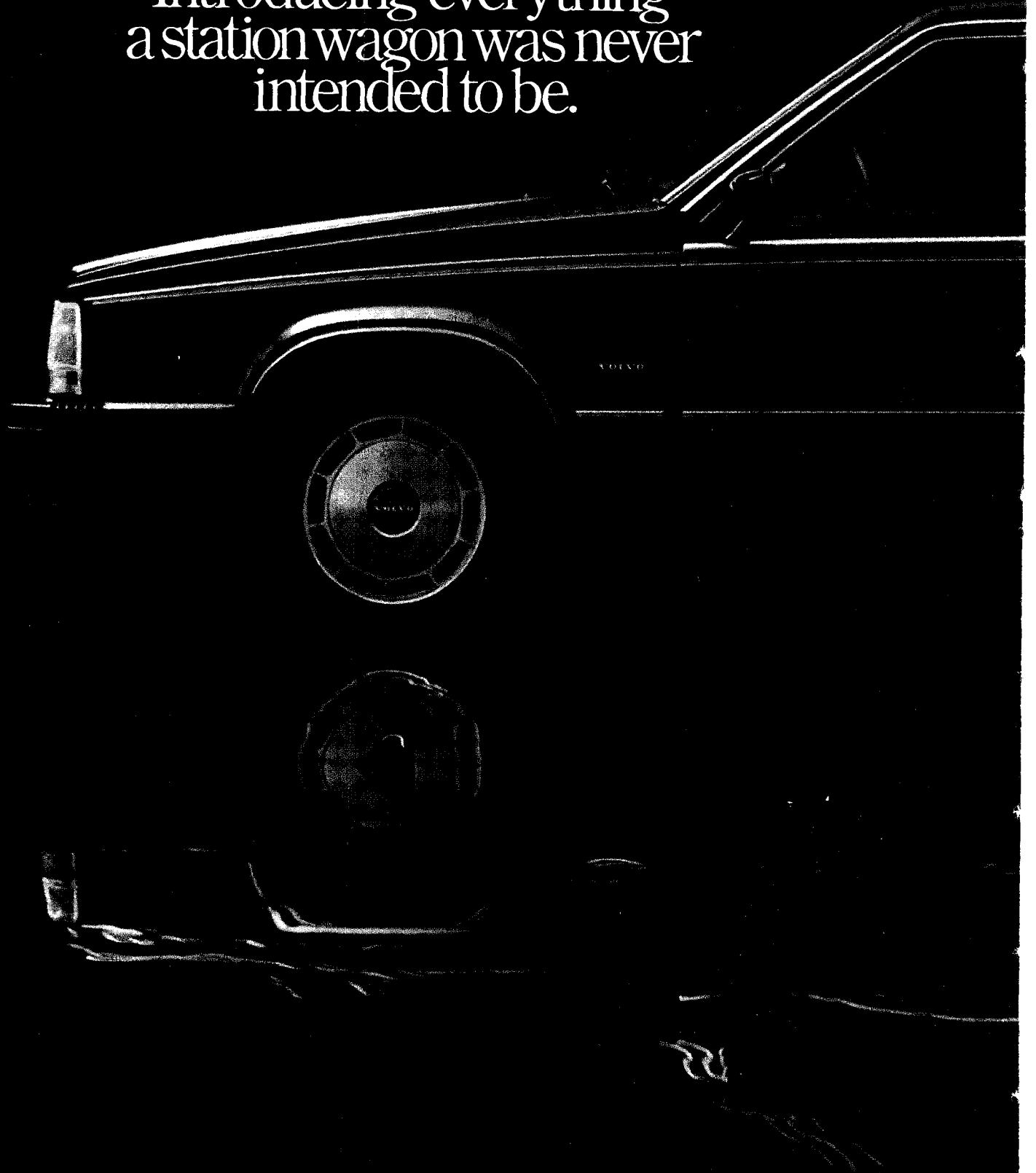
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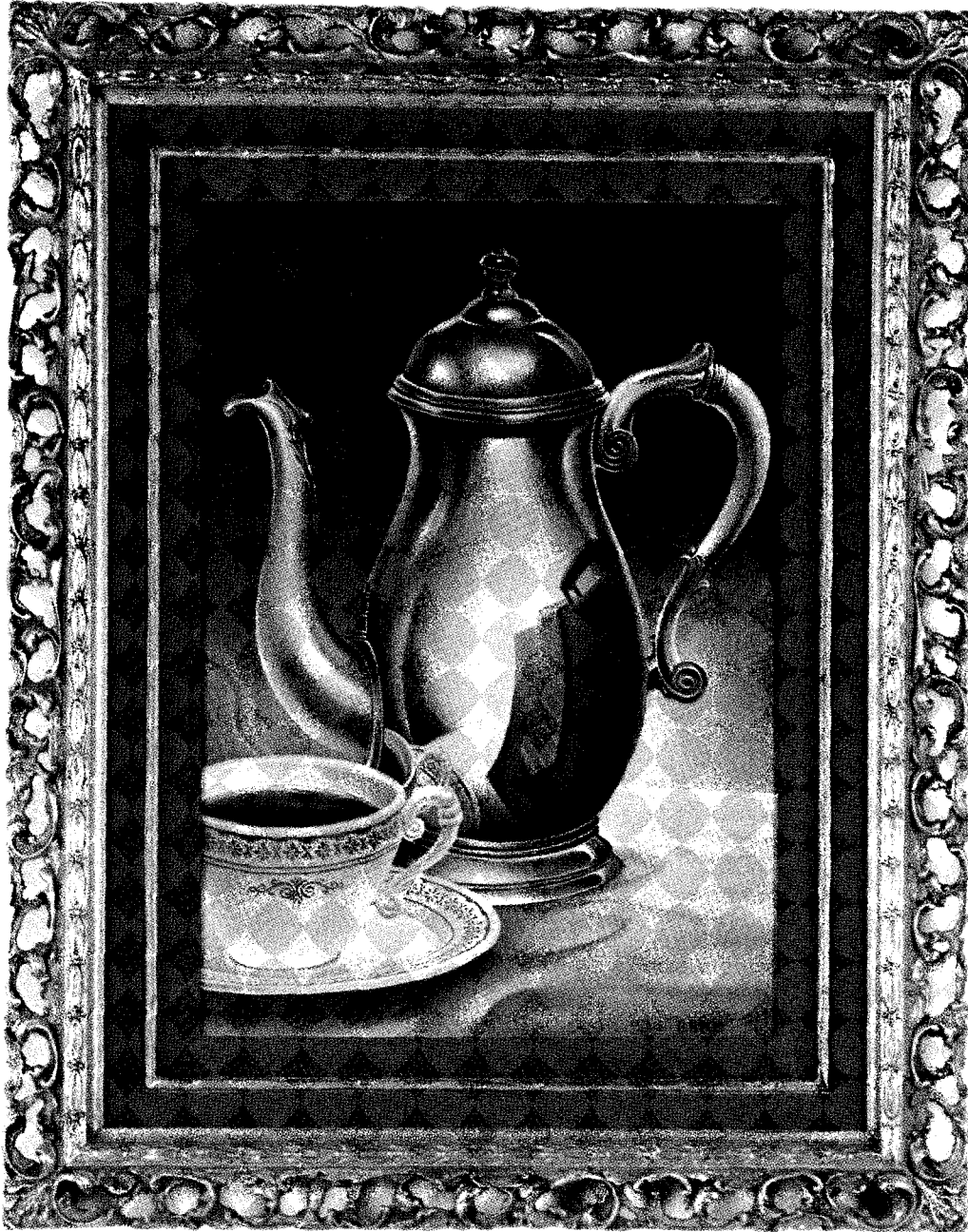
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Maggie Smith, directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

THE PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO—With Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels, directed by Woody Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Beekman. . . .) Cinema Studio, and Movie-land; starting March 22.)

RETURN OF THE JEDI (1983)—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax—a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome—the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Billy Dee Williams, Anthony Daniels as C-3PO, and Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca. (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; starting March 29.)

THE RETURN OF THE SOLDIER—Adapted by Hugh Whitmore, and directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, when she was twenty-five, isn't great or exciting, but it's very enjoyable. With its re-creation of an era when Freudianism was new, it's like a piece of intellectual history, and it gives you the feeling that you sometimes get when you read an "advanced" novel of the twenties and are touched and charmed by its streamlined Victorianism. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life, and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? Julie Christie is a ravishing camera subject who knows how to use her beauty against herself—as Chris's wife, she's so outrageously vain that she's funny. Glenda Jackson takes Rebecca West's literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and plays it with an ease and leanness that's fairly astounding. Ann-Margret has a thankless role, but her bone structure has an aristocratic quality, and she acquits herself with likable dignity. And in a role that could seem ludicrous Alan Bates has a weight and an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that you don't laugh off. The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Cinema I.)

A SOLDIER'S STORY—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Embassy. . . .) Baronet; through March 28.)

STARMAN—Karen Allen is a young widow with sad, glazed eyes, and Jeff Bridges is a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted

and draggy; it lacks vitality. Directed by John Carpenter. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (Embassy; through March 28.)

STOP MAKING SENSE—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (Lincoln Plaza, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

STRANGER THAN PARADISE—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema. . . .) Cinema Studio; through March 21.)

THE THIRD MAN (1950)—The most famous collaboration of the director Carol Reed and the screenwriter Graham Greene has the structure of a good suspense thriller and an atmosphere of baroque, macabre decadence. The simple American, Joseph Cotten, arrives in postwar Vienna to meet an old friend, only to be told that the friend has been killed in an accident. In trying to discover the facts, Cotten learns so much about his friend that when he finally finds him alive, he wants him dead. Orson Welles' portrait of the friend, Harry Lime, is a study of corruption—evil, witty, unreachable—balanced against Trevor Howard's quietly elegant underplaying of the Army officer who teaches the American some of the uglier facts of life. With Alida Valli. (Thalia; March 27.)

TOPAZ (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is a larger, slower, duller version of the spy thrillers he made in the thirties. Apparently, he expects us to identify with the waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S.; he expects us to accept the creaking late-late-show romances, and the Arrow-collar, shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and all the people who look like cutouts and behave like drab, enervated versions of spies in his earlier films. Per-Axel Arosenius, Michel Piccoli, and Philippe Noiret have a few moments, and Roscoe Lee Browne perks things up briefly, but most of the other performers waste away in their roles. (Regency; March 26-27.)

TORN CURTAIN (1966)—Sloppy, clumsy Hitchcock thriller with Paul Newman as an American nuclear scientist who says he's defecting, and Julie Andrews as the girl who tags along—pure heart, piping voice, and all. With Lila Kedrova, Tamara Toumanova, and Ludwig Donath. (Regency; March 26-27.)

WITNESS—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . .) Loews 83rd Quad; through March 21. . . .) Loews 84th Street Sixplex; starting March 22.)

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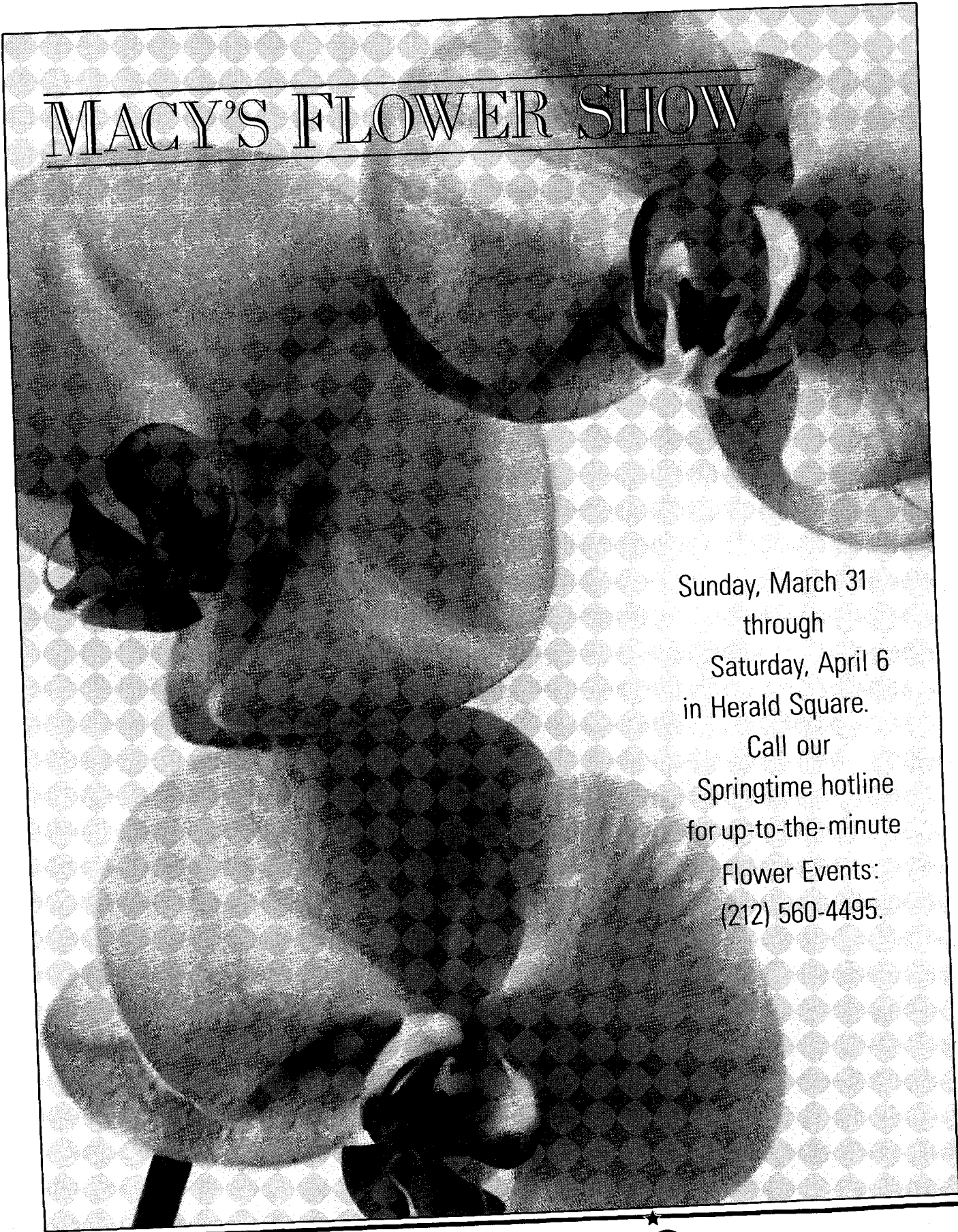
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SEVERAL commentators in recent years have been struck by the extraordinary convergence of talent, grace, genius, and wisdom in the current generation contesting for legitimacy in Poland. How is it possible, these observers wonder, for a single generation in a relatively small, relatively isolated country in the middle of Eastern Europe to have produced such a host of great-souled men and women—Lech Walesa, Adam Michnik, Jacek Kuron, Karol Modzelewski, Karol Wojtyła, Jerzy Popiełuszko, Anna Walentynowicz, Alina Pienkowska, Andrzej Wajda, Krzysztof Zanussi, Czesław Miłosz, Andrzej Gwiazda, Zbigniew Bujak, and on and on? At something of a conceptual loss before this historical mystery, the commentators occasionally have recourse to analogy, and one that frequently recurs in their writings is to the remarkable generation that arose in the British colonies in North America during the seventeen-sixties, seventies, and eighties. There historians have long been confronted with that wondrous fluke, the manna descending, the sudden, unexplainable upwelling of greatness—Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine, George Washington, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and on and on, all acting at the same moment in the same place. It is a useful analogy, and an appropriate one: it does honor to both sides of the equation. On the Polish side, we Americans are afforded a sense of what history must have felt like as it was unfolding for our own Founding Fathers; of what it must have been like to wake up each morning faced with impossible odds and hopeless choices and yet somehow summon the resolve to act and the composure to act sagely; of what the

declaration of independence must have felt like before it became the Declaration of Independence, when the spirit was building but had yet to find expression, when expression had yet to coalesce into inevitability. Through the analogy to our Founding Fathers, Poles, for their part, can draw a lesson concerning the future consequences of present acts—how a noble project honestly conceived and earnestly carried through becomes a source, a wellspring, refreshing and sustaining generation after generation to come. These corollaries suggest what is at stake in historical analogy, and the sense of care and responsibility with which we must exercise our propensity for it. Not only must the two sides of the equation be worthy of each other but we must be worthy of them.

A few weeks ago, President Reagan, as part of his current siege of Congress on behalf of his Administration's Central America policy, tried his hand at historical analogy. He declared that the Contras, the fighting forces currently attempting to undermine the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua, "are the moral equal of our Founding Fathers." The analogy is a strange one: our Founding Fathers accomplished a revolution, whereas the Contras are by definition *contrarrevolucionarios*—counter-revolutionaries. The revolution they so vigorously oppose is one that overthrew a tyrant, Anastasio Somoza, who made George III seem positively small-time. Of course, President Reagan claims that the Contras were initially supporters of that revolution

who subsequently found themselves co-opted by their onetime Sandinista allies, but the historical record offers precious little to sustain that characterization. (The commander of the principal Contra force, the man who set about organizing it immediately after Somoza's downfall and still commands it, is Enrique Bermúdez, who was Somoza's military attaché in Washington; one of the few Contra leaders who might truly fit Reagan's definition of a disenchanted onetime revolutionary, Edén Pastora, will have nothing to do with most of the other Contra military groups, precisely because so many of their leaders were former officers in Somoza's National Guard, and as a result of this hesitancy Pastora's group was being frozen out of most American covert funding even when Congress was allowing the practice.) And even if Reagan's version of a co-opted revolution were historically accurate the analogy that might be drawn would be to the French Revolution, or the Russian—certainly not the American.

The problem, however, isn't just that the Founding Father analogy is specious; it's also pernicious. Within days of the President's statement, two reports were issued evaluating the behavior of Contra forces in the field. Americas Watch released a comparative study, "Violations of the Laws of War by Both Sides in Nicaragua, 1981-1985," that documented the behavior of both the Contra and the Sandinista forces. The report was careful and precise in tone; if anything, it was understated. Its authors concluded that whereas the Sandinista forces had committed "major abuses," particularly against the Miskito Indians on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast, during the first few years after the Revolution, "the evidence that we have gathered shows a sharp decline in violations of the laws of war by the Nicaraguan



government following 1982." By contrast, Americas Watch reported, "The contra forces have systematically violated the applicable laws of war throughout the conflict. They have attacked civilians indiscriminately; they have tortured and mutilated prisoners; they have murdered those placed *hors de combat* by their wounds; they have taken hostages; and they have committed outrages against personal dignity."

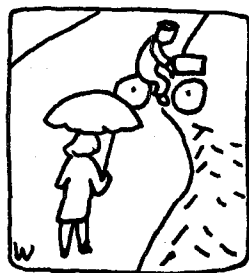
In the past, State Department and White House spokesmen confronted with charges like these have dismissed them as being based on idiosyncratic cases, or else on hearsay. Partly in response to that type of defense, lawyers affiliated with the Washington Office on Latin America and the International Human Rights Law Group two weeks ago released the results of a series of studies undertaken during the past six months. To begin with, one lawyer went down to Nicaragua and compiled evidence relating to twenty-eight incidents of Contra violence aimed at civilians—"reliable evidence of a kind that would be legally sufficient in a court of law," his report specified. That is to say, he took sworn affidavits, based almost exclusively on eyewitness testimony, from over a hundred and forty persons; he challenged the witnesses with questions designed to confirm their personal knowledge of the events related ("Did you actually see that?" "What color were their uniforms?"). This testimony was transcribed; the transcripts were read back to the witnesses; and the witnesses signified their approval by signing them with their full names, their place of residence, and, in most cases, the names of their parents. Wherever possible, corroboration was sought. WOLA and the I.H.R.L.G. subsequently sent two other lawyers down to verify the accuracy of the affidavits. Following the report's release, several independent journalists in Nicaragua further confirmed the reliability of several of the accounts. The affidavits make for chilling reading.

Item: Noel Benavides Herradora, a coffee-picker, telling of his abduction by the Contras from a farm near the Honduran border, along with a married couple, prominent church leaders, in December, 1982: "Mr. Felipe Barreda and his wife were already there. He was bleeding heavily. He was be-

ing beaten and had blood all over him. [His wife] was also being beaten. They tied them. I was walking ahead, he was tied behind me, and she was tied further behind. He could hardly walk. He kept slipping and falling. And every time he fell they struck him and threatened to get rid of him right there so that he would stop being a burden. Then he would kneel and ask to be allowed to pray to Our Father. But they just beat him, kicked him, slapped him in the face, and cursed him." The Barredas were later tortured and killed.

Item: Doroteo Tinoco Valdivia, testifying about a large Contra attack in April, 1984, on his farming coöperative, near Yalí, Jinotega: "They had already destroyed all that was the co-operative: a coffee-drying machine, the two dormitories for the coffee cutters, the electricity generators, seven cows, the plant, the food warehouse. There was one boy about fifteen years old, who was retarded and suffered from epilepsy. We had left him in the bomb shelter. When we returned . . . we saw . . . that they had cut his throat, then they cut open his stomach and left his intestines hanging out on the ground like a string."

Item: Inocente Peralta, a lay pastor who went out looking for victims of another attack on a Jinotega coöperative: "We found one of them, Juan Perez, assassinated in the mountains. They had tied his hands behind his back. They hung him on a wire fence. They opened up his throat and took out his tongue. Another bayonet had gone in through his stomach and come out his back. Finally, they cut off his testicles. It was horrible to see."



Item: Orlando Wayland, a Miskito teacher who was kidnapped by the Contras in December, 1983, and force-marched

into Honduras, where he was tortured along with eight others: "In the evening they tied me up in the water from seven p.m. until one a.m. The next day, at seven a.m., they began to make me collect garbage in the creek in my underwear, with the cold. I was in the creek for four hours. . . . Then they threw me on the anthill. Tied up, they put me chest down on the anthill. The [red] ants bit my body. I squirmed to try to get them off my body, but there were too many. I was on the anthill ten minutes each day. . . . They would beat me from head to heels. . . . They

would give me an injection to calm me a little. Then they would beat me again."

Item: Myrna Cunningham, a Miskito Indian doctor, describing what happened to her and to a nurse following their kidnapping by the Contras, in December, 1981: "During those hours we were raped for the first time. While they were raping us, they were chanting slogans like 'Christ yesterday, Christ today, Christ tomorrow. . . .' And although we would cry or shout, they would hit us, and put a knife or a gun to our head. This went on for almost two hours."

And so forth, for over a hundred and forty affidavits.

No one is claiming that every Contra soldier has behaved in this manner, but both of these recent reports have documented a pattern of activity—countenance for which, in the case of the assassination of civilians, was, in fact, spelled out in the belatedly disowned C.I.A. instruction manual.

And this brings us back to the President's analogy. Jefferson? Washington? Madison? How are the Contras the moral equal of our Founding Fathers? History is real; analogies have weight; statements have consequences. In days to come, when we find ourselves thinking of those men, the framers of our democracy, might we now find ourselves free-associating to images of torture and indiscriminate murder? It's as if the President had carelessly dumped toxic waste in the very wellspring of our nation's heritage. Already the poison is leaching into the stream, irretrievably contaminating the very waters that we need to drink every day.

Snow

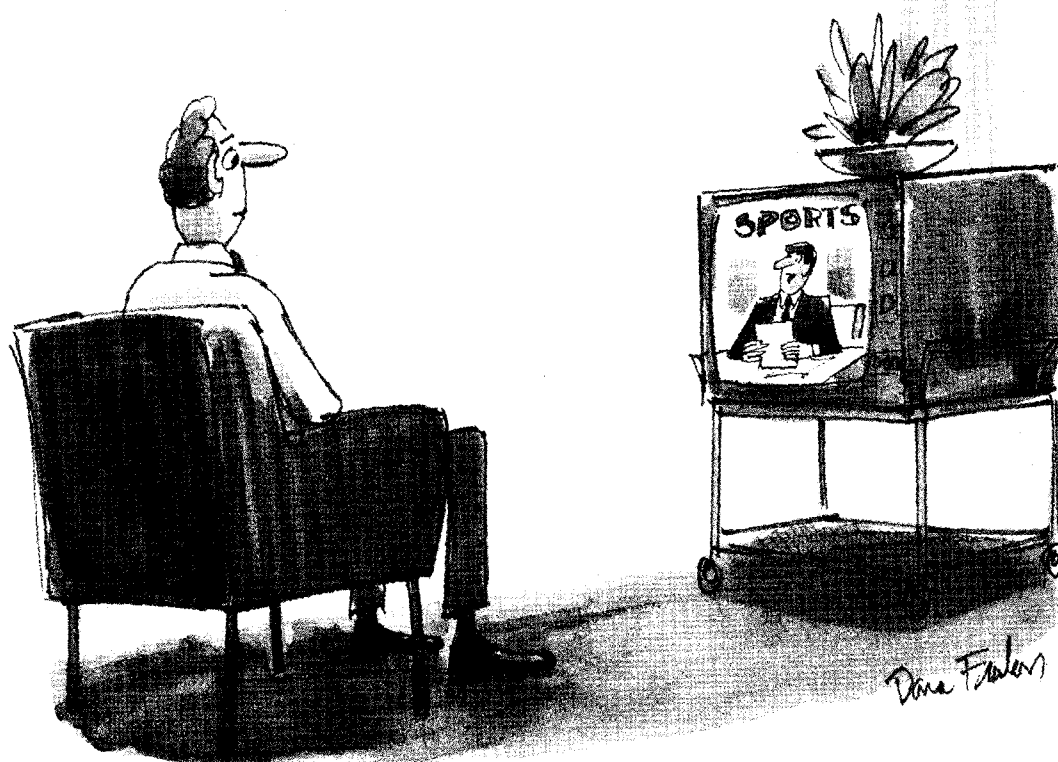
LETTER from a friend in Montana:

The trees in front of my house are shedding snow—what I hope is the last snow I have to see this over-white winter out here. The sun is shining, the temperature is seven degrees, and the snow, which fell for two days, stopped several hours ago. At random intervals, a branch will tip down, dumping its load onto the one below, which dumps onto the next, which dumps onto the next. Then the branches spring back up, throwing a glittering cloud of snow dust against the blue sky. There must be a slight breeze blowing: when the curtain of snow finally reaches the ground,

it is always a few feet to the right of the tree. The falling snow sends sudden shadows through the woods, and when it hits on an incline a breath of snow shoots away downhill. Falling snow chunks pockmark my unplowed driveway and powder my blue 1976 Chevy van as it rests at a rakish angle, with its rear wheels deep in the drifts on the far side of the drive—stuck.

I love my car, and, like most people with that kind of emotional involvement, I have trouble dissociating its fate from my own. When it's stuck, I'm stuck. My brain gets as numb and glazed as the polished ice beneath my tires. Last winter, I came upon two guys who had got their pickup stuck crosswise on a narrow forest-service road up in the foothills. They had spent all afternoon crawling down the road from one ditch to the other. For three hundred yards above them, the snow was a mess of zigzag tire tracks. When I walked up, they were improvising a tire chain out of a piece of yellow nylon rope. The driver stomped on the gas pedal, the wheels screamed like a mastodon going down in a tar pit, and the nylon rope became instantly involved with the rear axle and the brake lines. The driver's face was slack, and his eyes, mired in their sockets, said: Stuck. I, a total stranger, gave the guys advice on how to get out, and they followed my advice to the letter, like zombies. You're no help to your car when you're in a stuck frame of mind. What I'm doing right now, looking at the snow, is waiting for that frame of mind to go away.

When I first moved out here to the Rocky Mountains, I thought getting stuck was an enjoyable Wild West kind of adventure. My first winter, as I was going down an icy road, I skidded, braked, stopped, and then could not go again. I was on level ground, but my wheels wouldn't grab. I took a look, and saw that one good push would probably do it. I was alone—no cars in sight. So I straightened the wheels, put the car in drive, got out, left the driver's-side door open, went behind the van, and



"And, in a sports first, the New York Rangers lost last night, three to two, but claimed victory anyway."

pushed. The car moved slowly off the ice and picked up speed down the road. I ran after it, jumped in, and drove away. Just a few minutes ago, I tried that trick again. It didn't work, and when I walked back and reached through the door to put the car in park I missed and instead hit reverse. The car was much more willing to go in that direction. It plunged backward and stalled in snow above the wheel wells. I think the tailpipe broke off; it was about rusted through anyway. Afterward, the exhaust fumes started coming up irregularly around the back of the car and around the edges of the little door over the gas cap. It's an unusual effect—as if the car were blowing smoke rectangles.

The last time I was stuck, I called Irvin. Irvin has a cloth cap and big overlapping teeth and a tow truck with all the trimmings. He said he'd be out right away. An hour and a half later, he came charging up the drive where my van was stuck in a pile of snow on the far side. He hooked a log chain from his front bumper to my rear axle and became stuck himself. He couldn't get enough traction to go forward, because that was uphill, and he couldn't go downhill, because he was

chained to me and the chain was pulled too tight to release. His truck has an electric winch with many feet of steel cable. He began to pull cable from the winch, leaning against it with his full weight until he was lying flat on the ground, and then standing up and leaning again. To the cable he hooked another chain, and then he hooked the chain around the trunk of a white fir farther up the drive, on the near side. Then, an inch or two at a time, he began to winch his way up to the tree. I was standing under the tree when the cable first pulled taut, and a lot of snow came down. When he was even with the tree, he pulled out more feet of cable and hooked the chain to another tree and winched some more. Finally, he made it past my car and to the top of the drive, turned around, and drove back down, passing my car again. Using the winch this time, he smoothly pulled my van from the snow pile on one side of the drive into the pile on the other side of the drive. Then he kept on winching me down—always parallel to the drive, never on it. After a while, he asked me what time it was, and I told him three-ten. "Oh, my God! I've got to go drive the school bus!" he said. He unhooked his

truck, told me all I had to do now was back out, and drove away. The van had piled up a tall wave of snow as he winched it along. Using a small shovel, I dug my way to the back, and then began to chisel snow out from underneath. It came out in big chunks bearing detailed impressions of the underside of my car, lightly streaked with rust. I threw kitty litter around the rear wheels, and managed to put my tire chains on. It was full dark by the time I got out.

This time, I think I'll call Perry. Perry's truck, a four-wheel-drive pickup, is smaller than Irvin's, but his schedule is not as tight. Perry used to plow my drive for nothing. Now he lets me pay whatever I feel like, with the understanding that in return I will help him come up with an advertising campaign for a new miracle hand cream he has invented. I ride with him as he plows, and he tells me about the hand cream. "It'll remove any scar or blemish or mark. In the tests we've done with it so far, we've discovered that the skin eats it as a food," he says, punching down on the gearshift with his right hand and craning his neck to get a better look at the plow blade.

The light has changed now. In the hollows, the snow is beginning to turn the fluorescent lavender it becomes at sunset. The shedding spasm is over; only the ponderosa pines, with their bunches of long needles, still hold snow, in spheres the size of classroom globes. The radio says there's a sixty-per-cent chance of more snow before morning, locally heavy in the mountains. Sitting in that uncomfortable position, its belly wedged tight, and cold, my van gives me a long, imploring look.

Centennial

JEROME KERN's hundredth birthday was celebrated a few weeks ago, and with it came a flurry of events honoring one of the most innovative, lyrical, and moving songwriters this country has produced. Among other things, the Postal Service issued a stamp bearing his likeness, radio stations played non-stop Kern, and various groups around New York began reviving his Broadway musicals, including several that had not been done in anything like their original versions for more than sixty years. Four of the shows are often called "the Princess musicals," because they were either performed at or intended for performance at the Princess Thea-

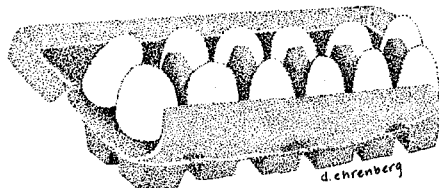
tre, a small house on West Thirtieth Street. They were all written between 1917 and 1919, and three of them have books by Guy Bolton and lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse (who also helped Bolton with the books). Over the past year, a young conductor and musicologist named John McGlinn has spent hundreds of hours in research, doing a virtually one-man job of reassembling the Princess musicals—parts of which had been lost—and he is now presenting them in concert versions at Carnegie Recital Hall and Town Hall. We attended the first one—"Oh, Boy!"—at the Recital Hall on a Sunday that happened to be Jerome Kern's birthday. (He was born on January 27, 1885, and died on November 11, 1945.) Kern's only child, Betty Kern Miller, was in the audience, and after the show members of the cast brought out a chocolate cake, and a wildly applauding crowd sang "Happy Birthday." Then the cast assembled in the Blue Room, where an ebullient Mr. McGlinn told us, "This is the happiest day of my life. For years, I've wanted to see these shows revived in an authentic way, which is totally different from the kind of thing that well-meaning but misguided editors have done with Kern's—and other composers'—musicals as time has gone by."

The other day, we caught up with Mr. McGlinn again. By then, he had presented the second Princess musical—"Oh, Lady! Lady!"—at the Recital Hall and was juggling his schedule in order to rehearse the two remaining shows at the same time. They were "Leave It to Jane," which was about to be performed at Town Hall, and "Zip! Goes a Million," which he will present at the Recital Hall toward the end of March. "Zip!" was a Bolton-Buddy De Sylva collaboration, but Bolton's book was destroyed during the Second World War; a new one has been written by Mark D. Kaufmann. (Meanwhile, the Equity Library Theatre was getting ready to do Kern's last show, "Very Warm for May," and other conductors were preparing to do two more Kern musicals, "Music in the Air" and "Sweet Adeline," in concert versions at Town Hall in April and May.) Having as-

cended a freight elevator to a fifth-floor rehearsal hall at Carroll Studios, on West Forty-first Street, we found a smiling Mr. McGlinn, twenty musicians, and eight vocalists studying scores and scripts as the orchestra ran through "Leave It to Jane" for the first time.

"I'm going to *strangle* that copyist," Mr. McGlinn said at one point, temporarily losing his smile. Then he asked the instrumentalists if they could play through a lengthy section while transposing it into the key of C—the copyist had mistakenly written it out in D—and when they did so instantly and flawlessly he exclaimed "Bravi!" and declared a break.

"These musicals were really the first musical comedies to consistently integrate songs into their plots," Mr. McGlinn told us during the break. "Almost everything up till then had songs that were thrown in regardless of the context. Of course, Kern brought this process of integration to perfection some ten years later, when he collaborated with Oscar Hammerstein II on 'Show Boat.' Part of the wonder of these early shows is in Frank Saddler's marvellously transparent orchestrations. Saddler was a true master—some of his work recalls Richard Strauss—and after a great deal of digging and delving I managed to patch together most of his arrangements. Where things were missing, a very fine orchestrator named Russell Warner has written new arrangements in the Saddler style. These shows are all great fun to do. But they require big, *legitimate* voices—no miking—and they also require clear articulation. Fortunately, I've been able to get some of the finest young singers around—people like Meg Bussert, George Dvorsky, Cris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Alix Korey, Jeanne Lehman, Michael Maguire, Paige O'Hara, and Ron Raines. When you realize that Kern had a forty-three-year composing career, wrote some of the greatest American popular music, and collaborated with almost all the top lyricists of his day—including Yip Harburg, Ira Gershwin, Otto Harbach, and Johnny Mercer—the man seems absolutely astounding. Kern was one of the first to liberate the Broadway musical from operetta. He was thoroughly American, yet there is also a kind of Englishness about him. There is such *elegance* in his music, such class. In considering him as a songwriter, I would place him second only to Schubert."



The next afternoon, we telephoned Mrs. Miller, who for the past sixteen years has lived in Danville, Kentucky, where she raises American saddle-bred horses for show. We asked her to tell us something about her father.

"He was a very kind man, with a wonderful sense of humor," Mrs. Miller said. "He wanted me to grow up to love music, and he hoped I would take lessons, but he never pushed me. As a result, I do love music, and I understand it—I have a good ear—but I never studied music, partly because I knew that I could never measure up to my own expectations. Of course, I used to hear everything my father wrote before the public ever heard it. He did most of his composing at the piano, and music filled our house. During my early years, we lived in Bronxville, but in the middle thirties—when my father was working on film scores—we moved to Beverly Hills. I'm afraid I took everything pretty much for granted at the time, though. It wasn't until later, after I had grown up and left home, that I realized what an opportunity it had all been. You see, I know that writing music was really very easy for my father. Inspiration would come to him practically anywhere. I mean, I would see him sit at the bridge table, concentrating on the game and talking with his friends, and then suddenly pick up a pencil and jot down some musical idea, which he would work on at his leisure the next day. Of course, he sometimes wrote things that were difficult to perform, but there's a simple explanation for that. It's because he never wrote to please the public, or singers, or critics, or anyone else. My father wrote music to please himself."

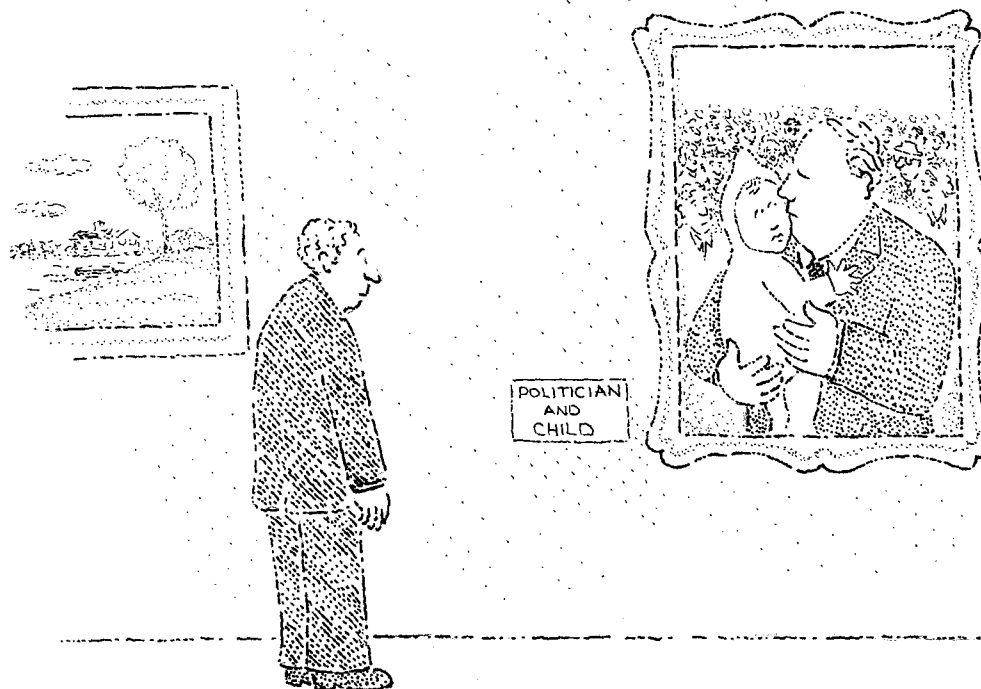
Long Walk

YOUTH! Dream, youth! Dream big dreams and live them—dreams as big as the Rotary or the Kiwanis or other major service organizations. Dream about selling more negotiable securities than all the other grownups, or about developing a wicked, blistering forehead, or about

being elected President and naming all your friends to important Cabinet posts. (Except State. Put a career diplomat in State.) All these things are possible, and they might make you happy—especially the forehead. Another class of dreams, however, should be resisted. "I was lying there one day in my bunk—I was a cadet on a British merchant ship—and I was looking at a map of the world," George Meegan told a small crowd in Prospect Park the other weekend. "The map was just hanging there, and I thought, This planet isn't that big. And that's how it started." Not long afterward, Meegan found himself on Tierra del Fuego, at the tip of Argentina, setting out to walk the length of the Western Hemisphere—something no man had ever done. "It was a dream," he said. A little while later, he found himself a little farther north in Argentina—you don't go very fast when you're walking, especially when you're dragging a two-wheeled cart with your gear behind you, as Meegan was. He went on up the middle of South America to Bolivia, then west to the coast of Peru, then north, through Ecuador and Colombia, to the Darién jungle. *Seven years* later, he found himself at Prudhoe Bay, in Alaska, having walked 19,019 miles. Sure, the world looks small on a map—that's what maps are *about*.

"The food is very different in South

America," Meegan said. "I had bacon once in two and a half years, and I went three years at a stretch without pizza. I almost lost my teeth entirely, although if you clean them and floss daily and take all your vitamins you can escape the kind of problems I suffered." Meegan, a pleasant young Englishman who is writing a book, and whose two children are named Ayumi and Susumi—Japanese for Walk and Keep Going—showed a number of slides during his talk, at the Prospect Park Environmental Center. "These are vicuña—very beautiful animals, distant relations of the camel," he said. "Animals—some are beautiful, some are sinister and revolting. This is a snake. I find the snake a loathsome creature. . . . This is an upper-class British lady I met in Guatemala—a remarkable lady. Her great-grandfather destroyed the Turkish and Egyptian fleet. She told me I should stop in Mexico, which would have been a record in itself." But that, in the circumstances, would have been nuts; Meegan had already weathered the worst of the trip, like the Darién jungle during the dry season, when lack of water forced him to rise early and suck the dew off leaves, or Nicaragua, which he entered—with a Swiss flag tied to his pack—two days after the fall of Somoza. "The Sandinistas would stop me and say, 'You're an American masquerading as



MANKOFF



"I hear the farmers are very upset."

a Swiss,' and I'd say, 'I'm not anything of the sort. I'm an Englishman masquerading as a Swiss,' and they'd wave me on."

Upon reaching the United States, at Brownsville, Texas, Meegan turned right and crossed the American South all the way to Florida before heading north again—a detour that adding two years to his journey. "I decided to take the gamble, to go for broke," he said. "I wanted to achieve every possible record." He walked up the Atlantic Seaboard, and then west across Canada to the Pacific, where he turned north to Alaska. "It was a terrible, terrible sadness to finally reach the end," he said. "I'd lost my best friend of the last seven years—the road under my feet." Still, many memories remained etched in his head—images of vast continents and myriad people. "Once, I found a place to sleep for the night in a jail in Florida, and the man in the next cell, he was ninety-five years old and he had just killed his brother. Imagine what his mother would

think if she were alive—that her sons would live to be near a hundred years old and then one would kill the other!"

Nuance

"IT'S a simple story of simple events, but it's told in a labyrinthlike way. You see the events from everyone's perspective. That's why it's so successful," said Charles Dance (Guy Perron, the handsome one) at a cocktail party last Monday honoring "The Jewel in the Crown," which was hotter at that moment than any ethnic food you could name. It was a simple cocktail party, lasting from six to eight, and yet different people experienced it in different ways. Geraldine James, who played Sarah Layton, felt that it was an *American* thing. "In England, where 'The Jewel in the Crown' was shown last year, people are worried that they will overflatter you, that if they praise you it will go to your head—which it won't, of course," said James, who is

expecting a child. "In America, people will come right up to you and say, 'It's great. You're great.' That I like." Not far away, a man who has to do with musicals, most of which do not "bounce bounce bounce," like his latest effort, about the lives of Laurel and Hardy, seemed to see the party as a theatrical gathering. "I'm working on a musical about Teddy Roosevelt and Alice Roosevelt Longworth, which is set to the music of John Philip Sousa," he said. "My first reaction was 'I'm not going to adapt a bunch of marches,' but then I found out he had written eleven operettas as well. And I do like working with dead composers." We cornered Tim Pigott-Smith (Ronald Merrick) and forced him to regard events through a Tim Pigott-Smith prism. "Merrick shouldn't be dismissed as a baddie," he said. "He was an ordinary man who went to India believing in the values of the Empire—what

he had inherited that was wrong was his belief in English racial superiority." Pigott-Smith has grown a tawny beard for his next role, as a priest in a film called "Chain Reaction." "Martin Sheen, a nuclear physicist, discovers the possibility that one nuclear bomb exploded at a certain note could destroy the whole world like a singer shattering a glass," Pigott-Smith said. "And it has to do with the aurora borealis in 1938 and Our Lady of Fatima." Then someone appeared to say that Julie Harris was on the phone, and Pigott-Smith had to go see things from a Julie Harris angle for a bit. A number of people at the party were looking at it from a coconut-shrimp perspective and also from a Sunday-night perspective: how would they survive once the fourteen-week series came to an end (as it would the following Sunday night)? Rita Gam, the actress and author, had had all her shots and was heading for India to write a book. "All of a sudden, 3-D movies are very big there," she said.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG CALIFORNIAN

ONCE upon a time and a very good time it was there was a little boy named George who wanted to learn how to read and speak three languages before he was five and learn how to play the piano and the violin and tennis, and he also wanted to become literate at the computer and learn how to eat a lot of roughage and exercise sensibly and experience excellence.

His father told him that story. His father had a very good and lasting tan.

He was little George. And he was the one in the story. He was the one who experienced excellence.

He knew that song. It was his song.

Suzuki violin and French lessons at three

What a nicens little baby this Georgie will be.

Daddy was older than Mommy. Mommy has changed her face three times and she will keep doing that because she wants to be the best me that she can.

Tra la la lala

Tra la la lala

Flatten your stomach.

It was very important to have a flat stomach. It made you a much better me.

I was feeling bogus. I was mega, but not mega enough for the job. And I was a little amped if you want to know the truth because a little earlier I was probably a pooh pirate, and I'm not. I'm a breeder, nothing but. I'm not steadfast, but show me a tight little unit and I'll shred her.

So when I was first a product of a relationship, I was imposing right from the first go. I mean when I was a wee squid it was Biafra and I had to crash with my little sister, but that was cool. I got to scope out babes without getting haired. So tell me I'm a zisker and I'll tell you you're in the soapbox derby for whales.

My sister if you must know is as gnarly as they come. That bwana was fresh. Munga. I'm not a reknob and I know the program. I jam on the taboos, but my sister was rad. Thrashmatic. So we're in the same rack and I figure she's going to say the whole prono pups just totally grikes, but I'm not far along in the program and I can still remember my tail.

So I'm thinking I'm either going to throw darts at this unit or get chinese-eyed. I scope right away that she does not groove on the Arthropoda, and she hairs in their presence. She would not be freaked by the Mexican Air Force, but she spins out at the sight of the little furry ones.

So right away I figure that it's got to be jam and tripendicular to groove with the eight-armers. I do not pretend to understand this mega-aversion that she is harboring, but I've got some confid working and pretty soon the whole thing scopes out fully munga.

I'm not grain-fed, but I know a gomer and they always have their theme. They act like a gork for weird on the moving mall stairs. Or they blow a hype on the pigeon tower. Or they go skacks when they see carbos and run in to worship the portentous buick. I have been around the track, even as a squid. I have dropped the bomb. When things got gay I have always opted to shine. I know when Big Ben says to book. I know when to voice over, and I know which sluts have been burgered out. I've been from ritual to romance and I grokked

all the input you have, and probably more.

Still, I'm aggro over this momma who is my sister in my rack in the slurbs. I don't want to sound raspy, but it is very sketchy between the rayon in that lair. If you can't buy it, iron a prune. So my head is airmailed to New Jersey because I'm constantly gumming out over this incubus. Urr to the quantum level.

Like my progenitor says, I needed arresting. But I needed a wheeze in the worst of all possible worlds. I went for it, and I don't mind telling you, even though you probably think I am poor protoplasm.

Be hard core. See what falls out of the tree on you. Don't take it to dinner. You may be asked to move away from the normals. You may have to take a three-and-a-half and go back to the primordial soup and the heshers.

I came with the little furry ones and it was a wheeze among the wheezes on Olympus and the birds stopped singing so they could scope it out. We have on these diapers. The white breechcloth for those who have newly aspired. Byzantine, these words they have for everything.

I got a spanking. For scaring my sister with a spider. Totally sixties.

—FRANK GANNON



"The word has come down, Ferguson—'Dump the lightweights!'"

A FAMILY RECORD

ONE day this past summer, I received a phone call from a staff member of the Division of Unclaimed Funds of the Ohio Department of Commerce in Columbus, who had managed to trace me to my Finger Lakes farmhouse, ten miles from Ithaca, New York; he wanted to know if I was the only survivor of my childhood family. I said yes—that my father, Clayton; my mother, Grace; and my older brother and only sibling, Jack, had all died. He said that eighteen hundred dollars remained in an Olmsted Falls, Ohio, bank account in the name of Grace McConkey and her son Jack, and that he required some verification that Jack as well as Grace was dead, and proof that I was indeed the younger son. I surprised myself by being able to recall for him the dates of the deaths of my parents and brother, as well as their ages. I told him that my father had died in 1972 in Olmsted Falls on his seventy-seventh birthday, November 24th—which also, though I didn't tell him this, was the date of my parents' first marriage, in 1915, and of their remarriage, in 1938, a ceremony at which I was the only witness; that my brother had died, at fifty-seven, on July 15, 1974, in a car accident at the entrance to O'Hare Airport, near Chicago; and that my mother, who in her final decade had lived with my wife and me and two of our sons, had died on December 13, 1982, a few weeks after her grandchildren and great-grandchildren—the latter all on my brother's side—had joined my family at our farmhouse for a celebration of her hundredth birthday. On the day that my mother left Olmsted Falls to live with us, she withdrew the funds from her major account there to transfer them to another in an Ithaca bank; apparently, I said, she had forgotten about the other account, which I assumed had been set up for the monthly sums my brother and I had sent to our parents as a supplement to their Social Security checks. The caller asked me to forward to his office whatever evidence I had that I was indeed Grace's only surviving child—including, if I could find any of her correspondence, a letter containing her Olmsted Falls address. I told him I would try. But for some weeks I put it off, not wanting, especially for something so grubby as cash, to burrow into the boxes in the closet of my mother's former bedroom, which was where my wife, Jean, knowing I

wasn't up to sorting through them in the Christmas season following my mother's death, had put all of Grace's possessions.

Long before I heard from the man at the Division of Unclaimed Funds, I believed I had found whatever order and meaning I could in the lives of my father, brother, and mother, since their deaths separately had recalled, with a vividness that seemed greater than actual experience, everything that bound me to each. And the death of my mother had brought all three together into a relationship with me, the survivor, that was as satisfactory as possible, existing as it did as a feeling, generalized but not abstract, that transcribed the past into a kind of complex harmony. When at last I decided to look for the documents, I found them—luckily, almost at once—among the first papers in the top box on the closet shelf. I also found, just beneath those papers, a battered little book called "By Our Fireside: A Family Record," which contains, on its opening page, a signed certificate of my parents' first marriage. The following pages are intended for the names of the wedding guests and a description of the events of the wedding trip. Later sections are for drawings of the "family crest or coat of arms" of husband and wife and for their genealogical records, details about the births and adventures of the children, and so on. Many pages are simply titled "Noteworthy Events;" others, for "Wedding Anniversaries," have a subtitle that is partially blank: "Years married ____." The entries are mainly the work of my mother, written in a script whose appearance varies with the decades; in the early years my father sometimes amplifies her remarks.

Even while I was standing on the ladder in the closet, the book in my

hand, I recognized that from her middle years on my mother had put down in it, often without comment, only matters of great importance to her. Except for two entries, all of those pages that were supposed to be devoted to "Noteworthy Events" are empty. Those entries are for the deaths of my father and brother. The latter—"Jack killed," followed by the date—was in a shaky script, for my mother was ninety-two, and living with us, when the accident happened: those blunt words were probably written later during that terrible morning on which I had lain next to her on her bed to tell her over and over the news I had been awakened some hours earlier to hear on the telephone. All her faculties were acute: not fearing in the slightest her own end, she simply found it difficult to believe that one of her children had preceded her.

I SAT in my mother's upholstered rocker and read the record that I had not known she kept. Sitting in this chair on rainy summer mornings or days of winter storms, my mother looked for hours at the photographs on the opposite wall, perhaps hearing in them the melody or rhythms of her own past, for they consisted of pictures of her parents; of her sister and brother, who died before she came to live with us; of her young husband; and of Jack and me as babies, young boys, and adolescents.

Those pictures are now buried in one of the boxes, but I can see all of them, and two with particular clarity. In one, taken by my mother when I was thirteen, my father is combing my hair as I sit on the stone railing of the only house—a grand half-timbered English Tudor model, in a new subdivision of Little Rock—my parents ever owned. They owned it briefly—it was lost to the bank after my father deserted his family. In the picture my ankle is bandaged, and my brother is standing behind us, holding the .22 rifle he had secretly used his school lunch money to buy, his face swollen and his mouth tightly closed so that the space where he was missing teeth would not show. I have never liked this photograph; it reminds me not only of my father's imminent departure but of my own carelessness: sitting on the handlebars while Jack gave me a downhill ride on his bicycle, I let my foot become entangled in the spokes of the front wheel. The bicycle skidded to such a quick stop that my brother was hurled over me and landed on his jaw



on the pavement, splintering his upper front teeth, a harbinger of that fatal accident four decades later in which he was hurled from the back seat into the dashboard of the limousine taking him and his crew—he was captain of a commercial airliner—from the Palmer House to O'Hare Airport.

The other is a photograph of my mother and me that my brother took the following summer, after the three of us, having no money and no other place to go, went a thousand miles north to knock, without advance notice, on the front door of the Ohio house of my mother's sister and her family. To help pay for our room and board there, Jack, who had just finished high school and hoped to enter college, found a job at a dime-store hamburger stand in downtown Cleveland. My mother joined my aunt in doing the washing and ironing she took in during those Depression years to augment her husband's meagre salary, and I had a newspaper route to pay for my clothes and other personal expenses. The setting of this photograph is the Lake Erie island my uncle and aunt and their children visited for a week or so at the beginning of each summer season; a relative of my uncle's gave him the use of his house on the island in return for cleaning it and starting up the old car that was kept there. In this photograph, my mother and I are sitting on the stony beach, smiling at my brother; I am, at fourteen, already much larger than my mother, who was about five feet tall.

Surprisingly, she looks not much different in the photograph from the way she looked in her nineties, maybe because her hair, still brown in Little Rock, had turned to a pure white within the year. If in her last decades she seemed to me to appear much younger than her age, as a child I knew her to look much older than the mothers of my friends. For one thing, she was thirty-eight when I was born, and, for another, her wish not to spend money unnecessarily kept her from having a missing front tooth replaced (though, of course, she insisted at once



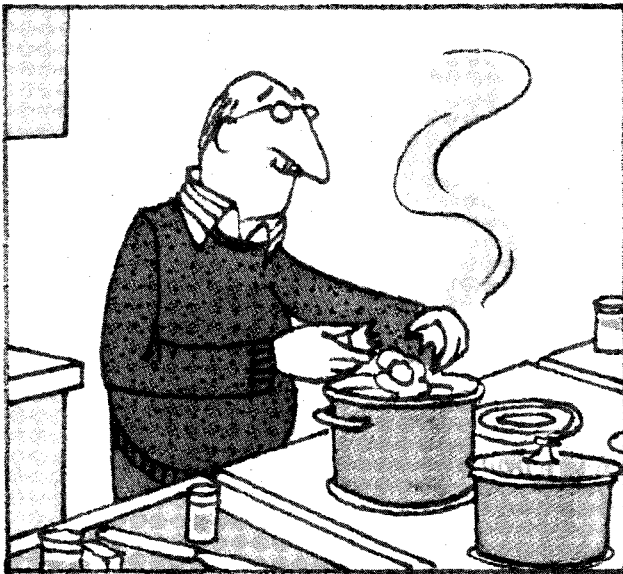
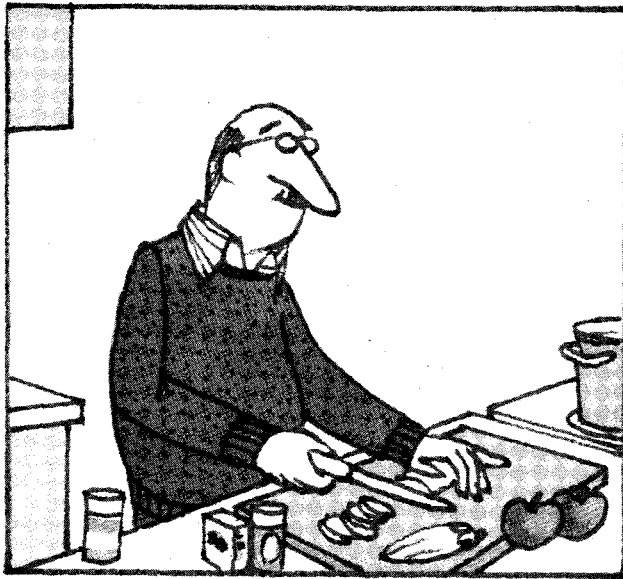
"Please! I am not exactly a stranger to fourteenth-century French poetry, you know."

on a bridge for Jack). My father, who was thirteen years younger than she, had fallen in love with her when he was nineteen, and they were married when he was twenty; when he left her, after another nineteen years, for a younger woman, a widow who had inherited some money, my mother thought at first he had deserted her because of her missing tooth, and considered his departure her fault, for not having had it replaced. What I like about the photograph of the two of us on the beach is that my arm is around her shoulders and we both look happy.

NEITHER of my parents had much interest in their family trees, for my mother (except for the years of the divorce) lived for the present and my father always for the future, and so the pages in "By Our Fireside" for family crests and genealogical records are blank. In making her initial entries—those under "Wedding Guests" and "Our Wedding Trip"—my mother apparently felt the need to be faithful to certain of the book's demands; to explain the lack of names of wedding guests, for exam-

ple, she wrote that she and Clayton, at least in the sense assumed by the book, "had no wedding—just went to church and were married." She went on, "My sister and Clayton's father [James, for whom I was named] only ones there. After wedding, sister went to station to meet [and here is inscribed the name of the man my aunt was later to marry], and Father came home and had dinner with us." There is no mention in that entry of what I once heard from my father: that at the dinner my grandfather said sternly to him, "Young man, you are at the table!" as he in his new happiness began to sing, or that my grandfather, then an insurance agent, had given the couple as a wedding present an insurance policy for which he had paid only the first month's premium—an unusually canny gift from a man who later, having come into some money, set up a loan agency, handed out to all clients whatever they wanted, until he had nothing left, and thenceforth lived with one or another of his children.

On the first of the pages for "Our Wedding Journey," my mother writes, much as she did for the wedding itself,

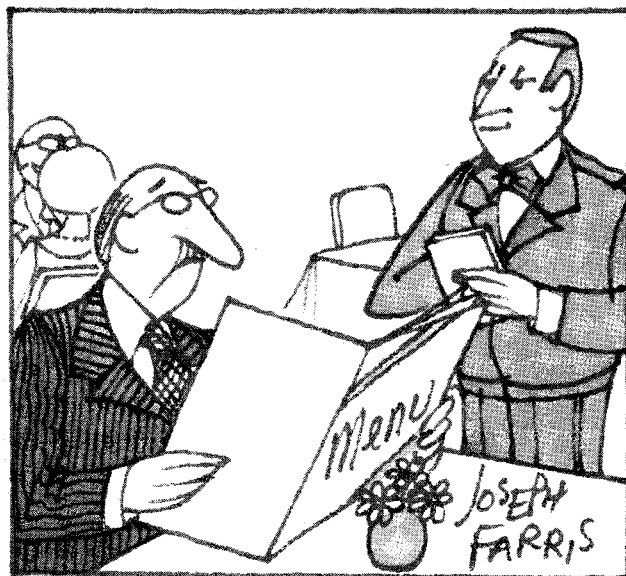
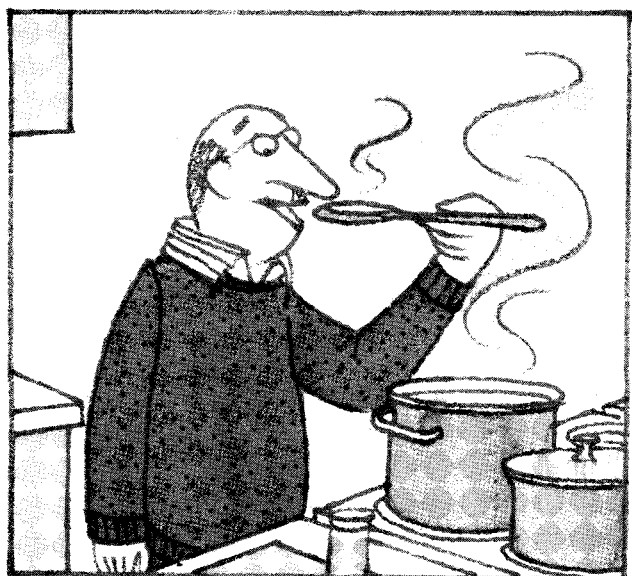
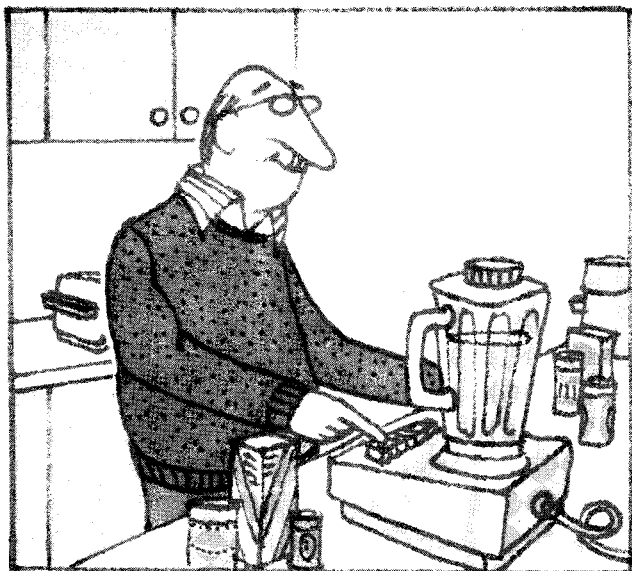


"Had no wedding journey, but did have a pleasant little trip [from Cleveland] to Akron the day we were married"—a trip obviously made before the ceremony, probably so that my father could apply for a job, since they moved at once to Akron, where he became a laborer in the Goodyear plant. He held that job until he became a car salesman. Then—when he was about twenty-three—he was hired as the manager of the Cleveland Marmon agency, above whose showroom he had erected what a local newspaper referred to as "the largest advertising sign in the Western Hemisphere." (The yellowed clipping is buried in one of the boxes.) To my mother's comment about the lack of a wedding trip, my father adds a note the following summer, after a brief holiday from the Goodyear plant: "Saturday, July 1st,

1916, we took our 'wedding trip,' to Ruggles Grove, Huron, Ohio, where we ate, slept, and enjoyed ourselves for *two days*"—a vacation that, given the wages of a beginning laborer in that period, he had reason to boast of.

A SECTION of the book called "Where We Have Lived" has space for pictures of only three houses, their addresses, and dates of occupancy, so it is just as well that my mother made no attempt to fill in this part; my parents moved a number of times before my birth, and, during my childhood, at least once a year, to cities in the North, Midwest, and South. I began the first grade in P.S. 99 on Long Island, for my father then managed the Brooklyn Studebaker agency, which might have had a smaller sign than did the Cleveland Marmon

agency but sold more automobiles than any other Studebaker outlet in the country. Dissatisfied despite his success, he quit to help establish Michelin-tire distributorships throughout the Eastern United States when that French company made its first attempt to compete with American firms in this country. He must have been an extraordinarily good salesman, for, even after Michelin shrank back to France in the early Depression years, he managed, in much the same sort of position for various American tire firms, to increase both outlets and sales. Once, as an explanation to me when I wondered at his success, he gave me a book to read, "The Man Nobody Knows," by Bruce Barton, a New York advertising executive and United States congressman, which finds Christ to be the greatest salesman of all time,



able to win disciples through his belief in his message. It was clear enough from his enthusiasm that my father believed, if but briefly, in each product he sold, but he thought that there was always a better product somewhere—one that would enable him to find his “bracket.”

Despite the injury he inflicted upon his family, particularly upon his wife, I now think of him as both an innocent and the quintessential American of his period, believing as he did that one should look forward, never back, and that spiritual goals can be achieved through material ends. His ever-unfulfilled spiritual desires found a solace in organ music, which both he and my mother liked above all other forms of art, and which even as a child I thought to be crucial to the bond between them. In his annual search for

a new house, he always looked for one with a fireplace, before which he could sit, an arm around my mother, while they listened to organ-music records or, on the radio, those two popular organists of the day, Al Carney and Irma Glynn.

The lovely place he finally bought for us in Normandy, the fashionable Little Rock subdivision, was the closest approximation of his bracket that he ever found in a house, for it had, in addition to a fireplace, three bathrooms and a maid's room, this last large enough for Jack and me to play pool in, on the table my father bought us. But that house also represented one last, grandiose effort on my father's part, since by then the Depression had reached its lowest depth and even a superb salesman with the finest merchandise could find nobody to buy his wares.

On the Sundays that he was at home, he always took us to a Presbyterian church that he said had the finest pipe organ in the state of Arkansas; early one Monday morning, he kissed us all goodbye, got into his Packard, and drove away from that English Tudor house in Normandy, never to return to it. Two weeks later, he telephoned my mother from San Antonio, to say that he had fallen in love with another woman and wanted a divorce; she didn't tell Jack or me anything about that call, though we knew, from the tears she couldn't hide, that she was concealing something dreadful. Within another week, she received a letter from the woman. Disturbed by the depth of her grief, I searched for it until I found it buried beneath stockings and undergarments in her bureau drawer. The last sentence read, “Ob-

viously, if you love your husband as much as you say you do, you will agree to a divorce out of the knowledge that he finds a greater happiness with me."

Grace hated the word "obviously" for a number of years after that, because the logic of it in that sentence entrapped her—she *did* love Clayton, and so acquiesced in the divorce. His betrayal would have been less of a shock to her had he given at any time the slightest hint that he didn't love all of us as deeply as a husband and father ever loved his wife and their children.

IN the "Wedding Anniversaries" section, my mother made four entries. Here are the first three:

YEARS MARRIED 10

Grand Ave., Wauwatosa, Wis. I met Clayton at office. We had dinner at the Sky Room in the Plankinton Hotel, then we went to the Palace. On the way to the hotel, in the auto, Clayton gave me a beautiful patent leather bag. He also sent me a lovely bunch of chrysanthemums. The prettiest bouquet I ever had.

YEARS MARRIED 15

We are living at 424 South Cedar St., Little Rock, Ark. Clayton gave me another bag. A pretty brown leather one. I still liked the one he gave me 5 years ago but it looked shabby beside the new one. Had a happy anniversary.

YEARS MARRIED 19

[By November 24th of this year, 1934, the divorce papers would have been filed. We had returned to Little Rock after stays in Fort Smith and Paducah, Kentucky.] 1801 North Arthur St., Little Rock, Ark. Clayton in Louisiana. Sent him the following telegram—

"Have had nineteen gloriously happy years *with* you. May the next nineteen be as happy *for* you. With all my love,

Your wife,
Grace"

At the bottom of this page, she adds, for herself alone, these words: "The end."

How strange it is, to be a man of sixty-three, married for forty years and the father of three grown sons, a man who carries in his memory what he considers to be the completed melody of the family he was born into—to be such a man, reading the words of a mother who, when she wrote them, was younger than he is now, and married not quite half as long! But for a moment that last entry brought me back to a time before the melody existed, to the years during which my father was not forgiven by me, and my brother was serving as a kind of surro-

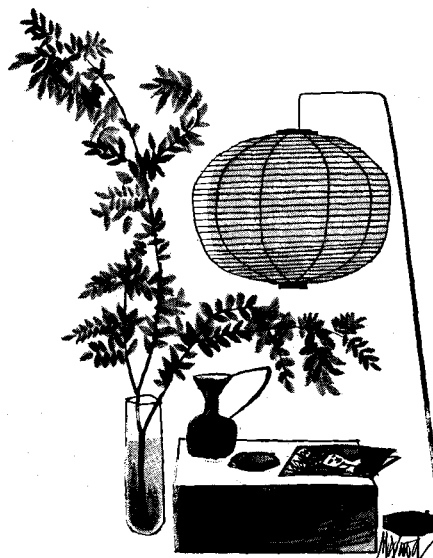
gate for him, and I, as the younger son, was drawn, by our loss, into an ever-closer bond with my mother. In "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," James Agee finds it but a "small wonder" that in her "dry agony of despair a mother may fasten her talons and her vampire mouth upon the soul of her struggling son and drain him empty, light as a locust shell." This did not happen to me, simply because my mother kept her steadfast love for and loyalty to the absent Clayton, and lived always for the possibility of his return. Again and again, she spoke to me of the happiness and fulfillment that would come to me (as it did, as it does) in marriage—without such love, she said, life would be empty, sterile.

My brother was awarded a scholarship to General Motors Institute—an engineering college that augmented classroom studies with industrial experience—in Flint, Michigan, and my mother and I accompanied him there, hoping, vainly, that my father would send the small monthly sums of money that, in addition to the pay Jack received as a part-time worker in a spark-plug factory, would support us. Ultimately, my mother left for Cleveland to be a live-in maid for a well-to-do relative, while I, out of necessity, went to Chicago to stay with my father and stepmother, who were living beyond their means in a skyscraper apartment building on the Lake Shore. Apparently, they had already exhausted my stepmother's inheritance, for I saw at once a tension between them over the money she had brought to the marriage, and in the second month I was with them they were evicted from their luxurious suite for nonpayment of rent.

They moved into cheap quarters in

a brick building on a streetcar line; it had but a single bedroom, which my stepmother insisted should be mine, even though she complained about the daybed in the living room. Whatever her motives, her generosity toward me made me feel guilty; even to smile at her was to me a betrayal of my mother. That Clayton had made his second wife unhappy seemed partly my responsibility, too, since I was his son. Sometimes at night I was awakened by the illusion that my mother was standing on the sidewalk beneath my open window, calling my name. My growing personal distress caused me to write the uncle and aunt who had taken in my mother and brother and me, to see if I could return; my aunt telephoned, telling me they loved me, and to come immediately.

Soon after I left, my stepmother divorced my father, and he continued his search for what even he at this period of his life must have recognized as unobtainable. Perhaps one who will not, or cannot, be sustained by the past, who has no present hope in his dreams, and yet whose lifelong habit is to be in motion, inevitably will move in the direction of self-destruction, toward a kind of willed defeat. My father drove his Packard South, where he was remembered in many hotels as a valued customer. At one hotel near the Mexican border, he wrote a check for cash, using it to buy pesos, for he had heard that either the dollar or the peso was to rise in value in respect to the other, and he hoped to make a profit if he converted his currency the right way. But he converted it the wrong way. He had an insufficient sum in his bank account to cover that check, and so he drove blindly on, from city to city, staying at the best hotels and paying for his rooms with checks written on various nonexistent accounts. After six months of such frantic travel, he was, quite possibly to his relief, caught and sentenced to a three-year term at the Mansfield, Ohio, state reformatory. Upon the intercession of an industrialist grateful for his past services, he was paroled in less than a year, with the understanding that he would remarry Grace (she wrote, I know, a letter in his support), and with the requirement that he repay the hotels in accordance with an agreed-upon schedule. And so I was witness to my parents' second marriage—by the same clergyman who later, during my last furlough before being shipped overseas with my infantry division in the Second World



War, was to marry Jean and me. My mother's final entry under "Wedding Anniversaries":

YEARS MARRIED _____

November 24, 1938. Married in Olmsted Falls, O. So very happy.

IN reading the last two entries, I was surprised to discover that my parents were divorced for only four years—it means that they lived as husband and wife, usually in much harmony, for more than half a century. To me, those four years still seem a near-eternity, in which my adult nature was formed.

Despite my mother's happiness, my parents' new life together continued for several years to be troubled, for to the problems occasioned by the Depression were added those brought by the record of my father's recent past. He could not obtain, at first, any job other than as a manager of a used-car lot, his pay coming only from commissions. After much trying, he found a not much better position—one that again sent him from city to city with a salesman's valise. Since he was behind in those payments so necessary to his parole, my mother moved to a house belonging to a pair of unmarried sisters—friends of my parents from the time of their first marriage; in exchange for caring for the younger sister, who had cancer, she received free room and board for herself and for my father on weekends.

By this time, I was supporting myself while attending college by working nights as a copyboy for an afternoon Cleveland newspaper. I shared a large apartment with a reporter, a Lucky Strike salesman, and a middle-aged stenographer, and owned a secondhand car—I had paid my father a small sum for it while he was still at the used-car lot and thought I had given him the full price, but I discovered much later that he had paid out of his own pocket much more than I had given him. It was an example of a kindness that always existed within him (when, as a child, I developed a fondness for turtles, he picked them up from the highways, keeping them alive with food and water in his hotel rooms so that I could add them to my collection) but that his desertion had obscured from me.

My mother, of course, always saw that generous aspect of his character, her knowledge of it nourishing her love. She saw it even after, having found yet another woman of means, he



Spring Thaw

telephoned my mother from a hotel in a central-Illinois town to ask for a second divorce. When she called me with that news, I cried, "That God-damned stupid son of a bitch," and for the only time I can remember she became angry with me, both for the sacrilege and for the attack on my father. I replied that he was at least stupid, since he needed her even more than she needed him, and that if he weren't stopped he'd end up in a greater mess than ever.

"What should we do, Jim?" my mother asked me. "He wants me to phone him tomorrow night."

"Pack your bag," I said. "I'll be at your place at six in the morning."

"What about Yvonne?"

"To hell with Yvonne. . . . No, I don't mean that. Tell her sister to take care of her or to find somebody else."

It rained throughout our journey. Neither of us spoke much, though occasionally my mother reached for my hand, and smiled at me. She was so small that I felt during that strange trip more like her father than her son.

I was chiefly worried about what I would do if there was a woman with my father in the hotel room; I thought I would ask her to leave. But what if she wouldn't? At the hotel, I took my mother's bag, found out my father's room number, and escorted her to it. The door opened to my knock; my father was alone. "Here's your wife," I said, dropping the bag and pushing her so quickly into his arms that his embrace of her was part of his moment of astonishment; and then I ran downstairs to my car. It was still raining. I turned on the radio; Joe Louis was fighting somebody, I'm not sure who—though I do know that I was wrong, years later, in telling my parents that while they resolved their problems successfully enough to have decades of happiness, I was listening as Louis defeated Max Schmeling in fifteen rounds. All I really remember is that sometime after the fight ended my father was standing on the sidewalk in the rain, tapping at my closed and steamy window. "Grace is spending the night, and I've reserved a room for you," he said, pretending it

was the rain that made him rub his eyes as he turned away. "I don't know why I've been a fool so long. Thanks for bringing her."

MY life remained entwined with that of my parents, for, when the other occupants left my Cleveland apartment, my mother and father moved in. Upon my induction into the Army, they made it wholly their own, and they lived there for fifteen years—their longest stay at one address. During the war, my father operated a turret lathe in a defense plant. He joined the union and became a shop steward. One afternoon he lost part of a thumb to his machine but was back at work the following morning. When the war ended, he returned to salesmanship, and my mother became a bookkeeper for a painting contractor. She liked the job—particularly the task of making out checks for the painting crew. (Perhaps she enjoyed that task too much. Once, while the owner was out of town, she mailed a small Christmas bonus to all the painters, because, in her opinion, they deserved it, and the books she kept led her to know the company could readily afford such a present. Upon his return, the owner indignantly demanded that she recall all the checks. He waited until the following year to institute Christmas bonuses as a company policy.) At holiday times, the apartment would become crowded, for both Jack and I brought our families. I think of the decade and a half that my parents lived in the Cleveland apartment as a particularly fulfilling period for them, one in which my father at last was able to separate his domestic life from his dreams. That is to say, he was happy at home and faithful in his affections. He was still restless enough outside it to change jobs as rapidly as ever, but my strongest recollection of those years is of rooms filled with laughter and talk and the smells of cinnamon and yeasty cloverleaf rolls.

In his later years, my father's eagerness to have at last a business of his own led him to a final error in judgment. He bought a Kaiser-Frazer dealership in Ashtabula, Ohio, at the time that car manufacturer was failing. I was teaching in Kentucky then—it was my first full-time position—and Jean had given birth to our second son. Her mother had recently died, and she had inherited a couple of thousand dollars. Since we needed a new car, we thought we'd drive up to Ashtabula, to help my father's new

WHERE INSIDE IS DARK OR LIGHT

I am left alone in the city-tree dark outside.
Gray tracks gathered together in a navy field,
a flock of clouds make the night sky
over the broken courtyard something to see.
A measure of sky falls down between
two tall buildings, too, nearby. A woman, my
friend, is talking on the phone inside, behind me.
Every building around fairly breathes
with windows. They aren't darkened or lighted
at random. It's a choice: to lean forward,
to try to see; to lean back and admire the sky.

I could be, I believed, in any one of them,
darkened or light, the glass seen through
like tears come into my eyes, from
grief or joy. The smell of the trees comes
up like asters or pollen to the new, low
rooftop. In a window someone, some
one young woman, curves her long cool
neck to drink, too, lost leopard at a stone-
hemmed pool. Beside her, there is a round family.
My girl-voiced friend keeps talking away home.
Here a loving sky's come out a deep clear blue.

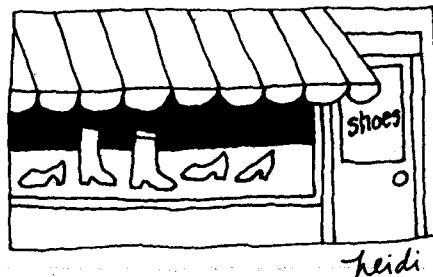
—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

business along by buying one from him. My parents were living, temporarily, in the single house along a particular, and most pleasant, section of Lake Erie shoreline that had not been boarded up. (The whole area was soon to be razed for industrial development.) As we pulled into the driveway, I saw my mother smiling at us from a little swing my father had just hung from an apple bough for our older child; it was mid-May. Some apple blossoms—reddened by a sun disappearing into the lake—had fallen on her shoulders and hair, and the sense of the transience of all things saddened me.

Instead of selling us a car, my father sold us two thousand dollars' worth of stock in his new company, for he needed the money to meet his payroll. I believe he thought he was doing us a favor; he was optimistic, and had any number of ingenious plans for making the business profitable. When the Internal Revenue Service locked the company's doors, Jean and I worried that, as stockholders, we might be held

liable for some of the debts. But my father, proud of the good credit rating that he had struggled over the years to gain and that had enabled him to buy the dealership, refused to enter bankruptcy, convincing both the bank and the I.R.S.—much as he once had the parole board—of his ability to repay his debts; he was almost seventy before he paid the last of them.

Several months before my father showed the initial symptoms of cancer, my family and I visited my parents in Olmsted Falls; they had returned to the town of their second marriage to share a house with my mother's now widowed sister. During that visit, my mother took me aside to say that Clayton was worried that I had never forgiven him for his treatment of his family so many years ago; and she added, almost wistfully, "I hope, Jimmy, that he's wrong." I said, with indignation, that the courage and determination he had displayed over the years made me proud to be his son. But it was less his anxiety than her uncertainty about my ability to forgive that rankled me, and made my response close to an angry one. Though she never knew it, the seemingly infinite nature of her own mercy was a formidable quality, against which the other members of her family were forced to measure themselves; and if, at this moment, I felt defensive before that quality in her, what effect had it had upon my father in his transgressions? Since





"This man's name happens to be Ichabod Crane, and he wants to know if it's too late to sue the estate of Washington Irving."

in our conversations neither he nor I ever brought up the subject of those painful years, I had thought his apparent obliviousness of them a continuing indication of a faulty or selective memory. Until she spoke to me that day of his feelings, I had not realized that he could be so vulnerable to the past to sense in me, through those subtle and unspoken ways in which family members can communicate with each other, a coldness or wariness I had refused to acknowledge in myself.

His dreams, though, remained invulnerable. While recovering from his first cancer operation, he made plans for a new business, and was still dreaming of the future at the time of his second operation. My mother, who was then about ninety, nursed him after both surgeries. The injustices and sufferings visited upon him by his illness became one in my mind with those he had visited upon his family so long ago, and I found I had truly forgiven him. Intimacy, like disdain, needs no words, and I believe he understood that I had been released from a burden I had been stubbornly carrying for decades.

Jean and I were with my parents, to celebrate my father's birthday and their twin wedding anniversaries, on the day he died. His last words were a defiant denial of reality: "I don't have cancer!" he cried, shortly after the blood began to gush from his mouth. Despite that nadir following his second wife's departure, he was no Willy Loman, and the indomitable nature of his dreams gave him a victory of spirit over death itself.

Tucked between the pages of "By Our Fireside" is a note—undated, without either salutation or signature—that my mother wrote to my father. From her handwriting, and from the references to the sunset and to my brother and me, I can attribute that note to the days after my parents left Ashtabula for an Akron apartment and my father was managing a dismal bureau of women who sold subscriptions to *Life* and *Time* through telephone solicitations; the words are my mother's way of letting him know that the loss of his business is of no consequence to her:

The view from our home was most wonderful at all times but when the sun was

setting and the sky a riot of gorgeous colors, what more could one ask for when beauty so satisfied the soul? Of course to hear Al Carney or Irma Glynn play the organ happiness is complete especially when you have a true lover husband and two fine young boys who bid fair to become well known in their chosen life work. To me boys and girls are wondrous with their youth, beauty, and enthusiasm. Roses round the door, babies on the floor, may sound soothing and sweet but I prefer them grown as our boys are. I have always preferred them as they were, tiny or big. This is my heart throb. See ya in the morning.

THAT note would have been written in the mid-fifties, many years after Al Carney and Irma Glynn had ceased their radio broadcasts; so my mother's preference for a given moment of her family present over any moment in the past was strengthened—even made possible—by her ability to carry into the present those values kept within her memory: sunsets of the immediate past and organ music of a more distant time. We tend to think of youth as flexible, and of age as rigid, but this is more a matter of bones than of psyches: as any longtime teacher knows, youth, always looking for-

ward, can break before those unexpected tragedies to which age, looking back, only bends.

In her last decade with us, Grace possessed an extraordinary inner suppleness. On the dreadful morning that I had to tell her of my brother's death, she said, "Jackie," remembering him as the laughing child who on more than one occasion had slipped away from her after a bath or soaking himself with a garden hose to go running, naked and wet, down the street—an event I found faithfully recorded under "The Children" section of her book. If memories of this sort at first intensify one's sense of loss, they serve as an ultimate solace, much as do pictures on a wall.

Fortunate in the possession of sharp eyesight as well as hearing, my mother enjoyed wandering over the large back lawn on pleasant summer days, finding so many four-leaf clovers (neither Jean nor I ever found any) that they became miniature bouquets in cream pitchers or shot glasses on the dining-room table. Certain of our linguistic tendencies, including a gift for word-play, can develop with age; a sip of wine at dinner enabled her to make puns the dexterity of which I could not match until I had drunk three full glasses. She liked the summer visits that Bill, Jean's father, paid us nearly every year until his death. Although he had a pacemaker and suffered from

emphysema, he smoked cigarette after cigarette. "Don't smoke," she would tell him as he reached for his pack at the breakfast table. He would grumble, "That's my gracious Gracie, always cracking the whip," and she would respond, "Somebody has to, bilious Bill," and they would both laugh, and he would put away his cigarettes for a while.

Her age allowed her—it was the only advantage she made of it—to say whatever was on her mind. When Larry, our oldest son, brought home from Philadelphia the young black woman he planned to marry, I worried that Grace, though I had never known her to display prejudice of any kind, might say something inappropriate. My mother was asleep by the time the two of them arrived, so the meeting occurred the next morning. Larry was frying bacon as his wife-to-be entered the kitchen, where Grace was sipping her coffee.

"Hello, I'm Jackie," the young woman said.

"That was the name of my older son," my mother said.

Jackie said sympathetically, "I know."

"And you're Larry's girl?"

"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes. Very much."

Perhaps feeling that such questioning might be making her nervous,

Larry told Jackie to take an egg from the refrigerator. As she was bringing it to the stove, Grace said to her, "That egg looks beautiful in your hand."

Since my mother refused to take seriously any questions about her health, Jean and I found it difficult to tell if she ever was ill. One November night a few weeks before her hundredth birthday, she mysteriously slipped into a coma; we called for an ambulance to take her to the hospital. The next day, I found her in much the same condition—unconscious, or too deeply asleep to respond to my presence or words except by a barely perceptible flick of the eyelids; she was receiving oxygen and glucose through plastic tubes. While I was sitting by her bedside, her doctor arrived. He said that twice during the night she had come out of her sleep to pull the tubes loose, as if she wanted to get through her dying as quickly as possible. I said that such a wish ought to be respected, but he replied that there was a slim chance that the results of some lab tests he had ordered might provide him with a clue that could lead to her recovery.

I sat there for maybe four hours, thinking of how remote and childlike she seemed, and of how, in pulling out the life-support systems, she was behaving as I had guessed she would while I was writing a novel several years earlier. It may seem absurd that a man in his late fifties, as I was at the time I began that novel, would be worried about the grief he expected to suffer over the death of a mother thirty-eight years older than himself—a woman whose life had long since seemed as nearly complete as it could get—but one of my reasons for writing that manuscript was to imagine, as best I could, how a woman like her would die, and the effect that her death would have on a son somewhat like me, so that I would be prepared for the actual moment. Since she didn't die on this occasion, it, like the novel, was an aid to me when death did come, about six weeks later—death



that, in the manner of its occurrence, brought me more happiness than I would have believed possible had I not already attributed some such feeling to the middle-aged son of my fiction.

Early on the second morning of my mother's hospital stay, her doctor phoned to say that she had made what seemed to him a remarkable recovery—for it had been without treatment of any kind—and that she was her alert former self and probably could go home in a day or so. (On the previous night, as I later was to be told, a nurse came out of my mother's room to say in astonishment to a colleague, "That dying old woman just spoke to me. I was checking to see how well she was breathing, and I whispered, 'See you later,' thinking she was comatose and wouldn't hear me even if she weren't, and she whispered back at me, 'Alligator.'")

And so she lived to greet her grandchildren and great-grandchildren on her hundredth birthday, to drink a small glass of champagne, and to munch on a piece of birthday cake. She could eat only soft foods, for an orderly at the hospital, in obeying the regulation to remove the false teeth of all bed patients, had accidentally broken off the single natural tooth that kept her upper dental plate in place—the plate that, when she finally consented to having it made, filled in all the gaps in her front teeth. On the snowy day in the second week of December that she once again suddenly became comatose, I entered her bedroom to check on her condition; I was hoping, really, that she would die in her own bed before the ambulance arrived. Somehow, she knew I was there; she opened her eyes, groped for my hand, and gave me the most radiant (and the gummiest) smile that a son ever received from a dying parent. As I have said, my father's last words were "I don't have cancer!," my

mother's, which followed that smile, were "I love you."

MY parents' appreciation of organ music traced back to their pleasure in the melodies played on the organs of the silent- and early talking-picture houses as well as on those of their childhood churches, and so their taste in music written or arranged for that instrument was not circumscribed. They delighted in tunes by Irving Berlin, including "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Always," songs of the American West and South; light-hearted Depression ditties such as "Keep Your Sunny Side Up," Viennese and American waltzes; Schubert's "Ave Maria," and traditional hymns like "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." They enjoyed the humming in the organ pipes of virtuoso performances of "Flight of the Bumble Bee" and another kind of resonance to be found in Bach and Handel and Mozart.

What a mélange of tunes, unified only by the instrument upon which each piece was played! I suppose that memory, like the organ, is an instrument capable of infusing the most secular music with spiritual sounds. Despite the sadness in some of its chords, the melody of the family I was born into reverberates in my memory as if Al Carney and Irma Glynn are rendering on dual organs a song of such steadfast hope (his console) and such steadfast love (hers) that it ends up as a hallelujah. —JAMES MCCONKEY

"She has an aggressiveness, a hunger for doing good, creative work," says Don Porter, a vice president of the First Boston Corporation, which also participated in the \$220.6 million deal. "Let's put it this way: You'd like to have someone walk into your office the way Karen does and chew off the corner of your desk. Not every male has that quality, and not every woman has it." —*The Times Magazine*.

Just as well, probably.



"Looks like we're going ahead with the Midgetman."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WAITING

II—FLASH POINTS

I HAD come to the farm village of Wyndal (as I will call it), in South Africa's Cape Province, to look at the effect of domination on the people who dominate. Talking with white South Africans, I found signs of anxiety, helplessness, vulnerability, and rage, and these signs were never very far from the surface. The whites had none of the excitement I had associated with leading a fulfilling life. Their life seemed somehow truncated. It was imbued with uncertainty or, at times, with what appeared to me to be a compensatory overcertainty, a stubborn and harsh pragmatism. The people around me seemed to lose themselves either in a materialism that I found to be without style—certainly without imagination—or in a genteel way of life that had little to do with the present and all its violence. Sometimes they seemed to be acting a part in a nineteenth-century rural drama. It was as if their failure to give conceptual and emotional as well as political and legal recognition to the majority of their neighbors—the blacks, "coloureds," and Asians—had frozen them in time and imagination. Their vision was static. The people of color were at best functions of their discourse, of their timeless representations. The people of color stood there, as one woman in Wyndal put it, "in implacable silence." In their opacity, in their implacable silence, the people of color were for the whites unknown and unknowable agents of change, threats to the whites' way of life, carriers of projected fear. This was their power. The whites watched them and waited for something, anything, to happen. They were caught in the peculiar, the paralytic time of waiting.

Waiting means to be oriented in time in a special way. It is directed toward the future—not an expansive future but a constricted one that closes in on the present. In waiting, the present is always secondary to the future. It is held in expectation. It is filled with suspense. Waiting is a sort of holding action—a lingering. In its extreme forms, waiting can lead to paralysis. In waiting, the present loses its focus. The world, in its immediacy, slips away. It is without élan, vitality, creative force. It is numb, muted, dead. Its only meaning

lies in the future—in the arrival or the nonarrival of the object of waiting.

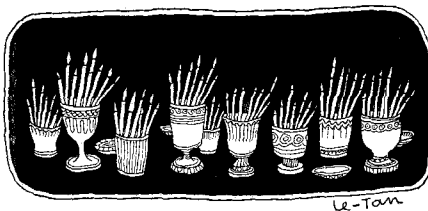
Waiting is always waiting for something, looking toward something to come—something that is not on hand but will perhaps be on hand in the future. It is marked by contingency—the perhaps—and all the anxiety that comes with the experience of contingency. Waiting is a passive activity. We can never actively seek the object of waiting. We may, to be sure, do what we can to insure its arrival if we desire it or to prevent its arrival if we do not desire it, but ultimately its arrival or nonarrival is beyond our control.

Waiting produces in us feelings of powerlessness, helplessness, and vulnerability—infantile feelings—and all the rage that these feelings evoke. We seek release from these feelings, from the tension and suspense of waiting, from the anxiety of contingency, in many ways—often magical. We tell stories. We seek to concentrate on the swirl of everyday activity. We pretend to ourselves that we are indifferent to the object of our waiting. Yet, as a South African friend of mine has observed, we rehearse its arrival. We pray. We affirm our faith in a transcendent power—a god, a spirit, manifest destiny—that will look after us. We make pilgrimages to holy places and leave offerings to those who we hope will intercede for us. We go to magicians and soothsayers. We invent our own magic—personal taboos, idiosyncratic rituals. We see omens everywhere. We turn the very object of our waiting into an omen, whose arrival or nonarrival will be a sign of favor or disfavor. Waiting becomes a moral allegory—a private purgatory in which our moral and psychic fibre is tested, our virtue is rewarded, and our vice is punished. We expiate through waiting. We learn from it. We become disciplined, hardened, stoical.

Waiting is infused with desire. In its positive form, it is directed toward

something that is desired: it is longing. In its negative form, it is directed toward something that is not desired: it is dread. Waiting's desire is magical, since there is nothing in pure waiting that one can do but wait, have faith—hope for the best, as the saying goes, and prepare for the worst. Hope is the field of desire in waiting. It is where desire is given free play. Such play may be terrifying—the full possibility of desire is always terrifying—and must be limited. In waiting for something, anything, to happen, there is no concrete object to limit the play of desire—of longing or dread. Such waiting is intolerable. We immediately transform it into a waiting for something concrete. We invent an object. Usually it is abstract—often a creation of one of our theologies. We wait for war, the end of the world, death. Or, through an act of determined optimism, we wait for eternal peace, the Second Coming, life after death. We may reduce, thereby, the anxiety, the terror, of just waiting for something, anything, to happen, but we risk sacrificing reality to psychic need.

HENNIE VAN DER MERWE is Wyndal's Anglican priest. (All the names of the villagers in this account have been changed, and some details have been disguised.) Unlike most Anglicans, he is of Afrikaner descent. (The Afrikaners, who make up roughly sixty per cent of South Africa's white population, are descendants of the seventeenth-century Dutch, German, and Huguenot settlers.) Hennie was raised in the Dutch Reformed Church and became an Anglican priest after years of farming in Rhodesia—now Zimbabwe. He is a rough sort of man, with a severe limp, in his late fifties. He speaks English fluently, without much of an accent, but he seems oblivious of the niceties of language that mean so much to the English-speaking white South Africans. He jumps from subject to subject and punctuates his talk with a peculiar, highly nasalized laugh, a friendly laugh, which draws his listeners into his perceptions. He is considered an apostate by many Afrikaners and is studiously avoided by the older, more conservative farmers in Wyndal. He



sees apartheid as a selfish folly that comes from man's failure to follow Christ's commandment to love one's neighbor. "I sometimes think that God gave many people their brains by mistake," Hennie said. We were talking about preaching. "A spinal cord would have been enough. They just don't think. They don't question. They do what they've always done, automatically. You have to challenge them, but you must never challenge them before you've challenged yourself."

Hennie went on, "I went to a cheese factory up in Rhodesia one day to get some milk, and overheard two farmers talking about shooting a 'cheeky kaffir' in the foot. I listened casually, without taking it in, and it was only when I was driving back to the mission station that I realized what I had heard: some poor bloke had had his foot blown off. I had heard too many stories like it to pay much attention to it. Maybe it's because I'm lame that I finally understood what that story meant. You have to be alert all the time."

I asked Hennie if he had ever been challenged by the sermons he heard in the Dutch Reformed Church.

"No," he answered flatly. "And even today the moral exhortations you hear on the radio are not really challenging. They answer your questions even before you can ask them. In Afrikaans, we say, '*Die gewente maak die gewoonte*'—'Habit becomes second nature.' And that's our educational principle. And the first habit we instill is the habit of not asking questions."

The Dutch Reformed Church is the center of the Afrikaner community—spiritually, socially and culturally, in many respects materially, and certainly symbolically. Membership in one of three closely related Dutch Reformed Churches—the Nederduitse Gereformeerde Kerk (the largest), the Hervormde Kerk (the second-largest, and the most white-supremacist), and the Gereformeerde Kerk (the most fundamentalist, objecting even to the singing of hymns in church)—is a prerequisite for membership in the Afrikaner community. "You can't really separate the Afrikaner from his religion," Hennie says. "You are an Afrikaner by birth and by religion."

A Calvinist minister, John M'Carter, wrote of the Afrikaners in 1869, "The Word of God in the Old Testament has been to them not only a means of Grace, but in a sense what it was to the Israelites of Old, the means, in times of social dilapidation,



"Now, brighten up. You know you'll have fun. The men will fear you, and the women will adore you."

of preserving and keeping them alive as a people. It has been their bond of union, their code of manners, their motive to educate their children when none other existed." Unlike their European and American counterparts, the South African Reformed Churches were not appreciably touched by Enlightenment thought and the more liberal theology that ensued. Theirs is a primitive Calvinism embodied in the Heidelberg Catechism and the decrees of the Synod of Dort. (All men are totally depraved. God has unconditionally elected a few to salvation. It is to these few that the atonement of Christ is limited. They receive, they cannot resist, the grace of God; they cannot fall even for a moment from His grace.) Great emphasis is placed on a sovereign, wholly other, wholly inscrutable God; on the inborn sinfulness of man as a result of the Fall; on an inexorable predestination—the elect will be saved and those who have not been elected will be damned for eternity; on the glorification of God

through work by building His kingdom on earth.

The Bible is not only the revealed word of God but, ultimately, the final source of all knowledge. It is read literally, fundamentally. Wyndal's Afrikaners, like those of the hinterland, know their Bible and know it well. Their days, even among some of the more enlightened families, are punctuated by Bible reading, hymn singing, and prayer. A family organ is found in many of the traditional households; in some families, services are still conducted in both morning and evening. Several Afrikaners described to me the dreaded honor of conducting their first services under the critical eye of a father or grandfather. Prayers are said upon awakening, before and after meals, and at bedtime. They are also said before starting on a trip or engaging in some important or potentially dangerous enterprise. They are said before rugby matches and tennis tournaments. One English farmer was amazed to dis-



cover that his Afrikaner friends conducted services even on hunting and fishing trips. Children are frequently quizzed by their elders on their knowledge of the Bible. Not only do they go to Sunday school but they also have Bible-study groups in school. Education is unequivocally Christian.

Unlike the other Christian churches—principally the Anglican, the Methodist, and the Catholic, all of which strongly oppose apartheid—the Dutch Reformed Churches in South Africa not only have sanctioned apartheid but are themselves divided along racial lines. (In 1982, the World Alliance of Reformed Churches suspended the two largest white South African Reformed churches from its membership because of the “heresy” of racial segregation.) The Nederduitse Gereformeerde Kerk is divided into a mother church and three sister churches, formerly called daughter churches, each catering to a specific racial group and

receiving some support from the white mother church. (The minister of Wynndal’s “coloured” church—“coloured” is the South African designation for people of mixed descent—complains that the village’s mother church has not increased its contribution to his church in years, despite marked inflation and a dramatic increase in his flock.)

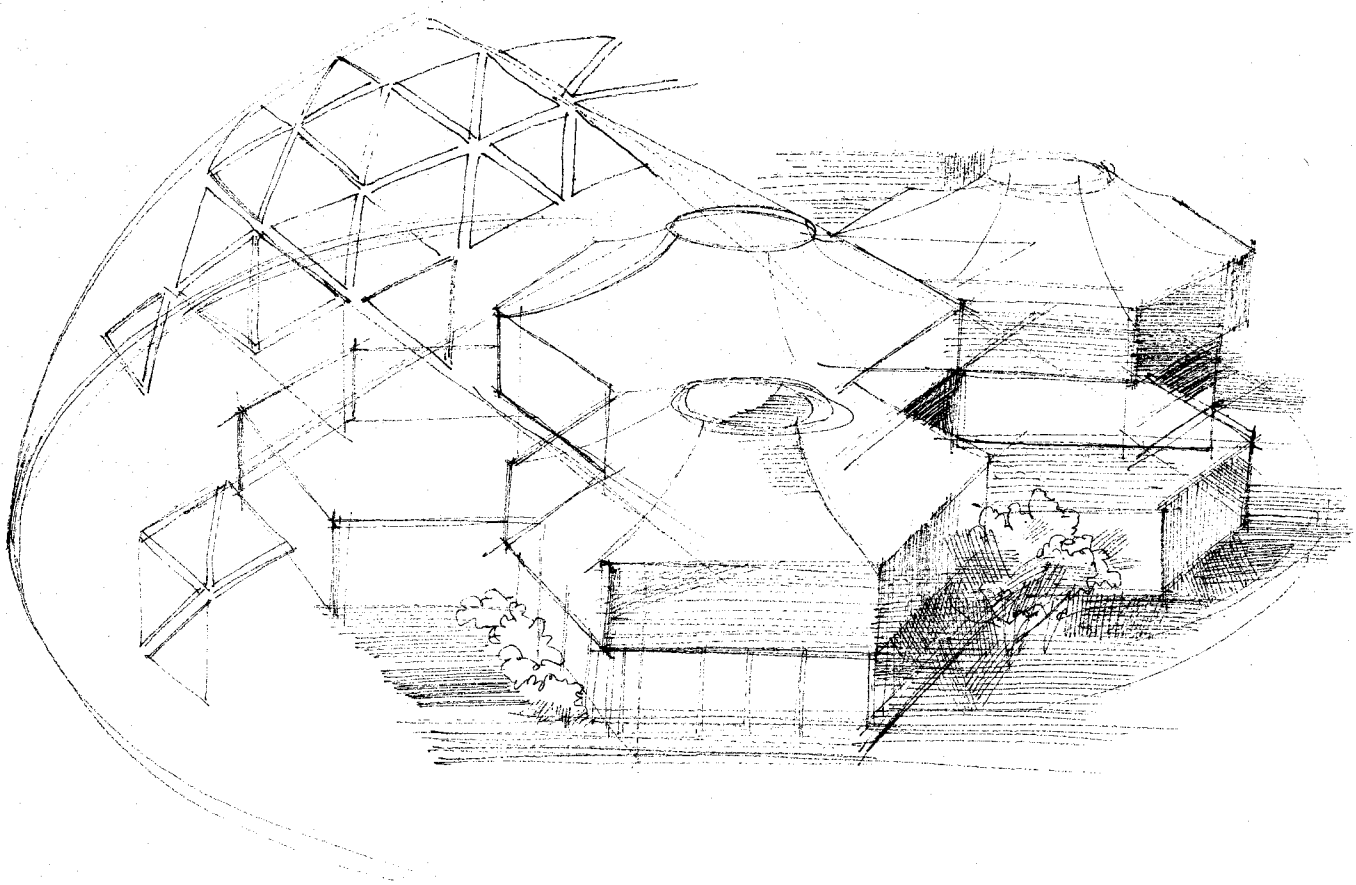
The Reformed Churches are organized along presbyterian lines. The dominie, or minister, is the most highly respected member of the community and is extremely influential. In Wynndal, he sits on several of the most important committees, and he is a member of the school board. It is rumored that he and the schoolmaster—and some say the police chief, too—are members of the Broederbond, a secret society of tremendous political importance whose membership includes many of the most influential Afrikaners in South Africa. The dominie has been very careful to cultivate the

new English residents of the valley. (About ten years ago, English South Africans—and some from other parts of Africa—began buying up farms in Wynndal, which had until then been an almost exclusively Afrikaner community.) The dominie is aided by twelve deacons, who are responsible for the church collection, and by twelve elders, who are responsible for the spiritual welfare of designated sections of the parish. The elders conduct weekly prayer meetings, and the most conscientious of them make it a habit to visit every family in their sections at least once every two weeks. It would be very difficult for the parishioners to escape the vigilance of the church, if they had a mind to do so. The dominie or one of his elders is quick to visit anyone in difficulty, and he can call upon a social worker for help. Besides the official prayer meetings, there are a number of unofficial Bible-study groups that meet once, or even twice, a week. They are particularly popular among women, and I know of several women who attend at least one

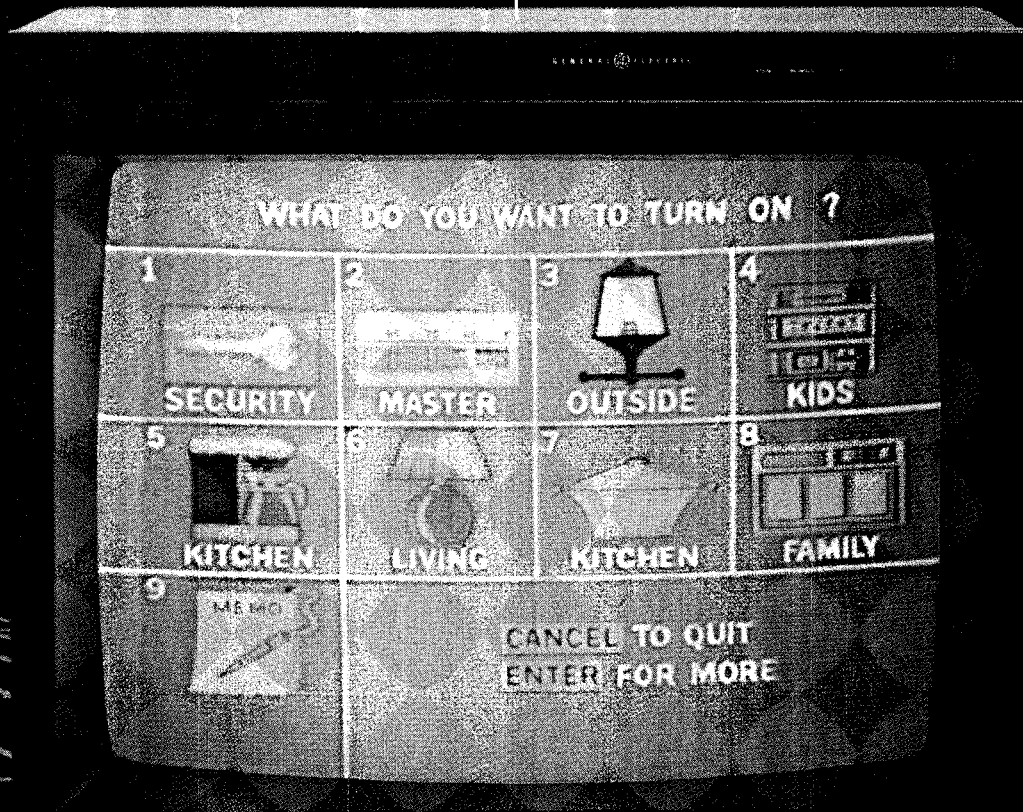
such group each day of the week except Sunday.

Church services are held twice on Sundays—morning and evening. They are very formal. Men dress in dark suits, deacons and elders in black ones with white ties. Women wear “proper” dresses. Until recently, they had to wear hats, and some of the more conservative still do; those who do not are careful to put up their hair for the occasion. I found the services to be cold and impersonal, and several of the young parishioners have made the same observation. “You don’t really get the opportunity to take part in the service,” an Afrikaner woman told me. “We sing hymns, and I quite enjoy that, but I don’t really feel part of the community of worshippers. I find the sermons too abstract. I am not uplifted by them, and they usually don’t concern my particular needs. I was at church this morning, and I don’t think I could tell you what the

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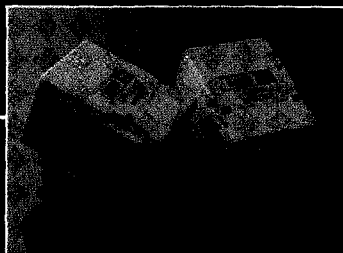


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The boys try a new place in their Peugeot

They have driven almost two hours to get to this place, a lake with an old Indian name that means "Fish jump out."

It was still dark when the man woke the boy and they both tiptoed around the house, the floorboards cold under their feet, getting ready. Getting ready consisted of climbing into some clothes and taking the sandwiches out of the refrigerator. The man did not make the boy wash his face or brush his teeth, which made the day seem even more special.

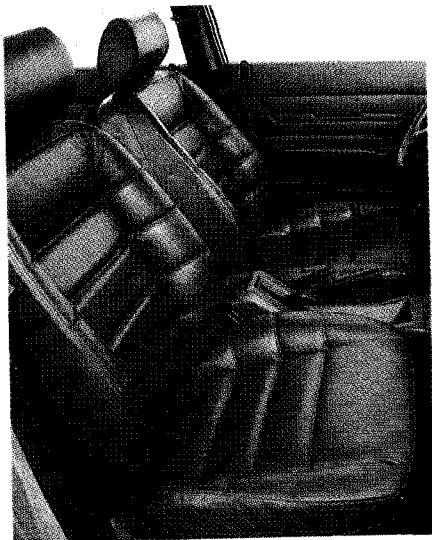
They do not bring the boy's sister this time. She is only four and makes a lot of noise and thinks fish stink. It is just the two of them, the big one and the little one. "The boys," as the mother calls them.

"Do you think it's true?" the boy asks.

"Is what true?"

"Fish jump out."

The man nods. "You'll see."



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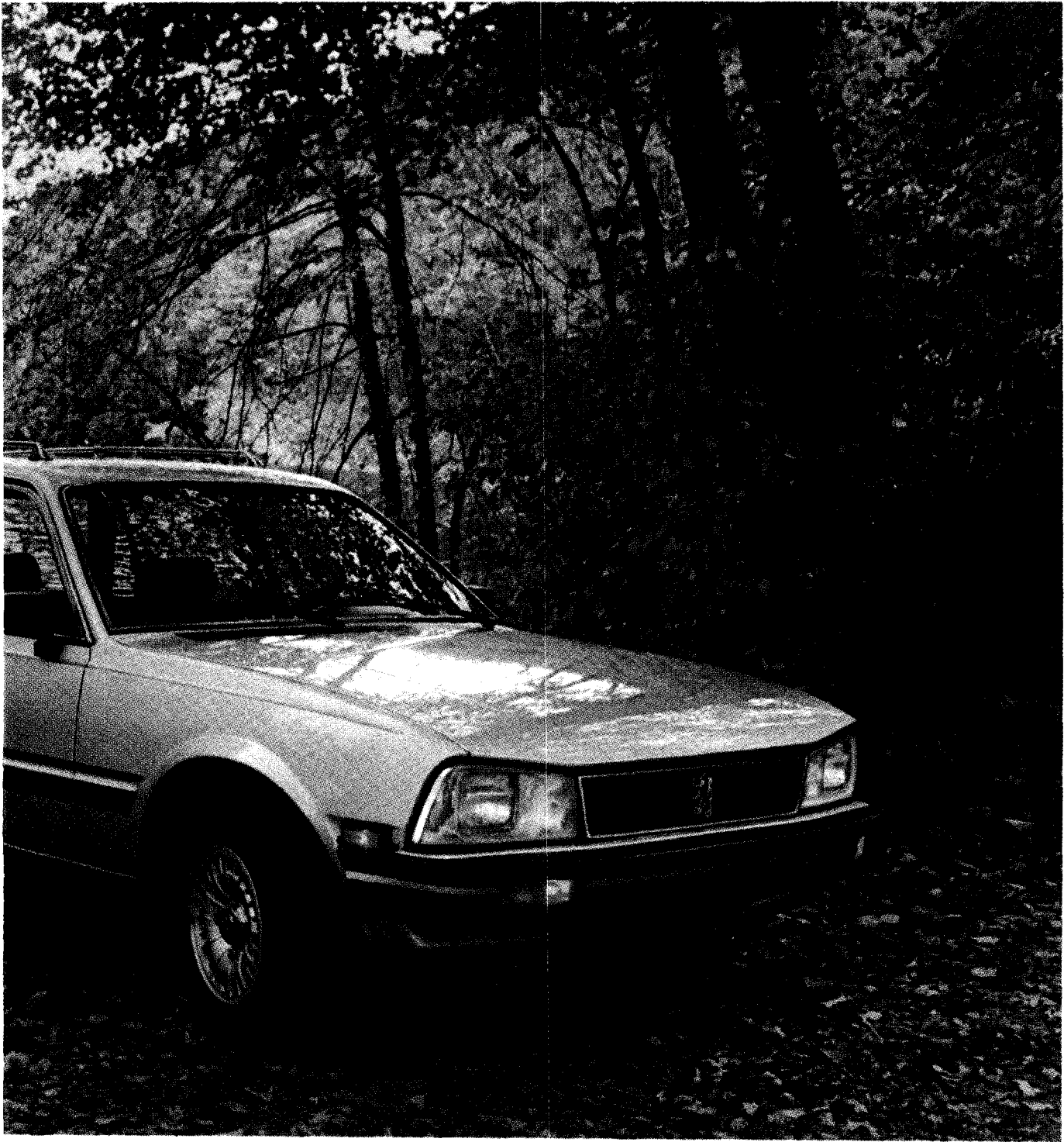
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dominie spoke about. It is not his fault. I have great respect for him. It is that way in all churches."

I was impressed by an insistent sense of community: everyone seemed to be conscious of exactly who was present and who was absent, of how everyone was responding to the sermon, and of what everyone was wearing. But when the service was over the parishioners left immediately for home. They did not wait to talk to the dominie or to greet one another. Sunday afternoons are sombre. They are spent visiting family. Work is not permitted, or any kind of recreation. English children complain that the few Afrikaner friends they have are not allowed to play on Sundays. Afrikaner children make no comment.

HENNIE is a religious activist. His activism is at the heart of his religious commitment. He is distressed, perhaps sometimes downright angered, by those—especially those whites in his congregation—who use their faith to shield themselves from the disturbing realities around them, from their own consciences. One's faith in God, he argues, should not lead to a complacent acceptance of the world around one. It should inspire one to change the world—to make it into a true Christian community. Such change cannot come about by "fussing" with the institutions of society, as political activists would have it; it must come about through one's commitment to Christ. "It is only when you have met Christ that you have the power to love your fellow-men as they are, in their difference," Hennie says.

Hennie has been losing more and more of his white congregation. He insists that the Europeans have stopped attending church because he has invited coloureds to attend the traditionally "white" parish church. It is true that many of them are offended by his failure to minister to them, which is often blatant, and by the attention he pays to their coloured workers—especially their drunken workers. His sermons, his prayer groups, his Bible-study sessions are all directed to the coloureds. With them, he is tolerant and exquisitely patient. But Hennie does not realize that many whites have dropped out of his church because they find his theology too fundamentalist, his sermons inelegant, his style too earthy, and his stress on what he calls "the in-filling of the Holy Spirit" disquieting. They are embarrassed by his prayers for rain and by his prayers for

the government ("that they may realize the sins they are perpetuating"), which he includes in all his services.

"I was already an Anglican priest in Rhodesia when I first experienced the in-filling of the Spirit," Hennie told me. "My son David was becoming difficult. He was sixteen and was very much involved with the hippies. I could see that if he took the wrong turning he'd do it in a big way. That's the sort of person David is. One weekend, a friend of mine invited David to a youth camp near Bulawayo. When David came back, he told me that he had committed his life to Christ—that he had been filled with the Spirit. The camp was run by the Assemblies of God. When I saw the transformation in David, I went back to my Bible and discovered that being filled with the Spirit is scripturally correct. I became interested myself. I asked a minister of the Assemblies of God in Salisbury to pray for me and to lay hands on me. I was sure that God had touched me, but nothing spectacular happened.

"I was then transferred to the Cape. I asked the archbishop to lay hands on me. Again, nothing seemed to happen. A week or so later, I was conducting a retreat, and it was then that I realized

that something dramatic had in fact happened in my life. When I prayed for people who were sick, they recovered. Or they were filled with the Spirit. From that moment on, *that* was my ministry. I rejoiced. I started to minister in my own parish with tremendous success.

"Around this time, the archbishop asked me to take over a particularly rebellious coloured parish. I started a Bible-study group—to get the parishioners to know Jesus. Three months later, I asked them if they wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit. If they did, I said, I would pray for them. About eighty people came up to the altar. I started laying hands on them. Each and every one of them swooned under the power of the Spirit. They were lying there before the altar like dead people. We had to drag them away to make room for the next lot. Something had happened. People were so scared that they ran from the church. Those who came to know Jesus knew He was alive. It was the first time I had seen anything like that. Never in such quantity. You could feel the power of the Spirit so mightily. It was frightening. I felt absolutely drained. That first evening, I asked two of the col-



"Yeah, I guess you're right. It does make you look like a jerk."

oured ministers to lay hands with me. I didn't want people to think it was me. With three, you knew who was responsible. One of the blokes didn't have time to lay hands on the people, he was so busy catching those who were falling.

"People all over the world are being called by the Spirit. It is very strong in the Cape, but it is also strong in the Natal and growing in the Transvaal and the Free State. Praying in tongues is like praying in any other language. You can start and stop when you like. Initially, I find that most people start babbling and can't stop. I remember a woman who was sitting next to me at a service in Port Elizabeth. She was filled with the Spirit. She praised God—on her way home, even. At home, she said, 'Lord, there is so much I want to tell you, but I don't know the words. You have to give me a language to express it.' At that moment, she burst into tongues, and she went on for an hour. It was as if a dam had broken in her."

OVER the past decade, charismatic Christianity has been spreading among South African whites. (Of course, fundamentalism, in many different forms, has been on the increase throughout the world.) The Renewal, as the movement is called in South Africa, is important in the Anglican Church, the Catholic Church, and such Pentecostal churches as the Baptist and the Assemblies of God. The Dutch Reformed Churches, which, given their position on apartheid, are not on the best of terms with the other Christian churches in South Africa, have generally looked askance at such recent enthusiastic worship. There have been several interdenominational Renewal conferences in the last five years. The Cape Renewal Conference in 1981 had over six thousand registered participants, of all colors and creeds.

The Renewal in the Anglican Church has been particularly strong in the Cape. The former archbishop of the Anglican Province of Southern Africa, who was based in Cape Town, was a charismatic and encouraged his fellow-clergymen in that direction. About thirty of the two hundred priests in the Cape diocese have had charismatic experiences, and the entire staff of St. Paul's College, the Anglican seminary in Grahamstown, was charismatic at the beginning of the eighties.

Like Hennie, other members of the

Renewal tell stories of extraordinary conversions, miraculous healings, and "groups overcome mightily by the Spirit of the Lord;" they attest to the power of the Lord and the strength of the Renewal. St. Paul is frequently the model for individual conversions, Christ for miraculous healings and for the enthusiasm of groups. Trances, praying in tongues, visions, and extraordinary auditory phenomena are understood as the inflowing of the Spirit of the Lord and—implicitly, at least—as a sign of divine election. The inflowing of the Holy Spirit is sometimes referred to as the baptism of the Spirit. Several charismatic priests defined the charismatic experience as rebirth by the power of the Holy Spirit or as renewal through the power of the Holy Spirit. They did not much like definitions. Definitions smacked of an intellectualism to which they were generally opposed. What is important, they argue, is the experience itself. Emphasis is on the life of prayer. One awaits the word of Christ. One well-known priest who is active in the movement refused to see me until he had prayed to Christ and received His consent. During the interview, he talked for two and a half hours, jumping from subject to subject, closing his eyes and remaining silent for long stretches, preaching at times, confessing at others, and arguing at still others. His mood shifted from elation to despair, from optimism to pessimism, from intellectual engagement to emotional release. I felt as though I were witnessing a performance—one that reminded me of shamanistic performances I had seen among the Navajo or among exorcists and mystics in Morocco. His performance was extreme, but I also observed something of this "letting go," this succumbing to emotion, this loosening up of the conventions that bind normal dis-

course, in several of my more charismatic acquaintances.

"The Renewal is God's response to the evil that is spreading throughout the world," Hennie told me. "Fortunately, the growth of the charismatic movement is much faster than the growth of the Satanic churches. But evil is spreading. I think that God has allowed a Marxist regime in Rhodesia in order to cleanse His church there. I've been told that there are about fifty thousand members of the church of Satan in South Africa. They do not advertise. You are brought in by a friend.

"I myself came across a case of a man in prison whose sister was messed up with one of these Satanic churches. She had gone out with a man from the church, and then she found a chicken bone in a pint of black paint she had bought. She showed it to her brother, and he threw it in a pond. He was immediately bitten on his thumb by a snake, and then every night demons would enter him in the form of cats. To discourage them, he gave up eating meat. That did no good. I prayed with him and got him to make a commitment to Christ. There are times when, as you perform an exorcism, you can actually see the demons leave. They look like monsters in old pictures. Satan and the demons are the defeated enemy. They have no real power. They just pretend to have it. You have to be filled with the Spirit and have the power and authority of Christ. You name the demon and command him to leave.

"Now, you may have heard about the Illuminati," Hennie went on, after a somewhat overdramatic pause. I was disconcerted. I felt as though I had suddenly tapped into a current of irrationality that could not be stopped. "Personally, I don't know much about them. They are a group of leaders, intelligentsia—whatever you'd like to call them—operating behind the scenes in every country in the world. They want to take over the world. Nobody can tell you who they are or where their head office is. That's what makes them so frightening. I myself have never taken them very seriously." Hennie said this reflectively. He seemed to come back to himself.

I asked Hennie if any Afrikaners had turned to his church.

"No, not here," he said. "It's easier for them to become Baptists or members of the Assemblies of God. There they have models. There is a Dominie Hugo who was baptized a second time



and forced to leave the church. He comes out here every so often to lead a Bible-study group at André Rous-souw's. And there is Rudy Malherbe. He's the expert on the Illuminati. I don't think he's been out here yet. He was a minister who had a vision one day and received the Spirit. His message was too much for the church." Hennie laughed.

"But don't you think it would be harder for them to become Anglicans, because of community pressure?"

"You mean they'd be joining the enemy?"

"Well, yes."

"No. I don't think there would be that much pressure. Community pressure is no longer so great here. The Afrikaans element is becoming diluted. There are so many English here now."

I asked Hennie whether he thought this a good thing.

He answered that he did not necessarily think being an Afrikaner was a negative thing.

I explained that I had meant that Afrikaners and English were coming together through the Renewal, or so it seemed to me—at least in the valley.

"If they discover that they are South Africans, then it will be a great step forward," Hennie answered skeptically. "You can't live cheek by jowl and not come together."

I laughed. Whites and coloureds and blacks had been living "cheek by jowl" for generations without coming together.

Hennie did not understand my laugh. "In the first nine months that I was here, over a thousand people were filled with the Spirit," he went on. "The church of Satan cannot boast of that kind of success. The Devil is panicking, because he knows his time is short. He's got to make the most of it. You see the transition: the hippies have given way in America to the Jesus freaks."

The stories that Hennie and other charismatics tell have a strong prophetic quality. Bible-study groups among Wyndal's Pentecostals stress divination and prophecy. They look especially to the Book of Revelation and to the prophetic texts of the Old Testament. They propose gloomy futures from which the true Christians—the Christians of the Renewal—will be saved. (They never equate these gloomy futures with the very real possibility of a violent upheaval in South Africa.) Many members of the Renewal who have been filled with the

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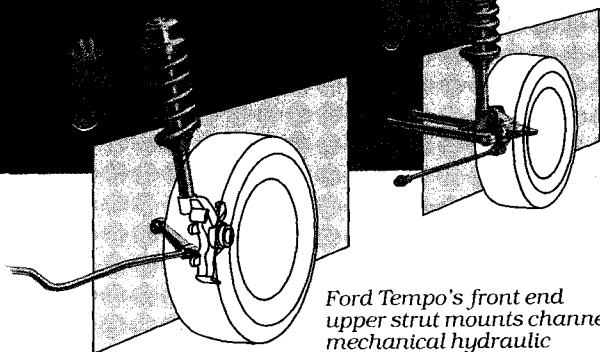


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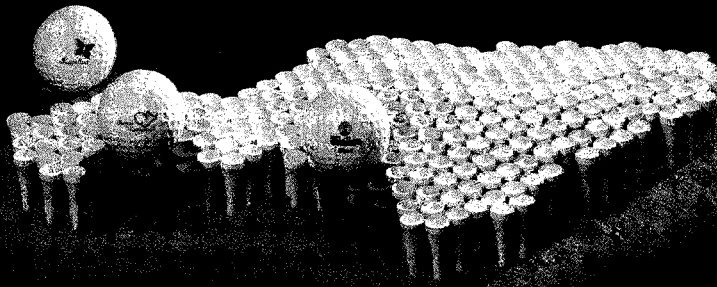


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Spirit refer to themselves as Christians in such a way as to imply that those who have not had the experience are not real Christians. (Hennie himself is careful to make no such judgments.) They debate whether or not the "Christians" will be saved before, during, or after the time of troubles. Plans for the future frequently involve establishing little communities of the faithful in which people will help one another resist the temptations of the Devil and live together as good Christians.

The Anglican charismatics place less stress on the Last Judgment and the Apocalypse than the Pentecostals do. Nevertheless, apocalyptic thinking does occur. I was told, for example, that during the Renewal Conference in Johannesburg in 1977 an Anglican dreamed that there was a terrible stench in the lounge. He asked God why. God showed him seven coffins, labelled "Black," "White," "Coloured," and so on. God said, "If you go on using labels, you see now what my judgment will be. Neither run ahead nor run behind but stay together." Word of the dream spread through the conference.

WITHIN South Africa's Anglican Church, there is considerable conflict today between the charismatics and the noncharismatics. One priest, who is High Church in orientation, told me, "I am only against the charismatic movement when it becomes sectarian. What I can't handle about them is their assumption that they alone have God on their side. I don't want to condemn the charismatics. I think they have taught us the importance of small groups' worshiping together. I think it is only in small groups that the church can survive. And perhaps God has worked through them to show us that the Anglican Church in South Africa is too British—too cold, too formal, without emotion. But one must be careful about one's emotions. This is the dangerous side of the charismatic movement. One can become very emotionally oriented, coming back each week for an injection of emotion."

Many members of the South African Anglican community are offended by the importance the charismatics give emotion. They are distressed to see the beauty of the liturgy supplanted by handclapping and the singing of crude hymns. "If they must swing their bodies, why don't they go to a discothèque?" one woman asked. Peg-

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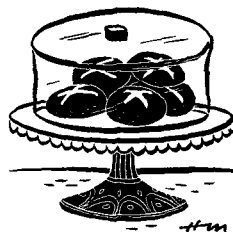
gy Malan, an English woman who is married to one of the farmers in Wyndal, says that she stopped going to church when she was told that she ought to give open expression to her emotions in church. "For me, religion is a very personal and a very private matter," she says. "I don't want to share my innermost feelings with just anyone who happens to be next to me. I certainly don't want to show my emotions. Perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps it is good to show one's feelings. I simply can't. I wasn't brought up that way." She adds, with an anger unusual for her, that now that she has learned that the Anglican Church contributes to the World Council of Churches, which supports the guerrillas on the border, she will never set foot in the church again. (While I was living in the valley, word spread that the Anglican Church was supporting freedom fighters in Angola, Namibia, and elsewhere in southern Africa. I was never able to discover any evidence for this assertion among the people I talked with.) The Anglican Church is the most politically active church in South Africa. It is certainly the most vocal in its criticism of the South African government and its policy of apartheid. Peggy's husband, Hugo, a brilliant engineer who bought his farm in Wyndal a few years ago, says he is worried about the irrationalism that is creeping into the church. A relentless rationalist, Hugo has not been to church since he was married. He does not believe the church should interfere in politics. "One of the great advances in civilization," he says, "was the separation of church and state. The Afrikaners never learned this lesson. They are always confusing the two, and now the Anglicans are doing the same."

Mysticism, emotion, politics, exclusivism, and hierarchy are all confused with one another in the conflict between charismatic and noncharismatic Anglicans. During the 1981 election of a new archbishop for the Province of Southern Africa, the charismatic faction was opposed to the election of the black bishop Desmond Tutu, who later won the Nobel Peace Prize, because he was not particularly sympathetic to the Renewal. Blacks have not been active in the charismatic movement. Hennie says that in Rhodesia they preferred the most colorful possible High Church ritual. (The charismatics are very Low Church.) Bishop Tutu's supporters opposed the charismatics, because they were not

politically active enough. ("They are more concerned with their personal salvation and with their political privilege than with the fate of the blacks," one black priest of the Anglican Church told me.) A compromise candidate, neither black nor charismatic, was eventually elected archbishop.

ANDRÉ ROUSSOUW is a youthful-looking Afrikaner farmer in his early forties who, despite his parents' opposition, married Tamara, an English woman from the Natal. André is one of the most popular men in the village and would have been elected to the village council had he not left the Dutch Reformed Church and become a Baptist. Many of the most conservative Afrikaners, including André's parents, blamed Tamara for leading him astray. (Tamara, an Anglican, became a Baptist before André did.) Ever since their marriage, the villagers have worried about their relationship, which came, I suppose, to symbolize the changes in Wyndal that occurred with the arrival of the English—the *inkruipers*, or "creepers-in," as André's father calls them. "The Dutch Reformed Church is fast asleep," André told me. "I myself was an elder in the church. I was raised in a very Christian household—we were more religious than most. I worked in a missionary station in Zululand. I taught Sunday school here until I left the church, and now I teach it in the Baptist church. The children I've taught are very sensitive to the Renewal. They are not satisfied with the Dutch Reformed Church. I was always bound in by the church. I couldn't teach the subjects I thought important. There was always a lot of stress on church history. It was just another school subject. In the Dutch Reformed Church, you have religion, but *we* have something more. All Christians believe in the Holy Spirit, in the power of the Lord, and in Christ's mercy, but in the Dutch Reformed Church we never experienced it. People in the church are satisfied with life if they don't have to make any sacrifices. Many ministers are in it for prestige and money, and not out of faith. The minister is the head of the town. Not even the mayor has his power. Ministers earn a good deal of money, and they also get a house and a car.

"I myself was satisfied until I saw that there was something more. Then life gets a lift. I was never really converted—I've always been a Christian. What happened to me was like walking in one direction and then changing to another. Nothing dramatic. I just knew I wanted something more. Dominie Naudé came here for the first time about four years ago." Dominie Naudé, a former minister in the Reformed Church, travels from village to village around the Cape curing the sick. "I saw how he healed someone with a bad back. My back was also bothering me. He made me sit down, and picked up my legs. I looked down and saw that one of them was shorter than the other. I watched the dominie pray over me, and the shorter leg got longer. I've never had a back problem since then. He also cured a German of cancer. It was about this time, too, that Tamara experienced the Holy Spirit, and I saw how her life had changed. I went to Piet van Rooyen. He's a Baptist, from the Free State. He's the one who has taught us that we can call all experience the power of the Lord if only we allow ourselves to. He's an extraordinary man—a man of tremendous spiritual power. Before he moved to Wyndal, we all thought that somebody like him would come to us one day. Anyway, I went to Piet and I asked him to pray for me. He put his hand on me. Nothing happened. I was very much disappointed. I went home, and about a week later I was praying when, suddenly, I felt the Spirit enter my body. I didn't need a confirmation. As Piet says, if you've been filled with the Spirit you feel no envy of those who have prayed in tongues.



"Everything changed for me. I used to be worried. I was always concerned about debts, about the crops. Now I don't worry. I know the Lord will be with me. I don't have much money, but I

know that as long as I have enough to eat I will have no worries.

"I was always against getting baptized a second time, even after I was filled with the Holy Spirit. I thought I could get away with just my christening. Then I went away for a weekend with a friend who is a Baptist and has the power of healing. We talked late into the night. When I went to bed, I got a clear message that I had to be rebaptized, and the next morning it was confirmed when I opened the

Bible and read about what my friend and I had been discussing the night before. I found that he had been right and I had been wrong."

"How did you get the message?" I asked.

"I was lying awake. I don't really know. After I decided to get rebaptized, I was afraid to go back on my word. I thought, If He wants me to do it, I have to do it. In the morning, when I woke up, I was thinking about the Dutch Reformed Church. I was very sentimental about it. I heard the church bells ringing. I thought, Oh, I'll never hear those bells again. In my church, we don't have bells. Is what I've done all right? It was then that I looked into my Bible and saw my decision confirmed. Two weeks later, I was baptized, up in the mountains behind the Malans' farm. Nearly everyone in our Baptist church, the Afrikaans Baptist Church, was once a member of the Dutch Reformed Church."

"How did your parents feel?"

"My dad was especially upset. People in the village—well, they didn't say anything. They've been much cooler. But I'm more satisfied. Family life has become more important."

As André started to tell me how his family life had changed after his baptism, Tamara joined us. He could not continue. Many people in the village had told me that André and Tamara had not been particularly happy until they joined the Renewal. After Tamara's baptism, she was put under a lot of pressure (as was customary among the Baptist initiates whom I observed) to convert her husband. André resisted for a long time. He was, as he says, very sentimental about the Dutch Reformed Church. To leave the church was to betray his tradition, to disappoint his parents, to risk ostracism from the community, and to abandon a hope he cherished of becoming a member of the village council. After he received the Spirit, he and Tamara prayed together every night, as did the other villagers in the Renewal. Every time André and Tamara had to make an important decision, or even a trivial one in which they were not in full accord, they would ask for Christ's help and wait until one (usually Tamara) or both of them had received Christ's word. In going about her everyday affairs, Tamara often referred to the Lord. If André wanted to



do something she did not approve of, she would say, "I don't think the Lord wants us to push Him so far." One of the important decisions they had yet to make when I last saw them concerned André's will. Neither Tamara nor André had received the Lord's decision concerning it, and André, after delaying as long as he reasonably could, made a new will without telling Tamara. Tamara was stunned when she learned about it, and felt that André had pushed the Lord unduly. After praying together, they decided to leave André's new will as it was until

they received further word from the Lord. "The Lord," "Christ," and "the Holy Spirit" came to mediate their relationship, as I believe happened often for other married couples in the village. André's decision to become a Baptist, whatever its origin, served to bring him closer to Tamara. It

also served to distance him from his parents—who looked down on Tamara and feared she would lead their son and grandchildren astray.

"Once I'd discovered how to be filled with the Holy Spirit, I found that I also had the gift of healing," André continued. "In the past, I'd often prayed for my son, who has asthma, but nothing ever happened. Now that I have come to know Christ, I pray for him and lay hands on him, and he recovers. He had a bad attack a few nights ago. Tamara and I were sure he was going to die. He couldn't breathe. I began to pray for him, and he got better. There are many things we don't understand. I have recently heard of a man in Indonesia who can turn water into wine. There is also a man who lives near Durban who has managed to raise people from the dead. He is a German missionary and works with the Zulu."

"Many people have left the Dutch Reformed Church because it is involved in politics. The Baptists are opposed to so much political involvement. It is very difficult to justify apartheid from a religious point of view, but the Dutch Reformed Church insists on doing just that. I myself am against apartheid. My politics are very different from those of the government. You look in this area alone and you see that the coloureds in the Mission Church are far livelier than we are. Of course, I'm for social apartheid, but that would come naturally. Whites are not going to associate with

coloureds and blacks, and blacks and coloureds are not going to associate with whites. But our church remains open to all. Piet says, 'If a man is walking down the street and hears singing and feels inspiration in his heart, how can we stop him from entering our church?' But on my own I'd prefer not to go to a multiracial church. We're not used to the coloureds on a higher level. When I think of coloureds, I think of the boys on the farm. They're on a very low level. They're not educated. They drink. I'd find it difficult to pray with them. I think they'd take advantage of us. It would be different with coloureds of a better class."

André was obviously very nervous. Finally, I asked him if he had ever prayed with a coloured or a black.

"I was at a prayer meeting, a gathering of brethren, last June. There were people of all races there. We had gathered to pray and fast for our country. It was during the heat of the riots on the anniversary of Soweto." André was referring to riots in Cape Town which broke out when black and coloured workers stayed home from work to commemorate the riots in Soweto in 1976. "That was the first time I had worshipped with a coloured person. He was filled with the Spirit, and I could feel it. We held hands. If they had taken a picture of us and put it in *Die Burger*"—an Afrikaans newspaper—"it would have caused a scandal. You realize that it is possible to mix. You don't have to live in the same house or on the same street to be able to pray together. I think that if people had more love and the gift of the Spirit our political reality would change. It would get rid of the hate of blacks and coloureds. It could snowball all over the country. We would have no problems."

MOST of the villagers in the Renewal say that it is only through Christ's love that a peaceful solution to South Africa's problems will be found. These people share André's distaste for multiracial worship, but they acknowledge that a church that closes its doors to anyone because of skin color, as the Dutch Reformed Church does, is acting in an un-Christian way. They are bothered by the contradiction, and prefer not to think about it. Although a few women in the village have begun to evangelize in the coloured community, no coloureds have been invited to come or have come to any of the prayer meetings or

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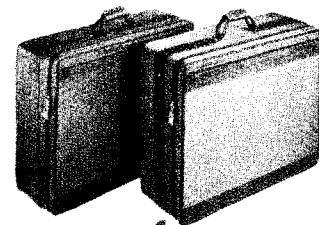
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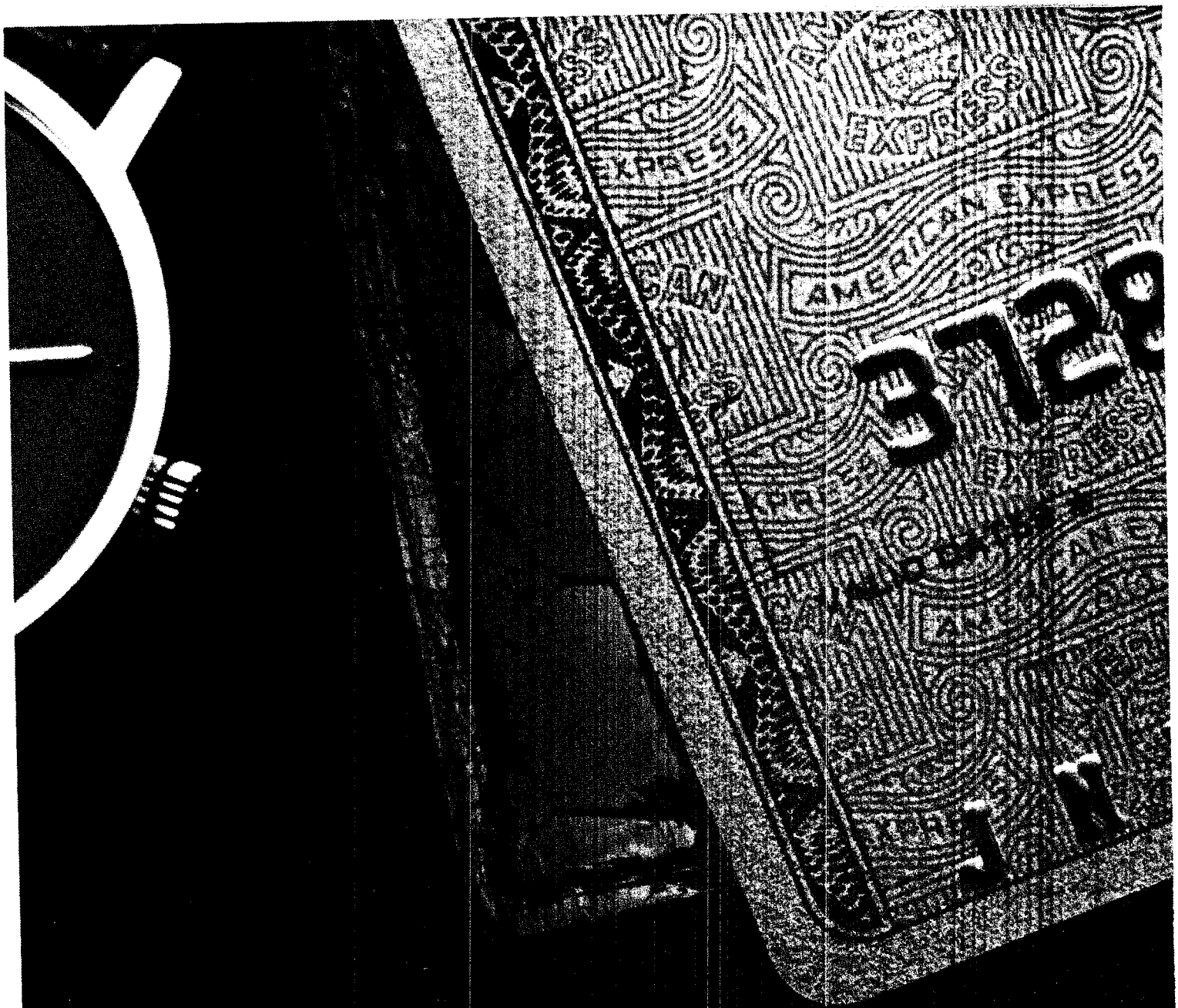


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Bible-study groups that the white villagers have held for themselves. Several men were very angry with their wives for visiting coloured households, and forbade them to continue their missionizing.

A few younger members of the Renewal, including Barbara Endicott, a young woman who studied psychology at the University of Cape Town and is married to a road engineer with temporary headquarters in Wyndal, are politically more liberal. Before marrying and moving to the valley, Barbara worked full time in a multiracial youth ministry run by the Anglican Church. She says that she and her husband would like to move to a black area and establish a multiracial Christian community there. She has told no one in the valley about her youth ministry or about her plans for the future. "They wouldn't understand—they would take us for radicals," she says. "It is easy to get in tune with the attitudes of the people around here. But Cape Town isn't that far, so when we want a more challenging political discussion we can go there, or invite friends out here for the weekend. It prevents us from settling into complacency. Even with Christ's love, you have to keep challenging one another—in a caring way. You see, most of the villagers in the Renewal have never known that things can be different. All they know is what they hear on the radio, see on television, or read in the newspapers: propaganda. They are simple people. They have come to Christ only recently, and they are still being established in their faith. I think now isn't the right time to start talking politics to them. Once they are more mature in their faith, then it will be possible to talk to them. Now it could cause a division, and that is not good. Many of them would probably regard black Christians as wonderful people, but they are not yet able to share power with blacks. Their image of people has been modified but within a certain frame—not as strongly as we would want it. They must become stronger in their faith."

ONE cold, rainy Friday evening in August, gas lamps hanging from the beams in the Roussouws' packing shed cast an incandescent light on about forty white men and women who were seated expectantly in a semi-circle around a large opaque projector, which André had found in a second-hand shop in Cape Town and had managed to wire to his tractor's bat-

tery. It stood there in their midst like some inadvertent fetish. The light, and the shadows it threw, exaggerated the guests' expectations. They had come to hear Dominie Malherbe, from Cape Town, speak about the Illuminati and other worshippers of Satan.

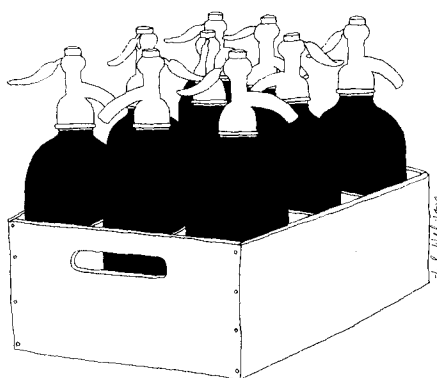
André and Tamara had decided to clear out the packing shed after the previous Friday's study group. That Friday, Dominie Naudé, always a favorite, had come to heal the faithful, and there had been so many villagers that the Roussouws' living room wasn't able to accommodate them all. This had pleased André. The Renewal was spreading far more rapidly than he had thought possible. There had been at least six villagers, including the chief of police and the head of the wine coöperative, who were attending for the first time. There had also been several strangers, and Caroline du Plessis was there. Everyone knew that all the women in her family had died of cancer.

André had spent the morning stashing away boxes, bins, scales, measuring gauges, the long wooden packing tables that his uncle had made when he took over the farm from André's grandfather, almost fifty years before. Everything was pushed into the room in which André stored his packed fruit until he could carry it down in his *bakkie*, or pickup, to the depot for inspection and shipment to Cape Town and on to England, Germany, and France. André had always wanted to use the shed as a meeting place for the faithful. (He dreamed sometimes of turning the whole farm into a retreat for those Christians who wanted to lead a simple life of virtue.) The shed was in use for only a few months each year, and now that he had joined the new packing coöperative it wouldn't be needed at all—that is, if the coöperative actually worked.

Tamara had made sure that the shed was carefully scrubbed down. She had wanted to wax the floors, but An-

dré had said that they were so rough they would eat up litres of wax. Wax was expensive, and they had more important expenses. They would have to run an electric line into the shed, because the tractor battery was barely strong enough to run the projector, and André had his heart set on someday using a video recorder to show the miracles that fellow-Christians in America were working. (André's friend Piet van Rooyen had seen a tape of a woman who had been raised from the dead. She had died twenty minutes before her resurrection.) So Tamara had had to be content with having one of her coloured workers polish a third packing table. It was pushed against the wall, covered with two white lace tablecloths, and spread with paper cups, paper plates, trays of biscuits and buttered bread, and several gigantic white plastic thermoses of coffee and tea, which the faithful had brought to share with their neighbors. Now Tamara was nowhere to be seen. She was putting her children to bed, and little Maxie was insisting that she tell him a second bedtime story. He always did that on Fridays when they had a meeting. André was waiting in front of the farmhouse for the dominie. He was at least fifteen minutes late. André was shocked when the dominie drove up in a BMW. It was unbecoming for a minister of Christ to squander his money on such a luxury when there were so many needy. "I was glad it was dark," he told me the next afternoon. "Most of the Christians didn't see his BMW. He was quite upset when he left, because one of my dogs scratched it."

Dominie Malherbe had made a study of the Illuminati and other Satanic churches and organizations. He was a short, yellowish man with thin black hair, a lock of which fell across his brow as he began to speak. He had dark-brown eyes and wore thick glasses. Usually he spoke in a slow monotone, rolling his "r"s excessively, and pausing dramatically. When he wished to make a special point, he would remove his glasses, peer around for an inordinately long time, and then burst out with it, so startling his audience that they could barely take in what he was trying to say. He spoke mostly in Afrikaans, punctuating his discourse with Biblical quotations, but for the benefit of the few English in the group he would translate a phrase here and there into English. He seemed particularly suspicious of me. He struck me as a mean sort of man,



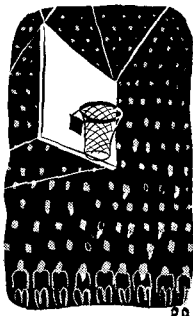
who was not much liked by his audience.

André and Piet van Rooyen, the unofficial leader of the Renewal in Wyndal, had decided to invite him to speak to the group after another guest speaker mentioned him, three months earlier. That speaker, who described in intimate detail his initiation into the church of Satan and his and Christ's struggle to free him from the Devil's clutches, had deeply moved the villagers who gathered to hear him. In their prayer groups and after committee meetings, they had talked about his initiation and the spreading of evil throughout the world, and had vowed to learn more about Satanic worship. As good Christians, they had to know their enemy. Dominie Malherbe was so booked up that he could not make it to Wyndal for three months. In the meantime, Piet van Rooyen had led an occasional study group on the Antichrist.

Piet and Annemarie van Rooyen had moved to Wyndal about three years before from the Orange Free State, where Piet had had a hardware store. He had bought a shop on Kerkstraat, and as soon as he and Annemarie had got the feel of the village they began to sell religious books and tapes—Dale Evans and Shirley Boone were favorites—in addition to hardware, as they had done in the Free State. Piet and Annemarie are Baptists not by birth but by dramatic conversion from the Dutch Reformed Church, and they are committed evangelists. "We had a successful business and a nice home, and the money was enough," Annemarie told me, with a tinge of regret. "We were nicely settled in a warm little nest and everything was going along smoothly when the Lord just said to us that it was time to climb again—to climb higher and higher and closer and closer to the Lord. When He speaks to you, He speaks in a soft voice, and He spoke to Piet. And Piet asked me if I thought we should move here. We prayed together, and we fasted, and we waited upon the Lord, seeking His face, and He spoke to us in many ways."

Piet van Rooyen is a thin, angular man who seems always at the edge of self-control, and envious and suspicious of those who have more than he has or who appear to lock him out of their lives. He was very shy, Annemarie says, until he came to know

Christ. "When we would walk into a room full of people, he would always push me in front of him and go all red in the face," she told me. He is now friendly, but his friendliness seems forced and, in a way, premeditated. He is a penny-pincher, and worries about his financial future. Not about his spiritual one, however: although he would probably deny it if he were asked directly, he believes himself to be one of the chosen—an emissary of the Lord come to liven His presence to those who have not known Him or have forgotten Him. Piet has made a study of the Book of Revelation, Annemarie likes to say, and looks about expectantly for signs of the Second Coming. He has also made a study of the Antichrist, Satanic worship, and the spread of evil throughout the world. "It's hard to accept the fact of the birth of the Antichrist, but you



can't dismiss it offhand," Piet said. "It may well be true. We are fighting SWAPO in South-West Africa." SWAPO is the South-West African People's Organization, and its guerrillas have been fighting for the independence of South-West Africa, or Namibia. "We capture their weapons and analyze them, but we don't give the same consideration to the weapons of the Devil." Piet refers to members of all religious groups—"sects," he calls them—of which he knows little, such as the Quakers or the Seventh Day Adventists, as Satan worshippers. He has close connections with several extremist Baptist groups in the United States and distributes to the villagers cassettes of Americans confessing membership in one Satanic organization or another. The speaker on one of these tapes, a recording from a Baptist church in Maryland, confessed to having been the head of five thousand covens in the American Southwest, with sixty-five thousand priests and priestesses. Unlike the commitment of André and Tamara and most of the other villagers in the Renewal, whose dogged Christianity seemed essentially innocent, Piet's religious commitment—or so it appeared to me—is edged with hatred and bigotry.

Most of the villagers who were attracted to the Renewal were in the Roussouws' packing shed the night Dominie Malherbe spoke. Most of them were in their thirties or forties, although there were a few elderly people, who had come to be cured of the

ills that beset them—backaches, arthritis, more serious ailments—and to be rid of boredom and loneliness, which were particularly strong in the long, rainy winter months, when the excitement of the picking season was over. Younger people, predominantly single women, attended some of the Pentecostal churches in neighboring villages, but in Wyndal the Renewal people (as they were sometimes called) came to the Roussouws' meetings as couples. (They went to prayer meetings alone, for these tend to be sexually segregated.) They were members of the middling middle class, people of limited possibilities: shopkeepers, artisans, clerks, garage mechanics, employees of the cooperative, and a farm manager or two. They had neither the financial wherewithal nor the intellectual endowment nor the connections to escape their rootedness in Wyndal, in South Africa. They could lay no claim to international connections, as many of the English farmers did, nor did they feel privileged to deny such a claim, as many of the Afrikaners did. They were there, at home, worried, threatened—overwhelmed, even—when they thought of the uncertainty of their own personal future and the future of their children and grandchildren: thoughts that they preferred not to harbor, I believe, and deflected, as best they could, in transcendent dramas of apocalypse and salvation.

It was through these transcendent dramas that preachers like Dominie Malherbe made their appeal. They presented a simplified—a rarefied—picture of a world that was far removed from the racial and other tensions of everyday life. It was a picture, however, of cosmic grandeur, in which the forces of good and evil, of Christ and Antichrist, of God and Satan, were in epic contest. Little people, the people of Wyndal, were unwitting pawns in this battle. They had to be perpetually on their guard against the seductions of the Devil. Temptation was everywhere. Only through Christ would they be able to resist these seductions and temptations, and achieve salvation.

Most of those who attended the Roussouws' meetings were curious but noncommittal. Afrikaners, they were still active members of the Dutch Reformed Church. They came to the Renewal meetings like truant schoolboys, for they knew that their dominie did not approve of the meetings and looked askance at any Christianity that sacrificed intellect to emotion, reason

to experience, and an institutional and ritual order to an anti-institutional personalism always at the edge of chaos. "There must be order in the church," the dominie said to me. "I would not enter another man's house without first asking his leave to do so. I would not take it upon myself to undermine the institutional and ritual supports of a man's faith." The people who came to the meetings knew, of course, that were they to undergo a second baptism they would have to leave the Dutch Reformed Church and suffer the consequent ostracism. (Tamara, Piet, Annemarie, and several other Baptist converts put considerable pressure on those who had been filled with the Holy Spirit to be baptized anew.) The few English who went to the meetings were less threatened. Hennie encouraged his parishioners to attend, and those who were not Anglican had no local church affiliation. (Most of these unaffiliated English were married to Afrikaners.) That their number was so small (about ten per cent of the village's Renewal people) resulted less from indifference than from circumstances. There were very few English of the middling middle classes in Wyndal; most of those who were of this class did attend the Roussouws' meetings. The Renewal provided one of the few avenues for the English and the Afrikaners to meet each other in any but the most perfunctory way. The two groups came together not only at the Roussouws' meetings but also, rather more informally, at prayer meetings.

The villagers waiting for Dominie Malherbe's arrival seemed unusually stiff. They were ordinarily quite friendly and talkative, but now they greeted one another formally and then sat quietly. There was none of the bustle and talk that had preceded other meetings at the Roussouws'. It was not that the villagers were preoccupied with themselves. They were not. They seemed self-conscious, but no more embarrassed than usual by their presence at a "truant" gathering. Still, they seemed to be asking themselves why they were there. They seemed isolated even from their spouses. I wondered whether each, in his or her way, was worried about what Dominie Malherbe was going to reveal. They knew he would be talking about the Illuminati, the band of leaders—including Carter, Mao, Brezhnev, David Rockefeller, Harry Oppenheimer (South Africa's largest indus-



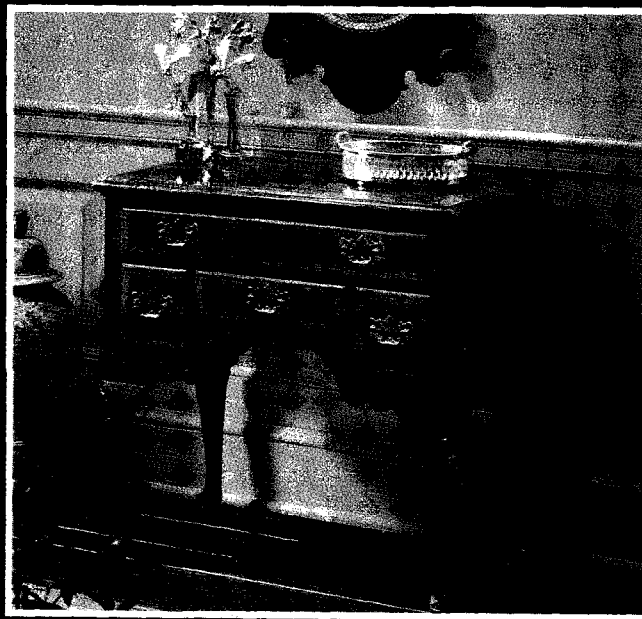
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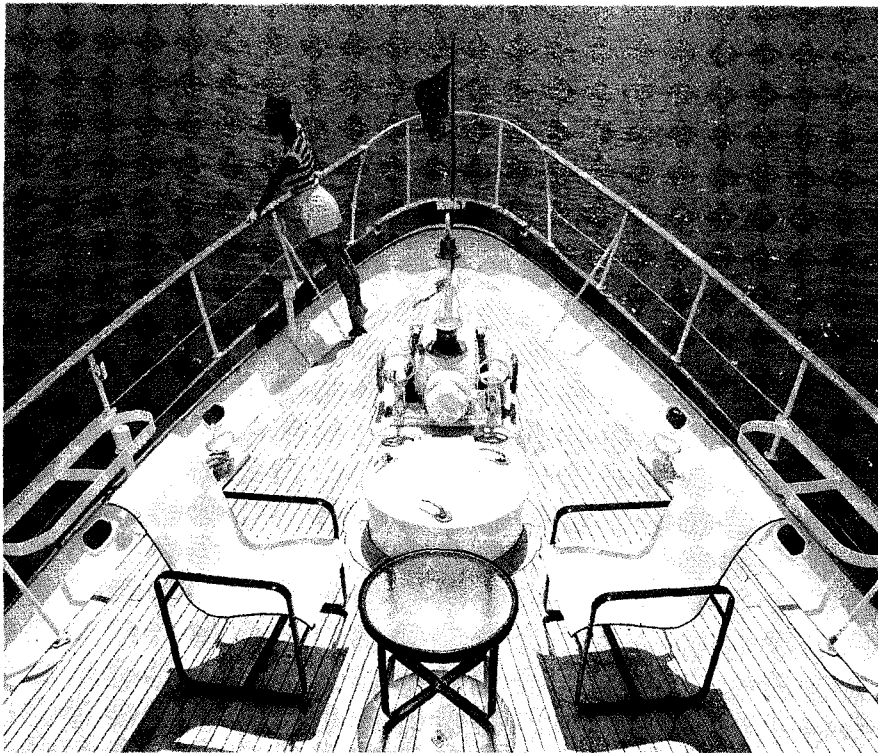
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trialist, who controlled, among other companies, the Anglo-American Corporation), the Rothschilds, Kurt Waldheim, and Margaret Thatcher—who were plotting, or had plotted, to take over the world. They knew he would be talking about the future—their future. Did the subject matter of Dominie Malherbe's as yet unspoken discourse come too close to home?

I always had the impression that the villagers in the Renewal—and others, too—preferred to keep their talk about the Antichrist, apocalypse, and salvation separate from their talk about everyday reality and their prospects for the future. They could not, would not, relate the religious picture they had of the world to their social and political understanding of their situations. The two orders of reality were, so to speak, barred from each other. They would argue, if I pressed them (and I pressed a few), that what occurred in the everyday world was only a symptom of a far greater drama, in which the forces of good battled those of evil. To see the Antichrist as symbolic of blacks or Communists, the apocalypse as symbolic of a black takeover or a revolution, and salvation as symbolic of an escape or an overcoming was to turn a vital causal relationship into an anemic allegory. ("Allegories are in the realm of thoughts what ruins are in the realm of things," Walter Benjamin writes.) It was to get one's priorities all wrong. The cosmic, the religious drama was what determined the worldly. There were times—frequent in Dominie Malherbe's preaching—when people in the Renewal and other white South Africans as well referred to the Communists (never the blacks) as incarnations of the Antichrist. But these references were, I believe, rhetorical. "Communists," in any case, were treated abstractly: as elements in another—an international, political—idiom that was in its way as far removed from everyday reality as the religious was.

It is the reluctance, if not the downright inability, to cross the barricade between the religious order of reality and the order of everyday life which gives the religious idiom its power. The discourse of preachers like Dominie Malherbe is resonant because it can evoke the relationship between the two, usually doing so atomistically, without overwhelming the audience with a down-to-earth—an intimate—picture of the end of their everyday life. It can play on the most prosaic fears without actually stating them

outright. It offers audiences a scenario (more "real" than reality itself) that must at times touch everyday reality to be truly efficacious. Such are the references to Satanic churches, Communists, and personages out of contemporary folklore like Rockefeller, Brezhnev, and Mao. Preachers like Dominie Malherbe are all, in their own way, distant and abstract—removed from the immediate world in which the villagers find themselves.

André rushed Dominie Malherbe into the packing shed, explaining that he hoped to make the shed into a meeting place for Christians in Wyn-dal. Dominie Malherbe nodded without much interest. He looked around, professionally gauging his audience, and walked to the makeshift lectern that André had constructed out of an old table and a few boxes. André introduced him to Piet, who presented him to the group. Piet explained that it was their custom to sing and pray before a speaker spoke. "The Spirit warms us," Piet said, giving the dominie a knowing glance, but the dominie ignored it. Piet looked slighted. It was clear that André had already taken a dislike to the preacher. He looked around for Tamara, who had not yet appeared. She was still in the house with the children. They could wait no longer.

The lights were dimmed. André turned on the opaque projector. It flickered for a minute and then there appeared on the wall that served as a screen the words of the hymn that begins "His name is higher than any other." Hymn followed hymn, some in English, some in Afrikaans, most American imports. Piet led the singing. Annemarie played the guitar. André worked the projector. Those in the group who had once been moved by the Spirit or desired to be so moved swayed back and forth as they sang, boldly raising their hands in praise. Others raised their hands with diffidence, and still others, including Dominie Malherbe, stood stiffly, mouthing the words of the projected hymns. Despite the efforts of Piet and Annemarie, the group's enthusiasm was not as high as it had been at some of the other meetings I attended. No one prayed in tongues. Tamara came in just as Piet began the second-to-last hymn, "Father, we love You, we praise You, we adore You," and she began sobbing uncontrollably as the group repeated the chorus over and over: "Jesus, we love You, Spirit, we love You." A woman sitting on

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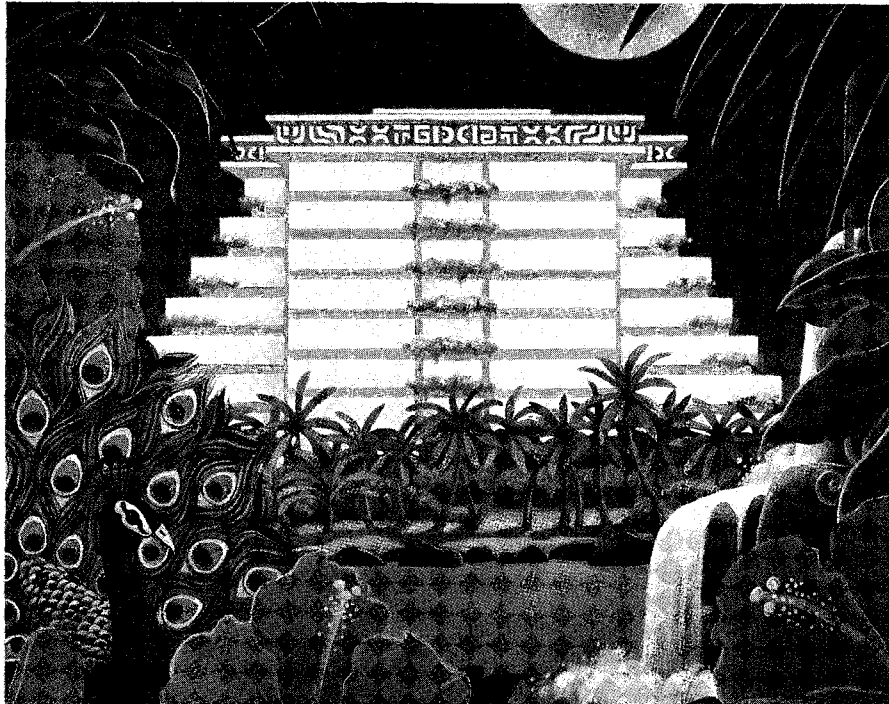


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Tamara's right hugged and caressed her, and finally managed to calm her down. André pretended not to notice. Tamara then sang the last hymn with such fervor that several other singers stopped to listen to her. The hymn was from Isaiah:

How lovely on the mountains are
the feet of Him
Who brings goods news, good news;
Proclaiming peace, announcing news
of happiness
Our God reigns, Our God reigns.

Piet asked Dominie Malherbe to lead them in prayer, but the dominie motioned to Piet to lead the prayer himself. It was a long, wordy improvised prayer, mostly in Afrikaans but with an occasional English word or phrase thrown in, in which Piet asked the Lord for forgiveness and for the strength to overcome the enemies who surround us, tempt us, and lead us astray.

Dominie Malherbe stood up, peered at his audience for a long time, and then began to speak slowly, ever so slowly, about the enemies of Christ, the birth of the Antichrist, and the imminence of the Second Coming. His favored text was the Book of Revelation ("I know where you live; it is the place where Satan has his throne. And yet you are holding fast to my cause"). His theology rested less on the Gospels than on Paul's letters, but, unlike other preachers in the Renewal, he paid less attention to Paul's dramatic conversion than to his insistence on faith.

Dominie Malherbe's understanding of the Bible was, like the understanding of most members of the Renewal, literal. He abominated all allegorical and symbolic readings of Scripture—they were corruptions, products of Satanic influence, designed to lead the innocent astray. The fact is, however, that Dominie Malherbe's readings were filled with innuendos, hidden agendas, and intimations of relevance. He insisted, much to the disappointment of his audience, on the abstract, the impersonal nature of the Antichrist: he named no names, and thereby suggested a host of unnamed possibilities. He played with the villagers' desire for names, the way the seducer plays with the desire of the innocent, and enthralled them, albeit momentarily, with an extraordinary, paranoid vision of the world—a world beset by fornicators, by Jezebel and Abaddon, by the great dragon with seven heads and ten horns ready to devour the innocent child destined to

rule all nations, who was miraculously snatched up to God and His throne. But Dominie Malherbe knew better—it seemed to me—than to hold very long to his vision of concrete incarnations of the Devil, lest he lose his audience. He went on to speak about the impersonality of Satan and the terror of his abstract power, and then he returned to the ordinary world of human beings and spoke about the Illuminati. Again, he mentioned no names but implied that he knew names. He talked about certain people who had in one way or another been involved with the Illuminati and had then seen them, praise the Lord, for what they were: power-hungry men who had sold themselves to the Devil.

Inadvertently—at least, I believe it was inadvertently—Dominie Malherbe set his audience up for Piet van Rooyen's cassette of a man who claimed to have been one of the Illuminati. (It was the man who claimed to have headed five thousand covens in the American Southwest.) The man said that he was descended from the witches of Salem, that with the exception of one woman, a prostitute, all the so-called witches were in fact Christians, and that the real witches were those who had condemned the so-called witches. He said he had been a Green Beret in Vietnam, had killed his lieutenant in Germany, had been thrown in the brig, and then, suddenly, had been honorably discharged in the presence of United States congressmen and a senator. He said that when he went home to Ohio he received a mysterious envelope containing two thousand dollars in cash, a first-class plane ticket to New York, and a letter ordering him to meet the chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Columbia, who would give him instruction in witchcraft and Satanic conspiracy. (There was never, I should point out, anyone of the name he gave in Columbia's Anthropology Department.)

The speaker on Piet's cassette grew wilder, more confused, megalomaniacal, as he went on haranguing his Maryland audience. He named names. The National Council of Churches, the Church of Scientology, Charles Manson's Process church, the Rastafarians, the Order of the Garter, B'nai Brith, the Odd Fellows, the Civil Liberties Union, and the Knights of Columbus were all Satanic. The Rothschilds, the Du Ponts, the Kennedys, Onassis, Queen Juliana were all

prominent Illuminati. Elton John and the Beatles actually sang in the secret language of witches. The banks of England and France, the Federal Reserve ("really a private corporation"), the Chase Manhattan Bank, the Bank of America, the Common Market, Montgomery Ward, Standard Oil, Shell Oil, Sears, Safeway, Federated Department Stores were all controlled by the Illuminati. The Trilateral Commission was the American name of the Illuminati. It was aided by the Council on Foreign Relations. The pyramid on the dollar bill was the Illuminati's seal. The blocks of stone symbolized its organization. World takeover was imminent. There would be no food, no electricity, no fuel. There would be strikes, riots, and genocide. Jews and Catholics would be rounded up and killed. Over a million people would die the first year. Charles Manson would be released from prison. He was put there to establish an armed prison army.

The speaker offered no resolution. His audience did not seem to expect one. He explained only how he had been saved. He had become a drug addict. He was at the end of his rope in San Antonio. "I was a paranoid mess," he said. He went to the movies and saw "The Cross and the Switch Blade"—a film about a street minister who brings two New York City gangs to Christ—and then went to a Baptist church, where five hundred people prayed and fasted for him.

The villagers were fascinated by the tape. To judge by what they said, many of those in the Renewal accepted it as truth. It turned out to be a principal source of Piet's study of the spread of evil. He had obtained it from an American engineer who was working in South Africa. Piet told me later that Dominie Malherbe had also studied it. (The two men had a long talk after the meeting.) Several English and Afrikaner farmers, even farmers with university degrees, began to talk seriously about the Illuminati and their imminent takeover. They justified their concern by referring to a professor at Stellenbosch University who often lectured on the subject. His lectures had become so "paranoid," one of his colleagues later told me, that even the most conservative students in his classes began to object. Since I am a graduate of Columbia's Anthropology Department, and am married to a member of the Council on Foreign

Relations, I began to fear that my wife and I would be declared emissaries of the Devil if word of our affiliations got around. What frightened me most was the ease with which the villagers in the Renewal accepted the ravings of the speaker. Their orientation was manifestly fundamentalist, and they carried their fundamentalism to the point of accepting whatever anyone said who deferred to Scripture or claimed to have been saved.

Despite Dominie Malherbe's refusal to name names, his preaching did have an extraordinary, historically specific dénouement. It was one of those moments which no one—including, I believe, the dominie himself—was prepared for. No one to whom I spoke afterward could adequately reconstruct it; nor did anyone care to remember it. As I recall, Dominie Mal-



herbe was explaining the way in which the impersonal forces of the Antichrist become lodged in institutions and persons. He had been speaking for almost an hour and was tiring his audience. Suddenly, in total contradiction of what he had been saying all along about the impersonality of the Antichrist, he announced that, according to certain reliable sources—sources whose information had been confirmed by the dominie himself through a careful reading of the Book of Revelation and the prophecies of Isaiah—the Antichrist was already born into the world. "Does anyone know when this birth took place?" he asked rhetorically.

Much to everybody's surprise, a young English woman named Celia, who was married to an Afrikaner shopkeeper, said, as if to herself but loud enough for everyone to hear, "February 6, 1962."

The dominie stopped short, looked at Celia for a very long time, and finally said, "Yes, that is true. It is either February 6, 1962, or February 5, 1962." All eyes were on him. No one but the dominie dared look at Celia. He continued to peer at her, almost hypnotically. The silence seemed unbearable. "You must have had dealings with him or those under his power," he said at last, "for otherwise you would not have known." (The dominie and his audience were oblivious of his inadvertent self-confession.) Celia nodded embarrassedly and mumbled something that I could not make out. Dominie Malherbe said he would like to talk to her afterward, and went

on to discuss the youth of the Antichrist. As yet, the Antichrist was too young to make his influence deeply felt, but, the dominie said, it was clearly only a matter of years. Unlike the speaker on Piet's Illuminati tape, Dominie Malherbe was not content to end his talk with a grim picture of the future and an attestation of his having been saved. He explained, referring to Paul's first Epistle to the Thessalonians, that Christians, children of the light, were destined not "to the terrors of judgment" but "to the full attainment of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ." What could not be determined, however, was when the children of light would be saved—whether before, during, or after the time of tribulation described in the Book of Revelation.

The question period was short. One man wanted to know if Dominie Malherbe could reveal his names of the Illuminati. "Should we not know our enemies?" he asked, adding that he himself had heard that Harry Oppenheimer was a prominent member. Dominie Malherbe refused, insisting once again on the impersonality of the Antichrist. "We must not be blinded to his terrible power by one of his human incarnations," he said impatiently, and the audience echoed his impatience. No one looked at Celia, and Celia and her husband looked at no one.

André gave the concluding prayer.

There was a good deal of unusually superficial chatter as the villagers drank coffee and tea and ate the biscuits and buttered bread that Tamara had laid out on her carefully polished table. It seemed to me that the villagers wanted to escape from what they had just heard into the ordinariness of daily life. Dominie Malherbe avoided Celia and disappeared as soon as possible into a side room with Piet.

Celia seemed relieved. She had been watching him carefully. She and her husband, after dutifully drinking coffee, slipped out of the shed without having said a word to anyone.

I was left talking to a young English woman, a friend of Celia's, who often prayed in tongues, and who took her prayers, and the prayers of others, as signs of divine election. She said she was certain that Christ would save the true Christians during the time of tribulation. "None of us are so good as to be spared all suffering, but surely

Christ will spare us—those who have met Him and have learned through Him to love even our enemies—the full suffering of the time of troubles." When I asked her what Celia had said to the dominie, she claimed not to have heard.

I tried several times to visit Celia, but somehow she never seemed free to see me. When I asked André about her the day after the meeting, he said evasively that all he knew was what the dominie had said. She must have been involved in one of Satan's churches. Another person said he had heard that she had once been associated with the Scientologists. Piet implied, when I asked him about Celia, that she had been involved in a coven and with a spirit medium. I do not know whether or not the villagers treated Celia differently after the meeting. She received a second baptism, as did her husband, a few months later.

TOMMY PRINSLOO called in his wife when I asked him what he knew about the religious turmoil in the valley. Tommy and Margot are among the most enlightened Afrikaner farmers there. They have travelled extensively in Europe, and they move easily between the English and the Afrikaner villagers. After tea, Margot had left us to attend to her daughter, who had just awakened from her afternoon nap. It was a cold, rainy afternoon, and we all sat close to the fire in the lounge of the old *jonkerhuis* that Tommy and Margot had restored. Tommy was interested in the Renewal, as all the farmers were (from a distance, to be sure). He saw it as primarily a women's phenomenon. Like Margot, he was deeply committed to the Dutch Reformed Church, and he encouraged his coloured workers to attend church. He sent those who had drinking problems to church-run

clinics. Neither Tommy nor Margot, whose father was a well-known professor of philosophy in Pretoria, could accept a literal reading of the Bible, and they were troubled by the soft-mindedness of much Renewal thinking. They represented—for me, at least—the new Afrikaners: young (relatively), liberal (relatively), worldly, opposed to the conservative government, worried about the future, and yet confident in their ability to remain in the country and share power with the blacks.

After joking about Barbara Endicott's attempt to convert me (she had "worked on" me for over three hours the week before), Margot began to talk about a friend of hers who had joined the Renewal. "She's an extremely intelligent person and—well, she's had five kids in six years' time. She's a bit overwhelmed."

"I think that's an understatement," Tommy put in.

"One morning, she phoned me. It was about two months ago. She said she couldn't make her class—she was a part-time teacher—and asked if I couldn't fill in for her. I'd done it in the past. She said something terrible had happened to her. I thought she had been raped, or something, it sounded so horrible. But, no, she had received the Holy Ghost. I thought, Good gracious, is that so terrible?" Margot laughed. "But this person, you know—you cannot talk to her anymore. It is impossible. This morning, I saw her in a shop. I said, 'Louisa, why don't you come to tea? We're having a library meeting.' She used to be active on the library committee. 'Oh, no,' she said. 'Now that I'm a new person, I don't have time for that kind of thing.' She's always like that now. She doesn't teach anymore."

"All they have time to do now is talk religion," Tommy said.

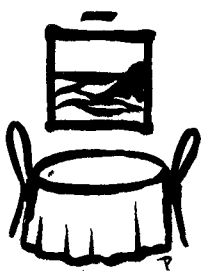
"Dominie was away these last few weeks on holiday, and they were busy converting everybody," Margot observed.

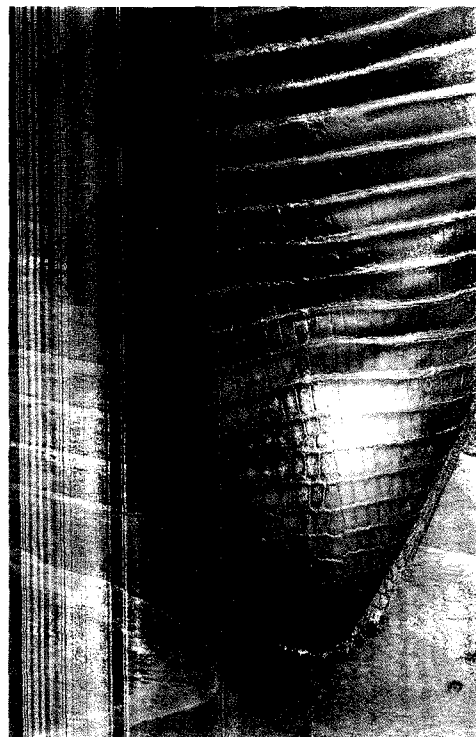
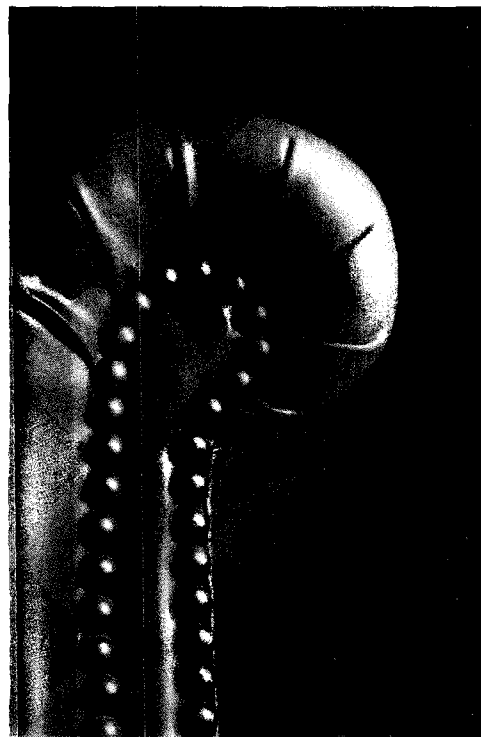
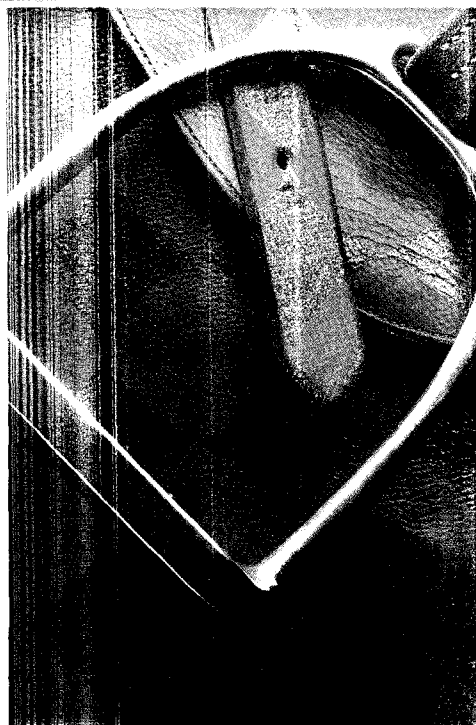
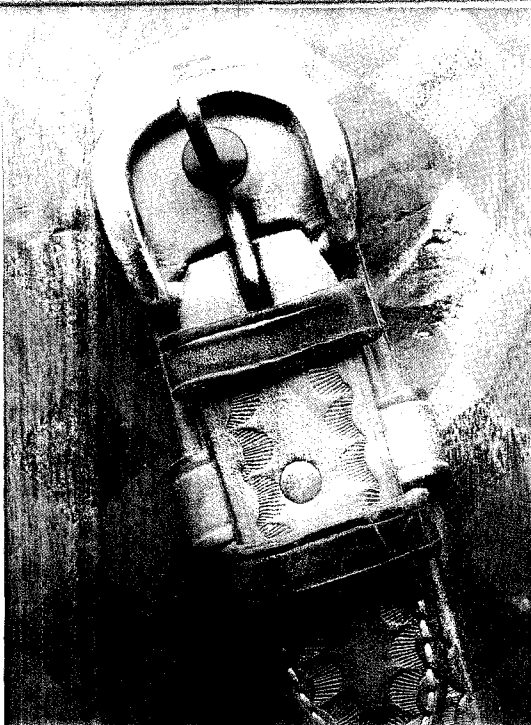
"Like a bunch of naughty school kids when the teacher leaves the room," Tommy added.

"Poor old Dominie. When he returned, he saw that his flock had dispersed. He didn't know what had happened. Luckily, it was Ascension Week, and there were prayer meetings and church services. He was able to bring a lot of people back to their senses. The Renewal people have prayer meetings every day, and they preach about the Holy Ghost until it comes out of their ears. I think they're off their rockers. They leave the church or pull away from it. For what? I don't want to get too involved, because I just get so cross about it."

"To a certain extent, it's fashion," Tommy said. "And it comes from boredom. These women have nothing to do with their lives."

"But they could read. Louisa used to read. I read an article in the newspaper this morning about one of her ancestors. I asked her about it, and she answered that she didn't have time to





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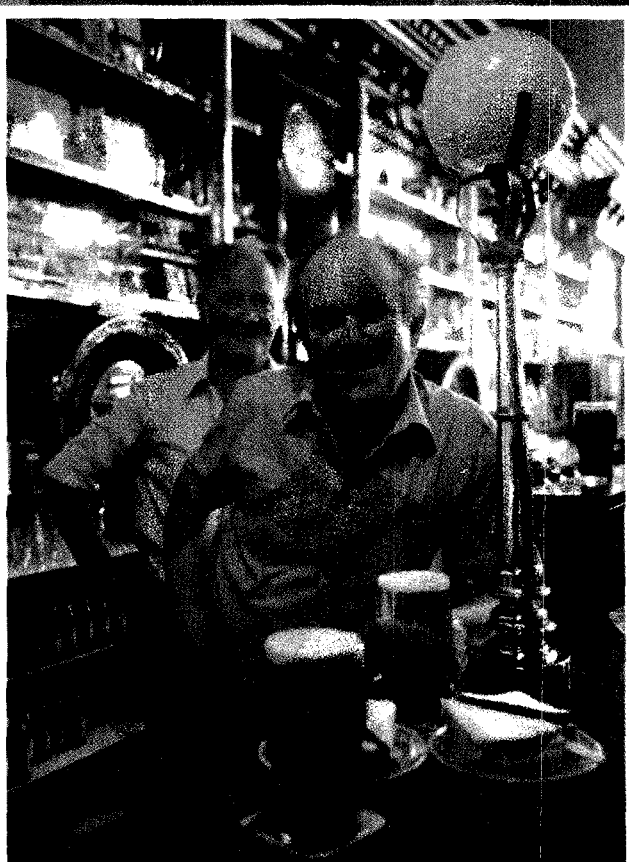
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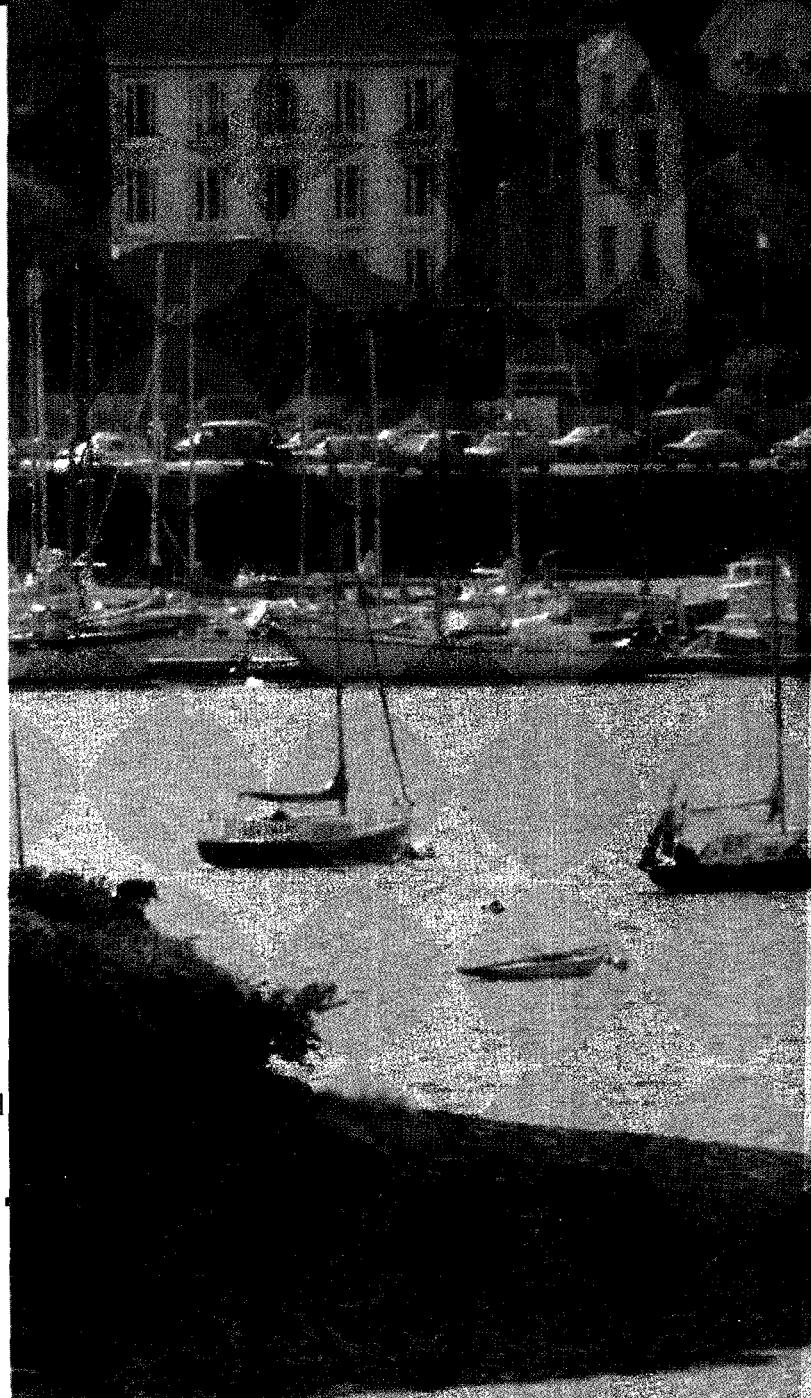
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read the papers anymore. Oh, you just can't communicate with these people!"

"Could the Renewal be a reaction to apartheid?" I asked.

"I don't think it has anything to do with apartheid," Margot answered. "Some of the most intolerant people in the valley are serious about the Renewal. Last week, I had to leave the shop for a few hours to take one of our workers to the hospital, and I left a coloured girl in charge. She's very reliable. When I got back, I discovered that one of these women in the Renewal, who's also part of our coöperative, was so upset that she had called a special meeting to discuss my absence—really, my leaving a coloured girl in charge. She was raging."

"How do you feel about apartheid in the church?"

"I think it is terrible. Its opposite shouldn't be forced down people's throats, either."

"I'm sure," Tommy said, "that if you say to the coloureds here 'Would you like to become part of the white church?' they'd say 'No, we've our own church.'"

"And the blacks?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know the blacks very well," Tommy answered. "Not too many of them are in the Dutch Reformed Church. They have their own Bantu churches. But I wouldn't refuse them entrance. The Christian church must be open to all."

"Why do you think so many people in the valley are joining in the Renewal?" I asked.

"It's not politics," Margot answered. "I'd say they have a lot of stress in their marriages. I can tell you that all the people I know who are in it are a bit unbalanced. They all have different reasons for being unbalanced. Louisa, for instance, has had too many kids in too short a time. She's gone from one extreme to the other. She's a bit off her rocker. And then there's Celia. She, too, has gone from one extreme to the other. Apparently, before she moved out here she was already involved in some sect or other."

"They're not constructively busy," Tommy said. "They're bored, and that's the story. It's not as simple as that, but basically that's the cause."

"But what worries me is that they don't have time for their children or their husbands," Margot continued, a bit impatiently. "Louisa said she has no time for her children anymore, and she is wrong. Of course, her husband is very strict with her. She must do everything herself. She must make the

children's clothes. She must do all the cooking and mending and washing, and what have you. For a while, until she began to teach, she wasn't even allowed to have a maid. She had to do everything—absolutely everything—herself. Of course, South African men are different from European ones. They're stricter. Tommy helps more than most, but he'll never wash a dish."

Tommy blushed, and Margot smiled flirtatiously at him.

"Vincent," Tommy said, changing the subject, "do you have the impression that the average sort of person you've been talking to is uncertain about the future of this country?"

"WE are all acting out of fear," one Wyndal woman told me. We were discussing the readiness with which the police seemed to fire on crowds of black protesters. Fear is pervasive in South Africa. Of course, the whites fear the loss of power, status, and wealth, but they also suffer, I believe, a much more primordial fear that has its source in the arbitrariness of violence. "Those who had discovered Christ became towers of strength during the Cape riots," Hennie said, referring to mass conversions he had brought about in his coloured parish in Cape Town in the seventies. "The riots began on Monday or Tuesday in September. It was about three months after the conversions. On Wednesday, I had to organize a relief party to get my assistant priest out of the area. No Europeans were allowed in, but we had previously discovered a back road in. Every day, my assistant—he was white—and I went in to see what we could do to help. It was terrible: The roads were blocked with stones, drums, concrete blocks, and burning tires. The riot squad was there, shooting and using tear smoke. Every once in a while, we would have to sneak away from where the tear smoke was. We had to cancel church services, because it was too dangerous for our people to come out onto the streets. If they refused to throw stones, they themselves would be stoned. The police would just start shooting whenever they saw

a crowd. They were so heavy-handed. The *skollies*"—thugs—"white and black, were having a marvellous time throwing stones, shooting, looting. I have no idea how many people were killed—far more than the papers reported. And, of course, they never count the wounded. My assistant priest was an Israelite, without any guile in him. He saw a group of people and went over to preach to them. A member of my congregation saw him and realized that he was going to be stoned. She grabbed him and took him to her flat. He was virtually a prisoner. You see, even during the height of the riots we could go anywhere provided we were recognized. But we hadn't been in the parish long enough to be known by everyone. She phoned me. At that stage, I couldn't get in. The police had the whole area blocked off. I got a coloured lad with a car to go in. I hid on the floor in the back, and we managed to get through."

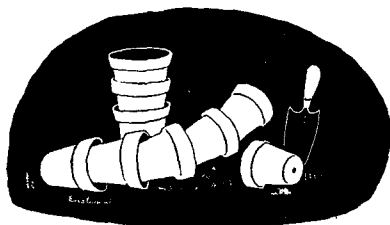
"Were you terrified?" I asked Hennie. He had been describing his participation in the riots so matter-of-factly.

"It was quite exciting." He laughed. "Well, we finally managed to get the bloke out. The two of us crouched down in the back with some old sacks thrown on top of us. The riots lasted a week. We got people to start little prayer groups in their homes. It was the only thing we could do to restore some sense of sanity. They used to invite their nearest neighbors. When the riots were over, we used the prayer groups to start house churches, and these house churches became the backbone of the parish."

"What was the people's reaction to the riots?" I asked.

"I think they grew spiritually," Hennie said. "The church was the only thing that remained constant in a world that was going mad. After the riots were over, I called all the youth together. They weren't all church people. I asked them why they had burned down a particular shop. 'Oh, well, we wanted to get the European shop on the other side of the street, but we couldn't get to it, because the police stopped us. So we burned this one down.' It didn't seem to matter who owned it—a coloured chap or not. Or it might be, 'Oh, the police climbed on top of it to shoot at us, so we decided to burn it down the next day.' They didn't have any logic. Most of the time, they simply said that the chap had it coming to him."

"Of two hundred youngsters I in-



terviewed, only one could tell me why he was rioting. The others just said they began to throw stones because everyone else was doing it. And the one who could answer my question was one who had always refused to accept any authority. He knew the answers, but I'm not sure how committed he was to them. I found those who had committed themselves to God were less likely to throw stones. Christianity transcends all barriers. You no longer feel a closeness to that kind of nationalism—coloured nationalism, any nationalism. Of course, this is what many of the coloureds have against Christianity and the Renewal. By expecting them to forgive, we stop them from doing anything. Once you've had this experience of Renewal, you suddenly see the white man as your brother. You can't press the nationalism part anymore."

I asked Hennie, "But don't you believe that some political action is required in the here and now? It is fine to forgive one's neighbors, but you must remember that the majority of South Africans do not earn a living wage and have no political representation. Their families are divided, and they suffer terrible discrimination. Are you not preaching a passivism that is exactly what the government and its supporters want?"

Hennie smiled, and after a long pause he said, "Well, somehow or other God will do the thing. He gives each of us responsibilities, and we must follow Him. He is not going to relieve me of mine. And loving my neighbor is my job. Now, when I still want to pick my neighbor then I am not really doing my job."

Hennie sidestepped my question, as he had done so often in the past. His radical refutation of the state as an interference with God's commandment to love one's neighbor seemed obviously unrealistic.

IN those days, the heat wasn't really on," Jack Freeling said. Jack is one of the angriest farmers in Wyndal. Finding himself politically impotent, like many of the other English farmers in the valley, he has limited his world to family, farm, and friends. Nevertheless, he is aware of what goes on outside the "beautiful little fool's paradise"—the name that Catherine Fox, another villager, gives Wyndal. He reads the newspapers and listens to the news on television. He indulges himself in despair from time to time. I had asked Jack if there had

been any trouble in South Africa during the unrest in Europe in 1968. "People hadn't thought deeply about the future. They thought of it as controllable. We knew there was a looming threat, but it wasn't as evident or as probable as it is now. It was with Soweto that we began to realize how little control we had. There had been minor riots before, but Soweto was climactic. We realized we were on the brink. And, of course, we had riots down here in the Cape. Even in the valley there was a bit of nonsense. There was a little group of workers outside the coloured pub who got aggressive and started turning over a car. A great big farmer plunged out of the European bar and shot one of the chaps dead. Of course, that was the end of that. There was never an inquest. Nothing was done. The chap still lives here and is accepted by the community. The whole thing has been forgotten. But there was no real rioting.

"People here all went into their houses—especially after the chap was killed. You didn't see a white person on the streets. I had to take my son through to Stellenbosch to see a doctor, and I got stoned. It wasn't all that serious. I remember I had a pistol next to me, and the chap stood there cursing me, ready to throw a stone. I said to myself, 'Now, do I pick up this revolver and shoot the man dead because he wants to throw a stone at me?' You can't take a man's life because of one rock bouncing off the side of your car. One has to have perspective on these things. One gets a fright, but what the hell."

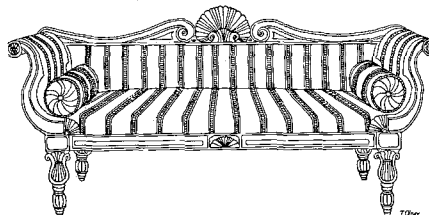
"Did you or any of your friends think of packing up at the time?" I asked.

"No, not then, for that. We knew perfectly well it would be contained eventually. It's not the individual flash points that worry us so much. It's the dread black cloud hanging over us in the future."

THE "individual flash points" have come to punctuate recent South African history. On February 18th and 19th, for example, there was rioting in Crossroads, a black squatter

community on the outskirts of Cape Town, because of the government's plan to demolish the settlement. Eighteen people were killed, and two hundred and thirty-four were wounded. And just last week there were school boycotts in Johannesburg. Over twenty thousand students protested the inferior quality of their education. Six were killed, and at least seventy-nine were arrested. For whites who, like Jack Freeling, see themselves "on the brink" or under a "dread black cloud" and see their future as a "looming threat," the flash points are portents. They embody the object of waiting, and by offering a glimpse of one possible future they give a degree of solace, ultimately intolerable though that solace is. Freeling usually ends his grim pictures of the future with "Well, it will all work out in the end."

The flash points are portents also for those who feel themselves part of the political process—Afrikaners and some English. They are warnings of what will happen if one gives way to the demands of the blacks—or, for that matter, to anyone who pushes for change. The older Afrikaners in Wyndal condemn the riots. They show no interest in the rioters, and certainly no sympathy for them. They do not blame all the coloureds and blacks—they know no better. Rather, they blame certain "elements": the *skollies*, the politically indoctrinated, "the scum of the homelands," which is how one ex-Rhodesian refers to the Communists. Preoccupation with these bugaboos avoids more menacing questions. Younger, more liberal Afrikaners, like Tommy Prinsloo, who began farming in the valley after graduating in agriculture from Stellenbosch University, are also warned by the flash points, but they respond in a more "realistic," more "pragmatic" fashion. They talk about the need for "realistic change;" they talk about improving the conditions of nonwhites; they talk about the nonwhite market potential. Echoing the position of Harry Oppenheimer, Tommy Prinsloo says that if any real change comes about in South Africa it will come about through business. Businessmen will discover—are discovering—that with improved lives and increased salaries the blacks and the coloureds buy. "They are our biggest market, right in front of our eyes, and we have ignored them." But Tommy and others of his generation and political persuasion state that violence must be



controlled. A firm hand must prevent chaos and disorder that would impede the "natural evolution" of a free market, open to all. Chaos and disorder are resonant symbols of the demonic in South African political theology.

SINCE the Second World War, protest movements by nonwhites have followed one another with ever-increasing rapidity. (The first dramatic nonwhite protest movement in South Africa was Gandhi's campaign of passive resistance between 1906 and 1913 to protest discrimination against the Indian community.) In 1946, seventy-six thousand African miners went on strike in the Rand. In 1949 in Durban, at least a hundred and thirty-seven were killed and over a thousand wounded in anti-Indian riots. There was a nationwide campaign of passive resistance against apartheid in 1952, and since then there have been frequent bus and school boycotts and protests against the pass laws and other discriminatory practices. (All blacks are required by law to carry a pass, or reference book, and any black found without a pass is subject to arrest.) The Pan-Africanist Congress (P.A.C.), later joined by the African National Congress (A.N.C.)—these were the two strongest black political organizations in South Africa, and both are exiled today—organized anti-pass campaigns in 1960, which led to the massacre at Sharpeville, the turning point in black-white relations. On March 21, 1960, the police in Vanderbijlpark, in the Transvaal, fired on protesters who had gathered without their passes in front of the police station to await arrest and refused to disperse even when aircraft dived at them and tear gas was sprayed at them. The police killed two men before the crowd finally dispersed. A few hours later, police reinforcements shifted to the Sharpeville location, outside Vereeniging, where thousands had gathered to protest the pass laws. Apparently in a moment of panic, police fired on the crowd, which, according to many eyewitness accounts, was not hostile (though the police and those sympathetic to them maintained that it was). The police killed sixty-seven blacks—the majority hit in the back as they fled—and wounded a hundred and eighty-six. Riots followed, and spread to Cape Town. By March 30th, the South African government had declared a state of emergency. Gun shops sold out their stocks to panicky whites. Inquiries about emigration flooded the

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Canadian and Australian Embassies. There was widespread selling on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. It was believed that outside investment in South Africa would come to a halt. The police arrested and detained thousands. The strike was finally broken in the second week of April. The government banned both the P.A.C. and the A.N.C. under a newly enacted Unlawful Organizations Act.

Now underground, the A.N.C. and the P.A.C. both turned to violence. In 1961 and 1962, Nelson Mandela and Walter Sisulu organized a sabotage unit, Umkonto we Sizwe (Spear of the Nation), which successfully carried out a number of bombings. Police arrested Mandela, Sisulu, and other Umkonto leaders in July, 1963, and the courts sentenced them to life imprisonment. Mandela and Sisulu are still in prison. Sporadic violence and sabotage continued through the early sixties. The government banned multiracial political parties in 1968 and tried to deflect some of the political discontent through its homeland policy.

Riots broke out in Soweto on June 16, 1976, when twenty thousand black students protested discriminatory educational policies in South Africa (the immediate issue was the enforced use of Afrikaans in their schools), and the police fired on the protesters. Hundreds were killed. Violence spread throughout the country. There were school boycotts, strikes, marches, demonstrations, the burning of government buildings, beer halls, and liquor shops, and continual clashes with the police, who even attacked mourners at funerals. In sixteen months, some seven hundred deaths were publicly recorded. Most of the victims were shot by the police. It is probable that many more deaths went unrecorded, and there are no reliable figures for the number of wounded and mutilated.

Since Soweto, violence in South Africa has increased dramatically. Riots such as those at Crossroads have become a common occurrence. Newspapers report almost daily incidents of police brutality and torture, forced suicides, indiscriminate arrests, unjustified detentions, and often absurd bannings. There is considerable labor unrest, and when there are strikes—or boycotts—the police use tear gas and frequently fire on unarmed crowds. There has been a marked increase in sabotage, bombings, and other terrorist activities, and in more peaceful demonstrations as well. (Unless government permission for them has been obtained,

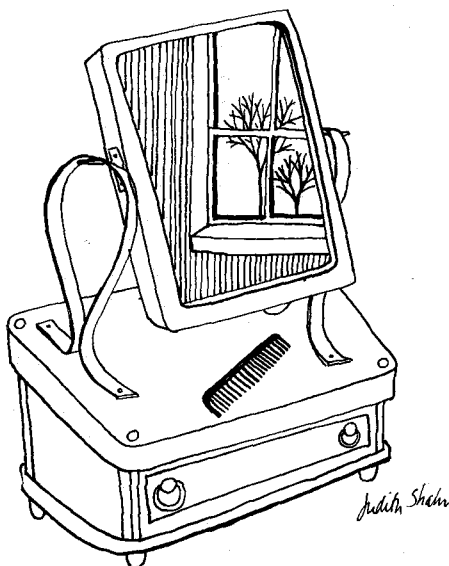
assemblies of two or more persons are illegal in South Africa.) With the police brutality comes more violence.

On June 16, 1980, more than seventy per cent of the coloured and black workers in Cape Town stayed away from work to commemorate Soweto. Riots broke out. Over forty people were killed, and many more wounded. A medical student who was on duty at a local hospital told me that it did not have anywhere near adequate facilities to take care of all the injured who were brought in. Many died, he said—many more than the papers reported. He described listening to a radio announcement that all was quiet and at the same time hearing gunshots from his open window. Coloured and black observers said that had the police not overreacted the “stay-away” would have been peaceful, but that sensational news reports, sandbagging, helicopter buzzings, and sudden artillery practice at a military camp where artillery practice was rare primed the police and everyone else for violence. For my part, I was surprised at how peaceful life was in the white neighborhoods of Cape Town while a few miles away men, women, and children were being killed.

In Cape Town, there was, of course, much talk of the rioting, but most people in Wyndal, I found when I returned, said little about it, and when they did talk about it they tended to repeat what they had read in the newspapers or heard on television. The conservative Afrikaner seemed to accept uncritically what people in authority, like Louis le Grange, the government's Minister of Police and Prisons, said: “All I say is that we no longer have to do here with school, meat, or bus boycotters. We are con-

cerned now with criminal, violent, *skollie* elements, and we will act relentlessly against them.” One outraged woman put it this way: “History has proved their lowly condition. The Voortrekkers bought land from Dingaan”—a nineteenth-century Zulu leader—“and then when they went to their land he massacred them. You just can't go on their word. They never mean what they say. They are untrustworthy. In the riots, they say that the land is theirs, that the white man took it away from them. This is not true. The white man bought it from them. They don't have the mentality to understand. Too few of them are educated. The government is trying to uplift their morality. But look what the children are doing. They are burning down the schools that the government built for them, for their upliftment. It's the *skollie* element. That's what I think. But that does not reach the seed of the matter. They are rioting for the show. They don't know what they are doing. They just want to air their grievances. The riots are an exhaust valve.”

André Roussouw's father also blamed the *skollies*; he was not so angry, and he did not confuse blacks and coloureds. Another Afrikaner said that if people from overseas would give the government a chance there would be no really serious trouble in South Africa, but he conceded, “There would be riots, for sure. They are occurring all over the world. Where races clash, you are bound to have problems. When a lower class aspires to be white—tries to become civilized in a year—you're going to have violence. If I were a black man, I suppose I would want everything the white man has.” He added that a lot of problems were caused by white (by which he meant English) South Africans. Peggy Malan talked about the appalling conditions in which the blacks were forced to live. She also said that she could not blame the coloureds: their schools were inferior; they were forced out of their homes in the center of Cape Town and made to live miles out of town, and now their bus fares had been increased. “It's like rubbing salt in a wound,” she said. “I can't understand how the government can go on making such tragic mistakes.” A dominie's wife said, “What tempers the idea of black violence is the guilt I think that one feels. One almost feels that it would be just retribution.” All the farmers paid special attention to reports of violence in their



area of the Cape and watched their workers carefully.

HENNIE's son Zachary is a set designer for a small experimental theatre in Johannesburg, whose productions are frequently closed down by the government. He is a bit of a loner, who indulges himself in his own sensitivity, in spiritualism, and in Oriental mysticisms. Hennie says he is a seeker who has gone astray but will eventually meet Christ. Zachary lived for a while in one of Cape Town's poorest districts. "I was sleeping in a photographer's studio just above a night club near the docks," he told me. "It was a club that operated until three-thirty in the morning. It's closed now. It was rather eerie: all deserted at night—just empty offices—except for this club that was filled with drunken sailors and coloured prostitutes. It was real rough. I was witness to three occasions of police brutality—sort of taking coloureds and beating them up. One time—I can't swear to it but I'm fairly sure that I saw them put a woman inside the van and do something to her. I didn't even want to look. I just heard the sounds. I was shocked. I had never seen anything like it.

"And on the docks—I worked there for a couple of years while I was studying—I used to watch the crane operators pick up Africans on those big steel loading nets and drop them into the water for the fun of it. One guy lost his arm. They were real brutes, those dockworkers. You should be talking to them.

"And then there were the riots in '76. School kids marching into the city center. Hundreds of police in riot trucks, in camouflage, with guns, shooting tear gas on the streets. All those guys with guns, and blacks just fleeing, and windows getting broken, and cars getting burned, and people getting shot. Headlines all over the place, all the time. And the sense of living in a dream, feeling quite excited about the whole thing, because at last it was coming out in the open—the whole thing was being made clear.

"I had a sense of incredible anonymous brutality. None of the police had numbers. There were instances of unmarked cars going about the townships, white people shooting at random, anybody, and just speeding off—people killed that way. I felt terrible anger at the police. I saw them as villains, pigs. I was really emotionally involved, but as far as doing anything

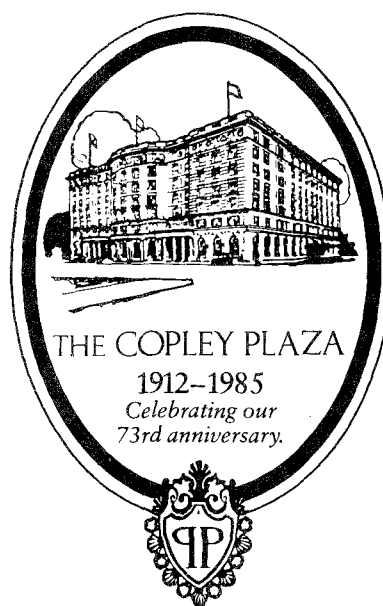
is concerned I didn't see that there was anything I could do. It was all on such a vast scale. There was so much happening that all I could do was feel tremendous pain and a sense of hopelessness and despair, and helplessness as well. But what does one do? What can one do—apart from getting a gun and going out and shooting all the policemen one sees? I'm always tempted to feel a great deal of anger toward the power of the government. And now I realize that I can't allow myself to feel that, because then I'd be one of the mob.

"I was once visited by the Special Branch"—the security police. "It was actually by default, because I was working at a friend's house. They had come to inquire about a party a few days earlier. They wanted to know why blacks had been coming into his house. I said I didn't know anything about it, because I hadn't been there. I was sketching at the time—sets for a play that never happened. They saw one of my drawings and asked me why I was drawing in black-and-white. I almost said I couldn't afford color. They took my name and address and left in a huff, promising to see me again. I never saw them again.

"This whole political thing is a big farce, because those dummies on top who wield real power are always selling themselves short. No doubt about it, they are affecting people's lives. They think in the short term, and short-term policies in this land—or, in fact, in any land—are doomed to failure in the long run. I don't feel anyone has to lift a finger to make an overt statement. In a sense, an overt statement is distasteful, because it's really playing their tune. They enjoy people showing their colors. I think it's more subversive not to respond to them on their level."

It is worth noting that Zachary includes in the middle of his description of the riots "headlines all over the place, all the time." Violence rarely, if ever, exists in pure form. It always has a narrative dimension: the stories we tell about it—the reports, descriptions, confessions—or keep secretly, even inaccessibly, in the recesses of our minds. There is, we imagine, mastery of it in the telling of it. We distance ourselves from it. We exorcise it. We give it structure and shape. We incorporate it in familiar genres. We present it—or, better, re-present it—in images that resonate with other images, the images of past stories, and through the evocation of these other stories we embellish

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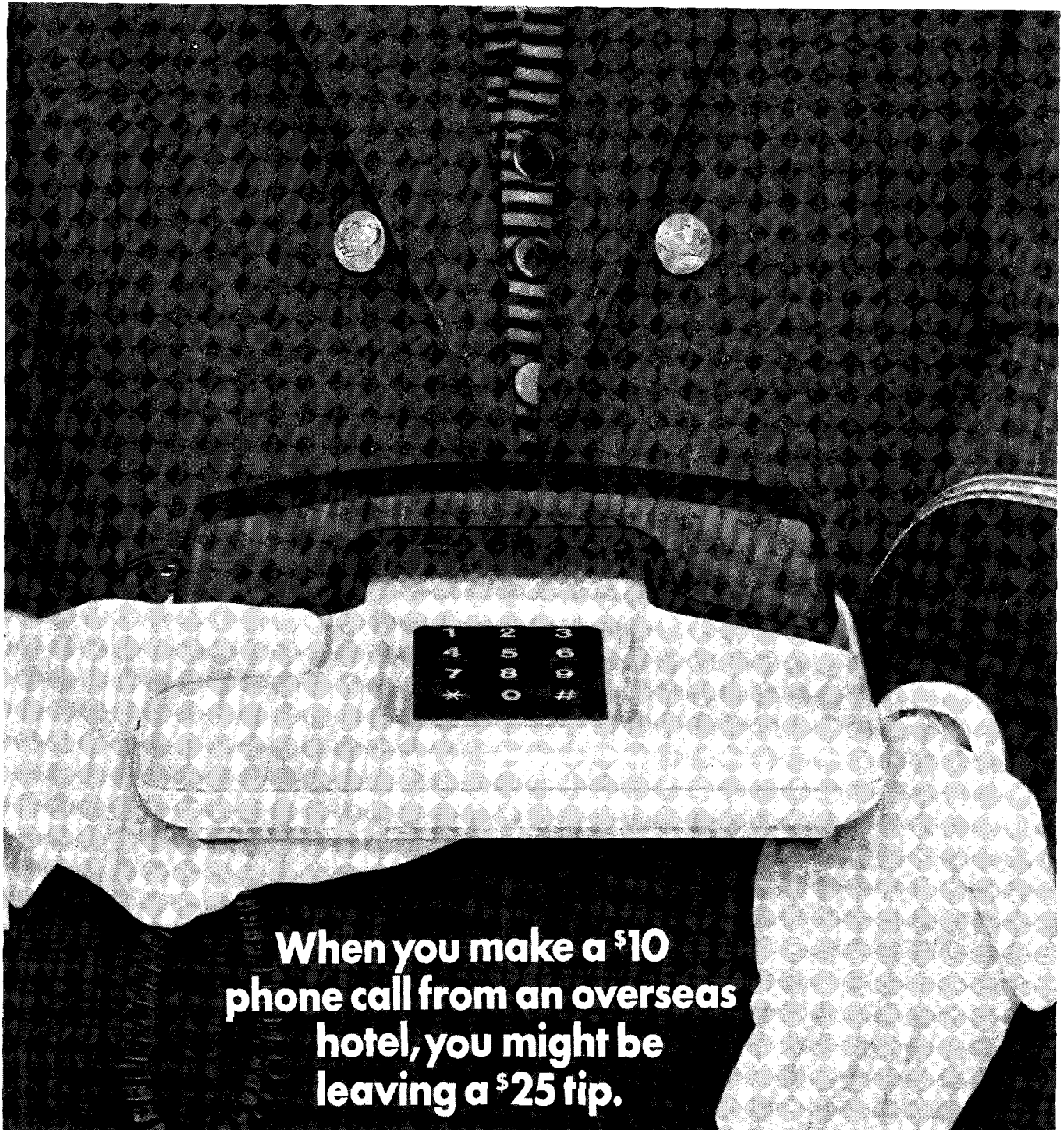
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or trivialize ours. We play with our stories in ways we cannot play with the violence itself. We cast ourselves as heroes or anti-heroes, men and women of delicacy and sensitivity or crudeness and insensitivity. We participate in our stories, identify with the fomenters of violence whom we create, or disengage ourselves from them. We use the stories to seduce, inspire, and captivate our listeners or to banish, benumb, and repel them, and they, through their listening, through the responses they give, surrender to us or resist us, or lead us in other directions. For the listener and the storyteller, the stories of violence are a kind of rehearsal for stories of the future, which may have to be lived as well as told. They give cover to the terrifying silence of the pure act.

Newspapers assiduously report the violence. The border war, the riots and strikes make headlines, and these are often accompanied, in the English-language press, by garishly colored photographs. (The photographs in the Afrikaans newspapers are more subdued.) The English press is cheap and sensational. Every edition has its headlines and its photographs. When there are no wars, riots, or strikes, then individual acts of rape and murder, government scandal, and, of course, rugby make the headlines. When there are no noteworthy photographs of riot and bloodshed, then frequently there is a picture of a bikini-clad girl with a caption about how mild the weather has been. The equation of violence, sex, scandal, corruption, and sports (surrounded by advertisements) is striking. The meaning of violence is trivialized. The headlines and the photographs dealing with violence are essential to its depiction—its appreciation—in South Africa.

Zachary also tells of photographers who instigated shootings by asking some children to throw stones at the police for a photograph. He claims to have heard about it from a reliable friend. The same story is told about all the riots. It may reflect the attitude that South Africans take toward journalists and photographers—toward truth, in a sense. It may reflect something more, too. The world over, violence is no longer just followed by stories—replays and rehearsals. It is instantly replayed and rehearsed. It is recorded, photographed, and televised. It is wrenched from its context. It is distanced, embellished, or trivialized almost as it occurs. It is depersonalized and derealized. Indeed, the deperson-

alization and derealization of the experience of violence which have so often been described by those who have been in battle are themselves given a reality for those who are not participants but only observers. Through our technology, a new dimension has been added to violence: a new illusion of mastery has been created. The gap between the act and its telling has been collapsed—but not completely. There is still the terrifying instant of silence. The stories about the journalists and photographers who stimulate violence—stories by no means unique to South Africa—are, I believe, desperate attempts to eliminate the gap entirely, to fill the instant of silence. For total mastery to be achieved, that act and its telling, the occurrence and its representation, must be one. It is an old quest: the quest of magicians and poets.

FOR well over a century now, white South Africans have seen their days numbered, and for well over a century outside observers have also seen them numbered. "What do you think will happen?" is the first question I am asked by Americans and Europeans when they learn that I have been in South Africa. "How many years do you give the whites?" And "When will the blacks take over?" And "Will there be a bloodbath?" And "Do you think they will make it?" The image of a problematic and limited future has certainly affected the way South African whites view themselves and their country. It has also affected the way outsiders think about the South African and his country.

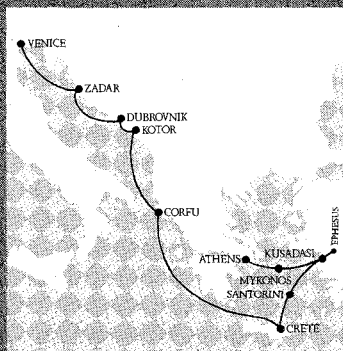
The whites gave many different answers to my questions about their future, but they all assumed the reasonableness of the question itself. Few of those I questioned—Tommy Prinsloo was an exception—began by talking of their ordinary plans for the future. Most immediately launched into descriptions of distant political and social scenarios. They spoke of time; of being rushed; of press provocation; and of the interference of friendly and hostile governments—of the United States and, more abstractly, the Communists. They also spoke of the changes that had already taken place in South Africa, of changes that had to be effected, and of changes that would have to be resisted at all costs. I sometimes had the impression that talking of change served as a substitute for bringing about real change. Curiously, many talked in far more blatantly racist terms when they discussed the fu-

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ture than they did at other times. Not surprisingly, most of the answers to my questions about the future were filled with contradictions in both style and content. All of them gave a privileged status to South Africa, which I am tempted to understand in Calvinist terms. There was often in the responses of even the most secularized an implicit, or even explicit, assumption that they were (or South Africa was) somehow "chosen"—whether by God or by the forces of history. In the most Calvinist versions, South Africa was seen as God's testing ground for a new social order.

"SOMETIMES I am pessimistic and sometimes I am optimistic," Dominie Pieter Kotze said when I asked him about South Africa's future. Pieter Kotze is a young white minister in the coloured branch of the Dutch Reformed Church in a village near Wyndal. He was a brilliant if rebellious student at Stellenbosch University and refused to accept any calling to a white congregation. "Apartheid is simply unsound theology," he says. His wife, Lisa, is a nurse. Earlier in our conversation, he and Lisa had made it quite clear that they would not leave South Africa in the event of a black takeover.

"Fear is our biggest problem," Lisa said. "People are acting out of fear. You can feel it."

"Yes, fear is very unhealthy," Pieter said. "People do not open their eyes. They are afraid to. They prefer to remain stupidly blind and ignorant."

"They are convinced of their truth. They are not ignorant," Lisa said, correcting him.

"Well, it is an ignorance without drive," her husband maintained. "The liberals are always making plans. The Nats do, too, for that matter." The Nats refers to members of the National Party, the Afrikaner party that has run the government since 1948. "But there is never a meeting of people of different races."

"How long do you think it will be before something happens?" I asked.

"A couple of decades at the most. Not more."

"I felt a greater urgency in Johannesburg," I said.

"It's all smoothed over here," Lisa said. "Everything in the Cape is always quieter. There is such a pretension of gentility."

"Cape Town people never believe anything will happen," her husband agreed.

"If you talk to the conservatives about change, they don't listen," Lisa said. "They classify you as a liberal, or even a Communist, and then they dismiss you."

"What would your solution be?" I asked Pieter Kotze.

"I would split the country into open land and homelands. Seventy per cent of the population would live in the open areas, but eighty per cent of the area would be homelands. These would include a white homeland, mostly in the Karroo. None of the homelands would be economically independent. They could legislate socially—within limits, of course—as they chose. In their homeland, the whites could have their silly paradise. I think people would flock to the homelands to live, but they would probably want to work in the open lands, which would be subject to different, more open rules. There would be strong deportation rules to keep the people in order. The federal government as a whole would handle foreign policy and trade, and would ultimately be controlled by the open areas. Those who lived in the open areas might have an extra vote. The Defence Forces would also be run by the federal government, with participating units from the homelands. Of course, I'm not sure how viable this is."

Pieter Kotze had clearly thought about his country's future. His solution reminded me of countless others—solutions I had heard from the people of Wyndal and read about in the newspapers. "Meritocracy" was a popular solution. Its most extreme version was one in which every South African, of whatever race, would receive a vote, but each vote would be weighed according to the merit and the race of the voter. An educated white's vote would weigh more than that of an uneducated white. It would also weigh more than that of an educated black. The American federal system and the Swiss canton system, often misunderstood, were also invoked as models.

"We must maintain vital contact with people of different races," Pieter Kotze went on. "We must bring about a meeting. Yet a meeting does not mean a mixture. I am a Westerner. I am content with that. I will never be an African. I am very much part of the Western tradition. I can't really understand—that is, understand deeply and experientially—other traditions: Zen Buddhism or what have you. I am blocked that way. But, then, they are blocked, too."

It was not exactly clear who "they" were—Buddhists or blacks or all those who did not share Pieter's cultural tradition. It was, in any event, a vast "they."

"WHAT do your friends think about the future?" I asked Tony Freeling, Jack Freeling's fourteen-year-old son, who goes to boarding school in Cape Town.

"We talk a lot about it," Tony said. "And we feel that it's not going to be very long now until the blacks take over. There are some who think it will be another fifty years. Some say it's going to happen in five years. Opinions are varied—really very varied. I personally think it's going to take quite a long time. We're not going to give in until we're sort of forced to hand things over. I think it will be another ten or fifteen years. And I'm going to stay. I'll stay until I feel threatened or I feel I'll be better off somewhere else. Then I'll leave. But before that I'll stay here. I mean, there's a—life's a future for me. I'm sort of interested in becoming a certified accountant, and there's a demand for them. They need them. I've got to stay here, for my—the country. It's my country, you know."

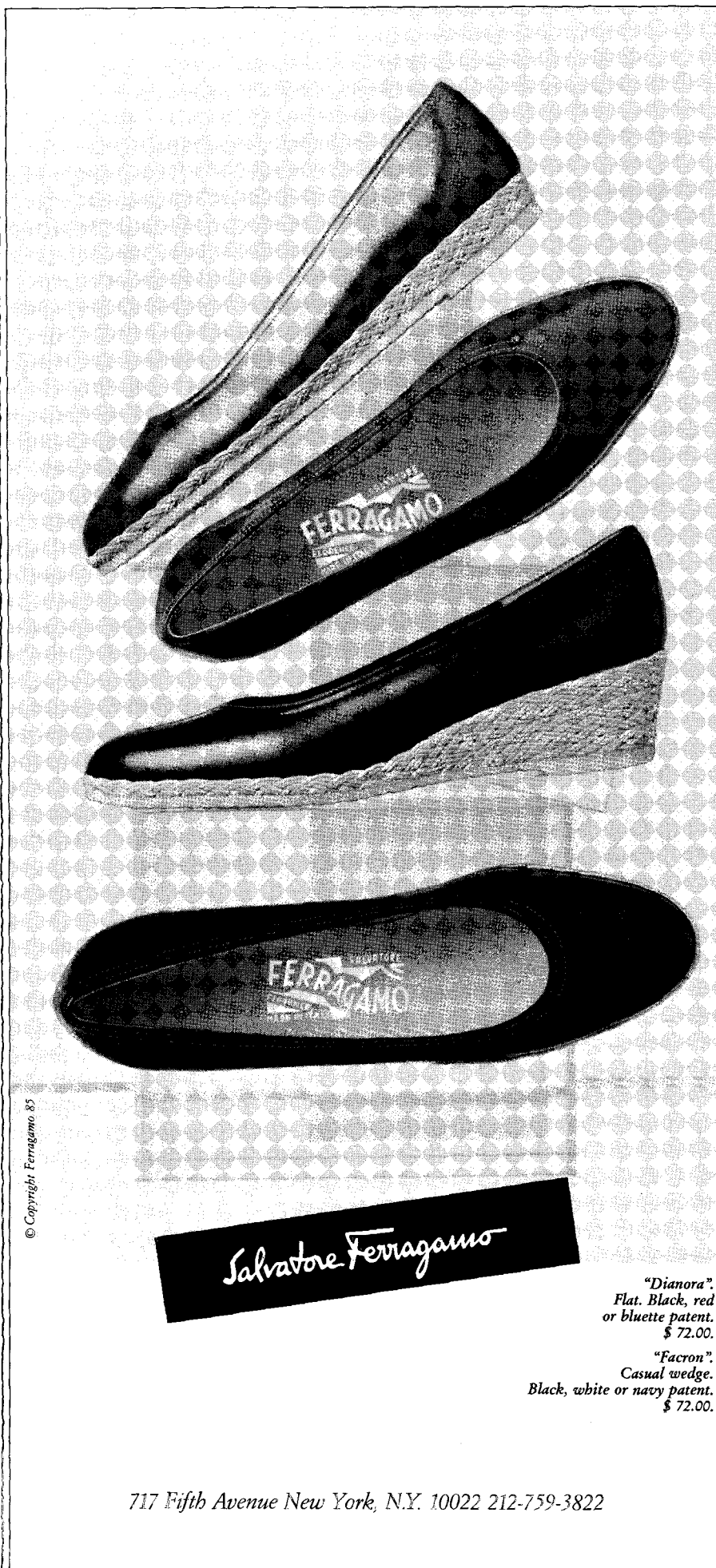
"It's on a very poor street just now," Jack Freeling said sympathetically. His son was determined and upset. Jack told me once that he and his wife had tried to talk to their children about the future, but the children grew so anxious that they had to stop. "They must find their own way," he said. "They must find themselves. One can't influence." And yet Jack encouraged Tony to study accounting. "He'll get a position in an international firm," he said on another occasion.

"I don't mind a black government," Tony said now. "I'll still get my salary. I can live where I like, and I'll be happy. And I'm set. But if they take my salary away and tell me where I have to live—"

"If they do to you what we do to them," Jack put in. Everyone laughed.

"Where would you go?" I asked. "Where do your friends say they would go if they had to leave?"

"Oh, some of them say they'll never leave. They'll join the commandos and fight to the death. They're willing to take a bet. We'll crush the blacks. That sort of thing. It's very sort of nasty. Yeah, there are a couple of strong believers who say that no matter what happens the white person will



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rule again. And then there are some who don't see any change happening. They think the blacks are too stupid to do anything."

I WENT to see a man I will call the most bigoted man in the valley. "You people from overseas are always putting pressure on us to change," he said. "You Americans! And the United Nations—it's a kaffir organization. All they want is power and big Mercedes. You all want us to change. You don't understand. We have lived with the kaffirs. We fought against them, taught them, take care of their health, educate them, and uplift them. We want to change, too, and we are changing. Look at the bank clerks in Cape Town. They're coloured. That's change. And the shopgirls. They're coloured. We're trying to speed up evolution a bit, but you can't go too fast. That's what you people from overseas don't understand. You think you can change everything overnight. You can't. You have chaos—bloodshed, revolution, destruction. Everything my forebears built, and I myself built—I'm eighty-three this month—will be destroyed. I can't see it that way. We need time, if you would let us handle our problems ourselves. We understand these blacks. I was raised with them, in the Transvaal. I spoke their language. There is a man in the government—you may have heard about him—who said that the black man thinks slowly. Everybody is upset about it. I think he's right. The kaffir is slow in his attitude toward change. He does not make quick decisions. If you ask one of the boys to make a decision, he says, 'Baas, give me some time to think it over.' They are closer to nature. The relationship between whites and coloureds is very good. It's the press that distorts the relationship between whites and blacks. The blacks are really quite happy. The farmers treat them well. No farmer would treat his horse badly, because he has to use it. It would be foolish. It's the same with the workers. It would be foolish to treat them badly. What good would they be?"

"You talk about giving one man one vote. It's nonsense. How can you give the vote to a bloke who can't even read the names of the candidates? He'll vote for anyone who promises him something. When will you have a black American President?"

"Now, you tell me, who will take advantage of this situation? The Communists. They're our principal threat.

Not the blacks, not the coloured—we *know* them and can handle them. It's the Communists. I've been up in the South-West. It's a beautiful country, a hard country. And now the U.N. wants to give it to the Communists—and the Cubans. When my ancestors came over here from Holland in 1689, the kaffirs were wearing loincloths. Even the women were only wearing something between their legs. The kaffirs had only the bow and arrow. Their way of life was simple. They lived in a simple hut: just a bunch of sticks piled up against one another. Look at them today. They're wearing clothes, just like you and me. That's change. And it's only been three hundred years. That's not very long to make a black man into a white. Yes, I believe they should have the vote—when they're ready. It'll be a thousand years, and, thank the Lord, I won't be there to see it."

DR. JAKOBUS STEYN is Wyndal's only doctor. He is a passionate reactionary. His *idée fixe* is the Anglo-Boer War. The British are still the enemy, and he keeps an old, family grandfather clock, defaced by the British during the Boer War, in his living room. ("It is our memory," he says.) When I asked him about change, Dr. Steyn said, "I think South Africa has a future. We'll have to come together as white men. And the ones who think there is no place for them here, the quicker they go the better. We should unite. British feeling should go. I think we should be like the American nation. To hell with the past, with where your parents came from, and all that. There are always a few leftists, who are very liberal, who would like to fight, to give their lives to the black man. But these same types are now fleeing from Rhodesia. They're getting out of the mess they helped create. It just doesn't make sense. It is those whites who are militant. Most blacks are not so militant—feeling as you people from overseas think. I'd say a big percentage of blacks and coloureds know that the white man has taught them everything they know. They know the white man is feeding them."

"Oh, we have problems, but I think we have a future. We are not a nation yet. I don't know if we are going to be a nation. Time is running out for the white man. If we don't take a stand together, then we'll go under. We have to take a very firm stand toward the coloured and the black. We

must, however, explain why we do the things we do. We are prepared to share the country—territorial segregation, as we have done with the homelands. We're prepared to do that. I am even prepared to let them cut off the whole western Cape, to give it to the coloureds, if that will solve the problems between the coloureds and the whites. I'll make my sacrifices. But I'm not prepared to let my culture go by letting those people take over. Sorry. I'll be in South Africa until they take over. If they are going to take over, the majority, then I'll leave. I'll never be able to sit here and be ruled by the black man."

I asked Dr. Steyn if he worried about his children's future. Some English critics of the National Party have said that the Afrikaners must have a secret hatred of their children, because they are leading them to certain death.

"The children see things differently—fortunately, I suppose," he said. "They are much more brainwashed in the last few years. In my young days, it was never thought of—playing rugby with coloured or blacks. Today, it is done every day. The result is evolution. If you slowly give people a chance to get to know one another, I think then kids could be happy playing sports together. Later, they might even go to school together. I see you are still having problems in America putting blacks and whites together in school. I mean, they are forced together, and that is bad. These things must be faced. But, of course, there are certain leaders who like to force things down another nation's throat."

"Do you think there will be violence in this country?"

"I am sure there will be. There is violence at the moment. But I doubt if we will ever have a war. There are too many coloureds and blacks who are not militant. It is actually the extreme whites who are trying to push the blacks into being militant. Look at South Africa—how few bombs explode here, with so many blacks! Look at how many bombs exploded in London, with only a handful of blacks. If South African blacks were really militant, they could blow this country to pieces in a week's time."

"But they don't have the bombs."

"Well, they have access to them—from across the border."

"How do you see the education of blacks?"

"There are four million of them in

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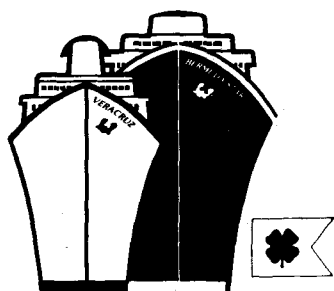
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school, and there are only a million whites in school. Who's paying for it? We are. We pay the taxes, and we are doing a good job."

"But are the schools any good?"

"Many of them are very nice schools. But we just can't keep ahead of them. These people are breeding like I don't know what. They have families of ten, twelve, thirteen children. And they're poor. Their children deserve it, but they're reproducing, and we can't cope. It's impossible."

"Do you see black participation in the government as a possibility?"

"No, I'm sorry."

"Even the educated black man?"

"Yes, if you have a qualified franchise, then it must be for everyone. But five per cent of the whites would be disqualified, and five per cent of the blacks would be qualified. As things proceed and the revolution takes its course, the percentages would come closer. It will take time. We mustn't be rushed, and the world is rushing us."

TOMMY PRINSLOO: "I can still remember, after my last lecture at Stellenbosch, the professor said, 'Look, you guys who are obtaining your degrees at the end of the year, just don't think of yourselves as farmers. There is a vast difference between theory and practice.' I never realized it, and when I took over the farm—we had had a manager—I was in such a flap, trying to put four years of theoretical knowledge into practice. I got frustrated. Luckily, we kept the manager on for a year, and I went through a year of what you might call practical training with the manager. He was an old-timer, and I must say I learned a lot from him. He knew how to treat coloureds, and that you can only learn from experience."

"But, you know, the old methods of farming are no longer viable. In '71, when I graduated, some of the farmers were already realizing that they were going to run into financial trouble. Farming is a business venture today. You need capital, and you have to get a good return on your money. I want to place this farm on a viable economic footing."

"But is farming just a business venture for you?"

"No, not all. I'm a bit of a romantic. Farming is in my blood. I like working outside. I love the feeling after a season of hard work of seeing the grapes go off to the press. It's hard

to describe. It's a feeling that's attached to this old house, to its gables, its thatched roof, its old oaks—the landscape. It all ties in with winemaking."

"How do you see your future here?"

"Well, if I can make the farm I'll stay. If something unforeseen happens—not being able to raise the money, being convinced I'm barking up the wrong tree—then I may have to go back to university."

"How do you see the political future of South Africa?"

"It will be governed by economics. I think we could have a fantastic future. It's a question of settling the racial problems, and that can be done. You know, there is a tremendous generation gap among the Afrikaners. The younger ones think differently. It's extraordinary when we all sit down to a bottle of wine. The older ones—and some of the younger ones, too—talk only in terms of the existing political situation. Most of the younger ones want something to happen, because they realize that if something doesn't happen to get the races together there will be no hope. We can't talk anymore in terms of needing time. That can no longer be justified. We have to act now. We've got a black problem, but we've got a white one as well. And the white one is perhaps our biggest problem. Talk to liberals, to intellectuals, even to educated conservatives. They will admit that change is necessary. But talk to the mineworkers, the railway men, the farmers in the Transvaal and the Free State. They don't want to budge. They've got to be educated to change."

AH, you ask me about the future," Ruth Visser said. Ruth, a handsome woman in her mid-thirties, manages one of Wyndal's three cafés. She was one of the most open-minded Afrikaners I met. "I don't like to think about it. Everything could have been all right. Things should have been done earlier. When I think about the future, I get scared. We are all acting out of fear, and so we are not doing the right thing. We didn't pay enough attention in the past, and now no one knows what to do."

IM optimistic about the future," Piet van Rooyen told me. "We are a testing ground for a new society. If we have time, we will become a peaceful, integrated community. I think we will have social apartheid. I don't associate with blacks, and I don't

expect them to associate with me. But if a black man did try to associate with me, and I liked him, I'd become his friend. I have no grudge against anybody. People ask what I would do if my daughter came home with a black man, but *that* would never happen. I don't think so, except very rarely. I'm proud of my heritage and my nation, and I wouldn't like everything to be mixed up.

"The Christian point of view is that there can be no one tradition. We are in our different traditions all brothers in Christ. Of course, we all fear a sudden change. Our kids have fewer problems about race relations than we. There is a generation gap. So many things have changed, and probably not all the changes have been noticed. There are still divisions in the post office and the sports stadiums, but rugby is now mixed.

"The end of the world will be heralded by the Antichrist," Piet said on another occasion. "It will be a period of rapture. Remember Lot and Noah before the world was destroyed. So the reborn Christians will be removed from the world before its destruction. The common position is that all humanity will go through the seven-year period of trouble and tribulation, and then the end will come. The charismatic-Pentecostal version is somewhat different. They believe in two periods of three and a half years each. Some say God will take the true believers away before the time of troubles. Then there will be the millennium. For the Dutch Reformed Church, the millennium is really in your heart. It is not literal. It began with Christ's crucifixion."

"And what do you think?"

"I am studying the issue. I think the true Christians will be saved before the destruction."

"Is it imminent?"

"There are those who say it is."

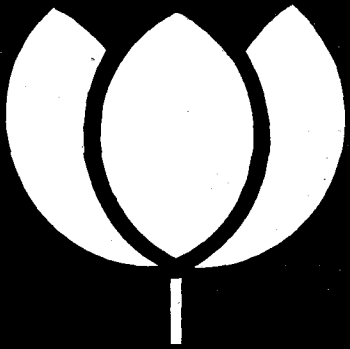
"THERE was a big Renewal conference a few years ago, and five people had the same dream one night," André Roussouw told me. "Each one came from a different province of South Africa, and one of them came from the South-West. They dreamed of a map of South Africa. It was a pale color, and suddenly a black hand moved down across it from the north until it was all covered except for little spaces between the fingers. In these spaces, there were little fires, and gradually these fires got bigger and bigger and began to burn the fin-

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gers. As they did, the hand moved back until you could see the map all clear again."

"What does the dream mean?"

"The map is South Africa. The black hand is Black Power—not the black people themselves. The fires are Christians praying. It is through their prayer that South Africa will be saved."

"THE world is moving so fast," Dora Hertzog said. Dora, who

is thirty, is the daughter of one of the National Party leaders in the valley. Her husband manages his father's farm. "I am not afraid. I do not really know where I would go if I had to leave this country. The journalists in the United States do not understand the political situation here. They have got out of hand. You know that the journalists who accompanied the Lions"—the English rugby team that visited South Africa several years ago—"were not sportswriters. They were political journalists, and the rioters knew this. Yes, the Bantus—they are clever—knew this, and so we had trouble. The same thing happened in Soweto in 1976. Vorster"—Balthazar Johannes Vorster was Prime Minister of South Africa during the Soweto riots—"had gone to a big conference in Austria, and the day he arrived the riots began." (In fact, Vorster left for Bavaria—not Austria—a week after the riots began.) "The agitators wanted to embarrass him. It was a half-war. Black people against black people. They were afraid of one another. Workers who wanted to go to work had to walk behind police vans for protection. A friend of mine saw it. It is the *skollies* who cause all the trouble. It was the same in 1962. Then there were riots in Paarl and Wellington. The coloureds were encouraged by white agitators."

"What were those riots about?"

"They just wanted to kill whites. They butchered a white girl, and then a lot of them were shot. And not by the police." Dora laughed.

"By whom?"

"By whites who sat on rooftops with guns. They wanted to get back at them for having killed the white girl. The coloureds are a very emotional people, and you can't trust the Bantus. A farmer here asked his Bantu foreman once, 'Tell me, Johnny, would you shoot me?' 'No, *baas*, I wouldn't shoot you,' Johnny said. 'I'd go to the neighbor's place and shoot the *baas* there. And his man would shoot you.'"



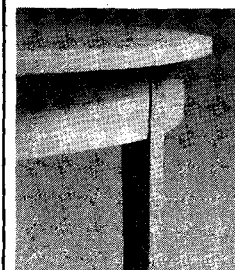
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No, I'm not afraid of the coloureds when they are alone, but if the coloureds in Wyndal—I don't know how many there are, but they are more than us—were to organize, they could cause trouble.

"The government is spending so much money on the homelands. They are independent now. The government spends a lot of taxpayers' money on Soweto. Now it is going to give them electricity. If a farmer builds his own house, he knows it will cost him from five to seven thousand rand to wire it, and he saves up for it. Now these Bantus wait for the government to give them electricity. You give a Bantu something and you get nothing back. And our government is now giving money to the homelands to win their favor. They are our neighbors, but we shouldn't have to buy them.

"Whenever you go into the city, you see it is the Bantus who surround it. If they were organized, they could cut it off. If the people in Soweto wanted to, they could cut Johannesburg off from Pretoria. There have been times, during riots, that Cape Town has been cut off from the airport. The youth who are protesting are unable to decide anything for themselves. It's the Communists. They say all they need is a child until he is five to make him a Communist for life."

"Do you think the Communists want to invade South Africa?"

"America wouldn't let it happen."

"But do you think they really want to invade?"

"They want to create psychological unrest. We have to be more aware. I am a member of the commandos. There are only a few women in it. They tell us we must be prepared because there will be trouble. But they never tell us what the trouble will be. They don't want to panic us, but they should tell us."

—VINCENT CRAPANZANO

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

THE AESTHETIC LIFE

[From the Los Angeles Times]

PARIS—The Louvre museum has been closed since early Wednesday in a dispute over baggage allowances allowed to its Caribbean staff for trips home.

(57) Movie.

Casablanca 1943 Ingrid Bergman, Humphrey Bogart. (2 min.)—TV listing in the *Montreal Gazette*.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

There Is a River

FOR her sixth opera, "Harriet, the Woman Called Moses," which had its première this month in Norfolk, Virginia, Thea Musgrave chose an American subject. Harriet Tubman "deserves to be placed first on the list of American heroines," said the prominent abolitionist Samuel May. In 1863, when Harriet Tubman still had fifty years to live, the *Boston Commonwealth* wrote:

It was said long ago that the true romance of America was not in the fortunes of the Indian, where Cooper sought it, nor in New England character, where Judd [the author of "Margaret"] found it, nor in the social contrasts of Virginia planters, as Thackeray imagined, but in the story of the fugitive slaves. The observation is as true now as it was before War, with swift, gigantic hand, sketched the vast shadows, and dashed in the high lights in which romance loves to lurk and flash forth.... The desperation or the magnanimity of a poor black woman has power to shake the nation that so long was deaf to her cries.

That year, Harriet Tubman was in South Carolina with a Union raiding party that rescued eight hundred slaves. She was likened to Joan of Arc by her memorialists. John Brown, who sought her advice, called her "the most of a man naturally that I ever met with." The opera, however, deals not

with Harriet Tubman's Civil War exploits but with the earlier years when, an escaped slave, she returned again and again to Maryland to guide other slaves along the Underground Railroad to freedom. For those deeds she was (as a memorial tablet in Auburn, New York, where she settled, records) "called the Moses of her people." She had escaped to Philadelphia herself, but after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law she had to take her charges to Canada before they were safe.

The biographies of this remarkable woman are contradictory about details and tantalizingly incomplete. She left no autobiographical narrative—such as Frederick Douglass or Sojourner Truth did—but in old age delighted to recount her adventures. The passages in purported oratio recta which others set down bear out the claim of one of her biographers that "she had a highly developed sense of the dramatic, a sense of the comic, and... the surge and sway of the majestic rhythm of the King James version of the Bible was an integral part of her speech." Of Robert Gould Shaw's attack, with his black regiment, on Fort Wagner, she said:

And then we saw the lightning, and that was the guns; and then we heard the rain falling, and that was the drops of

blood falling; and when we came to get in the crops, it was dead men that we reaped.

And of the day she crossed the state line into Pennsylvania:

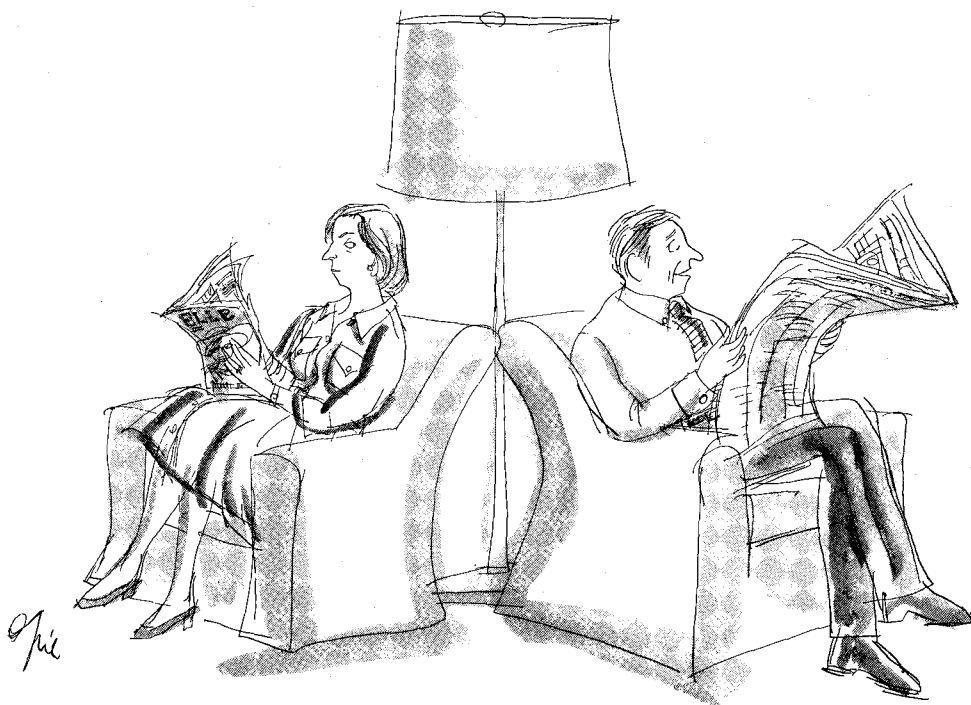
I looked at my hands to see if I was the same person now I was free. There was such a glory over everything, the sun came like gold through the trees, and over the fields, and I felt like I was in Heaven.... I was free; but there was no one to welcome me to the land of freedom. I was a stranger in a strange land, and my home after all was down in the old cabin quarter, with the old folks, and my brothers and sisters. But to this solemn resolution I came: I was free, and they should be free also; I would make a home for them in the North, and, the Lord helping me, I would bring them all here.

In youth, she suffered a head injury—an incensed overseer flung a heavy weight at her—and throughout her life she was subject to sudden bouts of trancelike sleep. She told Thomas Garrett, the Wilmington Quaker, that she talked daily with God, and He with her. She had mysterious premonitions of impending danger and to them ascribed her ability to avoid it. Gerrit Smith, the millionaire abolitionist, wrote that he listened often to Harriet Tubman with delight, "and I am convinced that she is not only truthful but that she has a rare discernment, and a deep and sublime philanthropy." References to her in letters and memoirs are numerous but brief. The chronicles are scrappy, and the personality of the woman, I find, remains elusive.

In a program note Musgrave set out "some of the reasons why I, a white woman of Scottish descent, felt moved to write about Harriet Tubman": the subject embodies Lincoln's "eternal struggle between two principles;" Harriet Tubman inspires an answer to the question "But what can one person do?" And:

There is another overriding reason why composers are drawn to subjects that cross political and temporal boundaries and venture into different, often exotic settings for their works.... Most composers want to underline and emphasize the eternal nature of human conflicts and emotions which transcend time and place.... Harriet is every woman who dared to defy injustice and tyranny; she is Joan of Arc, she is Susan B. Anthony, she is Anne Frank, she is Mother Teresa.

OPERAS with which "Harriet" can fairly be compared and contrasted are Hans Werner Henze's "We Come to the River" (1976) and David Blake's "Toussaint" (1977). Henze's librettist, the playwright Edward Bond, has declared it his aim "to



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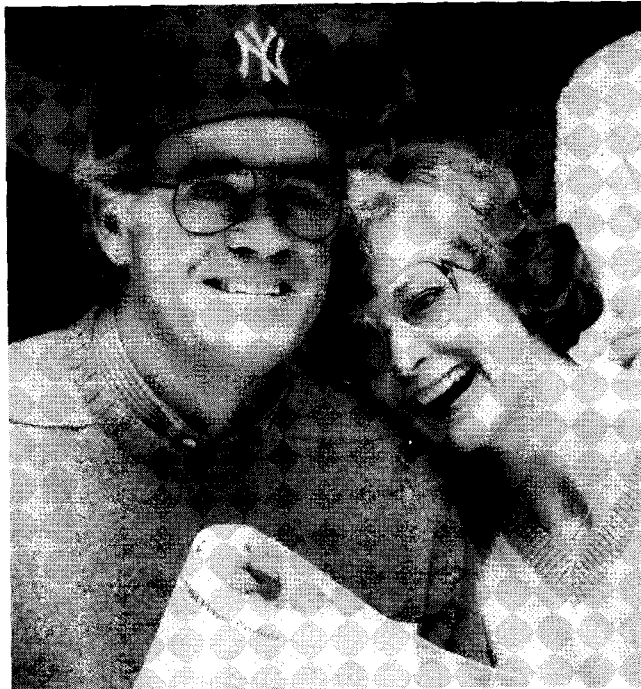


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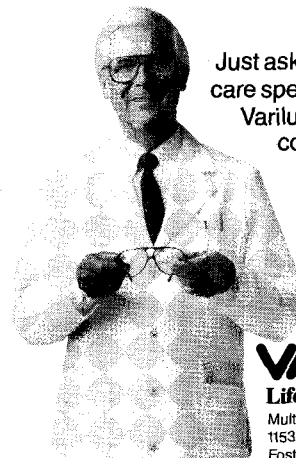
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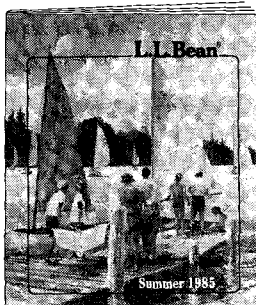
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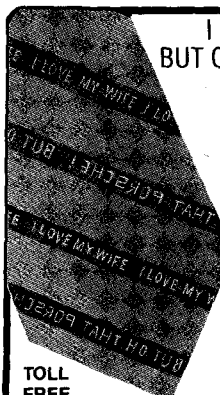
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create public images, literal or figurative, in sight, sound, and movement, of the human condition." Their opera, like *Musgrave's*, ends beside a river, with a chorus of oppressed preparing to cross:

We stand by the river.
If the water is deep we will swim. . .
We will stand on the other side.
We have learned to march so well
that we cannot drown.

There was an incident in Harriet Tubman's life when, warned by an inner prompting, she saved her party from capture by leading it through a swift, deep, apparently impassable stream. In the metaphors of art, as in life, rivers play a double role. Their flow, an everlasting stream, is an emblem of time, of immanence against eternity. But they are also boundaries marking stages in life's journey—for Caesar, for Alice, for Pilgrim. Harriet Tubman used to dream of flying over fields and towns, rivers and mountains, until she reached a last river over which she would try to fly: "But it appeared I wouldn't have the strength, and just as I was sinking down, there would be ladies all dressed in white over there, and they would put out their arms and pull me across." The river at the close of *Musgrave's* opera is at once a potent metaphor and the actual Niagara, with Canada, freedom, and the welcoming ladies in white on the other side. The opera's final chorus runs:

We will fight
So no one is a slave,
So all can live together
In peace,
In harmony
And in freedom.

Blake's "Toussaint," on the other hand, ends with no optimistic affirmation but a questioning chorus, as—Toussaint dead in his Jura prison, Dessalines enthroned—Haiti embarks on its modern history of insurrection, assassinations, and tyranny:

Hide in the fields,
Hide in the forests,
Live in the blackness of the blood.
What will be the end of the fire?

The goodies-and-baddies characterizations of Henze's and *Musgrave's* operas are eschewed. Blake's aim is to present a clear picture of confusions, not a simplified didactic parable and not a mere entertainment with a historical subject. All three operas are operas of "ideas"—what Verdi, referring to his "Forza" and "Don Carlos," called *opere a intenzioni*. In an introduction to "Toussaint" Blake

wrote, "The beauty and truth of an *idea* is often more profoundly moving than the all-too-easily-won emotionalism which music, and operatic music in particular, is notoriously good at evoking." All three are by intention operas of a higher order than, say, Puccini's "Tosca" (of which the Met has just mounted a lavish new production; more of that next week). That is not to say they are more successful operas. One must distinguish between aim and execution. Puccini aimed low and hit his mark surely. Of composers who face a higher challenge more is asked.

MUSGRAVE, I think, has to some extent compromised her opera of ideas and ideals by an excess of caution. She has perhaps not demanded enough of herself, her performers, or her audience. She plays safe, as neither Henze nor Blake did. She has ever been a thoroughly commonsensical composer, with her feet on the ground even while her glance was on—but her head not in—the clouds. Her works have not lacked vision. "The Voice of Ariadne" (1974) is a poetic and beautiful creation. "Mary, Queen of Scots" (1977) is an exciting combination of history, politics, pageantry, and character study. As I observed after "Mary," because everything *Musgrave* does is so lucid and intelligent, listeners struck mainly by her patent abilities may miss the veins of romance, ambition, and poetry. At second and later hearings they become apparent, once first-encounter admiration of her competence, her matching of means to ends and of demands to executants' skills, has been remarked and can be taken for granted. Competence and careful planning for effectiveness are virtues, but they can be limiting ones, and in some recent works I've wished *Musgrave* remained more a Jill-o'-dreams. "A Christmas Carol" (1979) seemed to me—and still seems, after rehearsals—an efficient but earth-bound composition. Her D. H. Lawrence theatre piece "The Last Twilight" (1980), less meticulously worked, even sketchy, is more stirring to the imagination.

The composer was her own librettist. "Harriet" begins with the well-worn device of flashback. The heroine, escaped, lies in the house of Thomas Garrett, and in a dream she hears her people calling "Moses! Moses! Lead us out of bondage!" Then we are back in the slave quar-

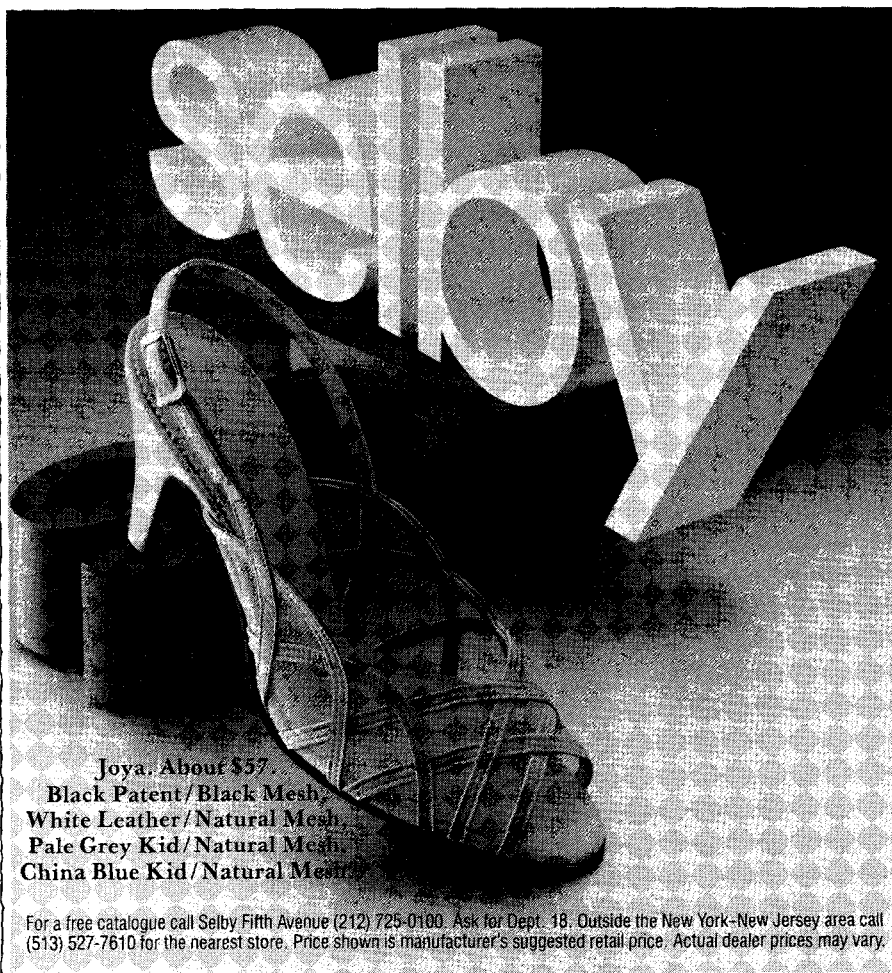
ters. Harriet breaks into the slaves' singing and dancing with "Go down, Moses... Let my people go!" and is whipped for introducing a forbidden song. There is a love scene between Harriet and Josiah, a fellow-slave. There is a long scene in the Big House between the Old Master, a slaveowner of benevolent disposition, and his wicked son Preston, who has incurred gambling debts and asks his father to meet them by selling some slaves into the harsher slavery of the Deep South. Then Preston tries to seduce Harriet. The Master decides to sell some of his slaves; Josiah escapes. The Master has a heart attack, and Harriet, rather than become Preston's slave, chooses to escape. The act (which lasts about eighty minutes) ends with her back in Garrett's house, resolving to return as a deliverer of her people.

The opera bears the subtitle "A Story of the American Underground Railroad." Act II (which lasts about an hour) starts with a pantomime:

Harriet rescues another group of slaves. She leads them in a variety of ways through the assembling groups of the patrol. When they reach safety in the North they are greeted by Mr. Garrett and other Abolitionists.

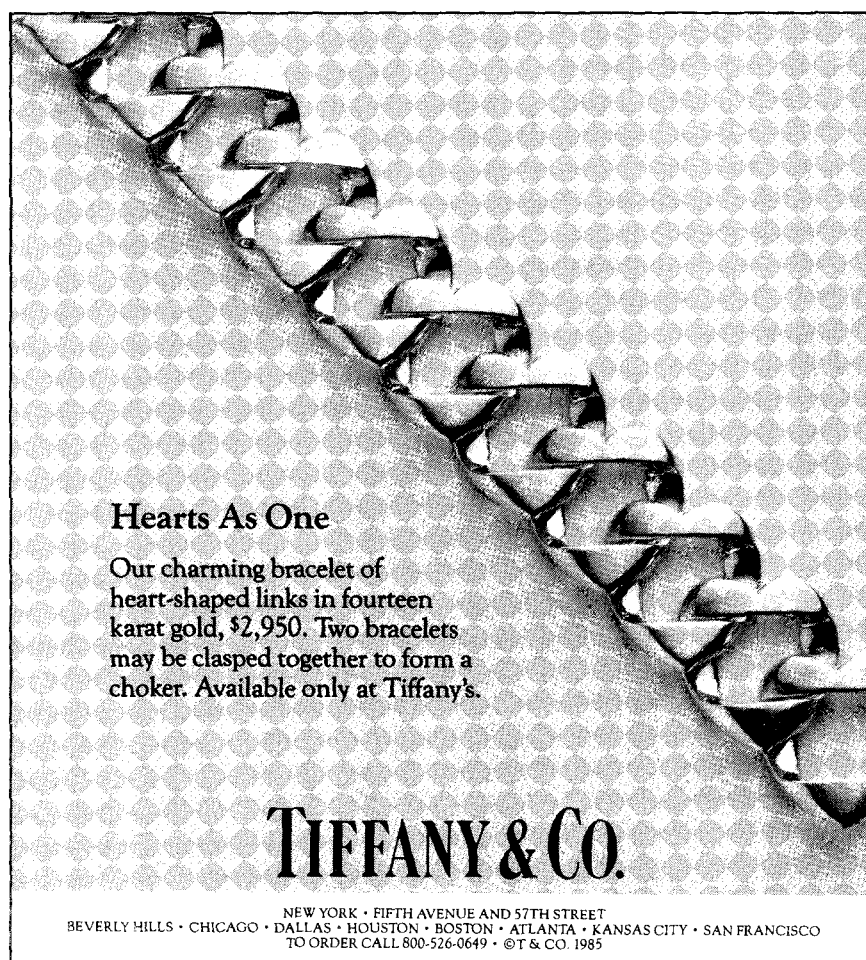
Harriet meets Josiah again; they sing a duet, and quarrel. ("At last we's together, I won't let you go!" "I must make just this one more journey South..." "Then go alone! And stay alone!") Josiah is recaptured. Harriet rescues her parents, Rit and Ben. In the North, Quakers and blacks free Josiah from a slave pen. (The incident is adapted from a celebrated rescue at Troy, New York, in which Harriet Tubman took part.) The vindictive Preston pursues the couple to the Canadian border and fires at Harriet as she crosses the bridge. Josiah receives the shot and sings a duet of reconciliation and farewell with Harriet before he dies.

In life, Harriet Tubman had an unsatisfactory husband. Musgrave omitted him and invented Josiah, and with him she introduced both a conventional love interest and—but half-heartedly, not convincingly—a conventional operatic conflict between love and duty. (Verdi in "Giovanna d'Arco" did the same thing more boldly.) It blurs Harriet's character. Musgrave invented a good deal else, including Preston, his attempted seduction of Harriet, and his pursuit of the fugitives. There are stretches where the story of Harriet is lost in



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operatic cliché. Something had to be done to fill out the narrative and give it dramatic shape (Harriet Tubman's history is not like that of Toussaint, so rich in documented incident that there it was a matter of what to leave out), but this libretto seems to me commonplace at times—weakened by concessions to a notion of what the public expects all operas to contain.

The music is thoroughly planned. There is a recurrent "freedom" motif—seventh and ninth chords sung to the words "Freedom! Freedom!," clearing to B major (with a long high B from Harriet) at the end of the first act and to A major (with a long high A from her) at the close. There are stretches of whole-tone harmony such as Puccini used in "La Fanciulla del West." There are old spirituals—"Go Down, Moses," snatches of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"—and there are new ones, composed by Musgrave. There are arias and duets, but only one set number—Rit's "How can I live without my Ben?"—invites (and received) applause. Dramatically, this number functions like Serena's "My man's gone now," in "Porgy and Bess." In its long melodic spans it recalls Hannah's aria "Stranger and darker" in Tippett's opera "The Ice Break"—but that comparison turns Musgrave's melody to fustian (as does any comparison of Musgrave's spirituals with Tippett's in "A Child of Our Time"). On the whole, the music of "Harriet" strikes me as workaday—functional but undistinguished. It doesn't soar. In the love episodes, it drops into the short-breathed idiom of minor verismo. (I except one happy, memorable invention—Josiah's song in the slave pen, "Wonder where my brother gone.") Moreover, Musgrave's strange reluctance for pages on end to take the orchestra below middle C gives much of the score an insubstantial quality.

THE heroine was played by Cynthia Haymon, a rising and promising young soprano, who gave a fervent and subtle portrayal. She is more beautiful than the historical Harriet Tubman was, and is so direct and convincing an actress that I almost forgot to mention that, having broken her leg in rehearsal, she played the role in a cast and on crutches. Alteouise DeV Vaughn, a tall young mezzo, subdued her glowing looks and transformed her personality to give a strong, mature performance as Rit.



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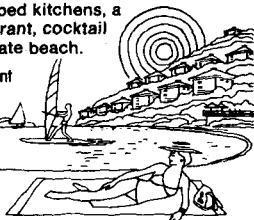
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Ben Holt, an alert artist, was a vigorous and sensitive Josiah. Raymond Bazemore was good as Ben. Damon Evans, as Benjie, Harriet's brother, was entertainer-bright, working rather too hard at being animated. The whites, including Jay Willoughby as the Old Master and Barry Craft as Preston, did what they could in near-parody roles. Jeffrey Beecroft's settings shifted within a basic frame suggesting the hold of a slave ship. Gordon Davidson's stage direction was fluent and conventional. Accents were all over the place, varying from stage black and stage Southern to standard singing-teacher American. There's a problem here, as there is with "Porgy and Bess." (In quoting utterances ascribed to the real-life Harriet Tubman, I have removed the various attempts to represent her pronunciation.)

"Harriet," commissioned jointly by the Virginia Opera Association and the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is the third Musgrave opera the Virginia company has staged. "Mary" had its American premiere and "A Christmas Carol" its premiere in Norfolk, where Musgrave is a local heroine and her husband, Peter Mark, is general director of the company. He conducted "Harriet" ably. The work had ten sold-out performances (two of them in Richmond; four of them school matinées). It was carried across the country, directly or in a delayed broadcast, by ninety radio stations and across the Atlantic, live, to BBC listeners. At the two performances I attended, the public enthusiasm was immense. The Virginia Opera, ten years old, has from the start worked for and won wide community support. In connection with "Harriet," three intelligent and imaginative "curriculum guides," related to music, "language arts," and social studies, and tapes of excerpts had been prepared for use in schools; children guided by them would certainly approach the opera—and opera in general—with intellectual curiosity and understanding whetted. Any personal disappointment in the piece was tempered by the pleasure of seeing a new opera so warmly welcomed.

—ANDREW PORTER

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[From the Schenectady Gazette]

Hart said the administration would try to name the new coach within six weeks, but added, "There's no one out on the horizon that I've got under my thumb."



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CHRISTIE'S

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Charmer

MIA FARROW seems just naturally stylized. Weightlessly beautiful, and with a considerable acting technique that she draws upon without the slightest show of effort, she might have been created for the camera. She's both real and unreal—she has a preternatural glowing sweetness. In "The Purple Rose of Cairo," which Woody Allen wrote for her and directed, she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey. It's 1935, and her husband is unemployed; he fritters away his days with his buddies and his evenings with womenfriends, and she's lonely. She works in a diner and finds solace in the pictures that come to the Jewel Theater. But Cecilia can't hold a job for long, because she can't keep her mind on it; her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen, and the Hollywood lives she reads about in fan magazines. It's the dreamy-souled Cecilia who's the jewel in this movie. She has been fired, and is watching the week's attraction at the theatre—"The Purple Rose of Cairo"—for the third day, when one of the characters, the young explorer Tom Baxter (Jeff Daniels), in his safari suit and pith helmet, suddenly talks directly to her. He tells her that he has been aware of her seeing the

picture over and over, and then he bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes her out of the theatre with him. We're not startled by the confusion of realms—by a screen character entering Cecilia's life—because Cecilia and her Depression town are not quite real, either. And we're eager to see how Woody Allen is going to work things out. Though he doesn't appear in this picture, he doesn't need to: his spirit informs every tickling nuance. And there may be an advantage to his not being physically present: maybe the actor has been holding the director back.

The thirteenth film he has directed, "The Purple Rose of Cairo" is, I think, the most purely charming of the bunch. And though it doesn't have the sexual friskiness and roughhousing of some of his other comedies, and doesn't speak to the audience with the journalistic immediacy of his movies in contemporary settings, it may be the fullest expression yet of his style of humor. The movie is a gentle, complex variation of "The Kugelmass Episode," which he published in this magazine in 1977—the story in which a City College professor entered "Madame Bovary" a few pages after Léon's departure and just before Rodolphe's arrival, and had an ecstatic

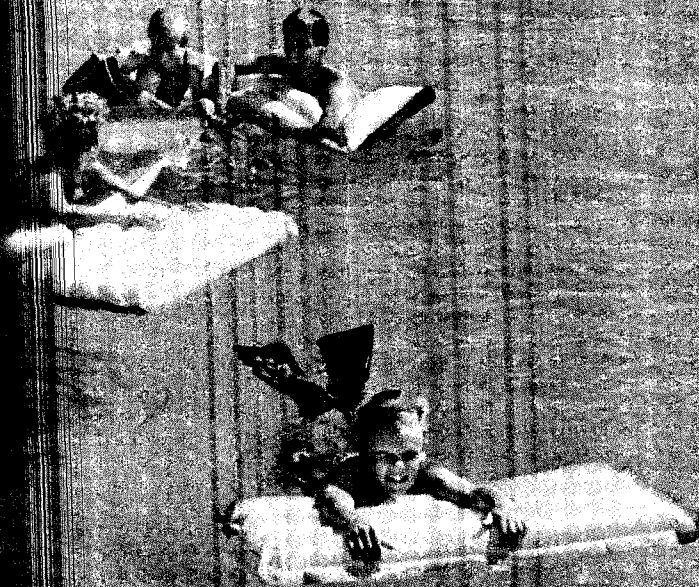
affair with Emma, which ended after he brought her to the Plaza Hotel for a weekend and had trouble getting her back into the book. The movie also bears a relationship to the glorious two paragraphs that Allen published in the *Times Book Review* last year, in answer to the question which character from a book he'd most like to be. His reply began: "Gigi. I want more than anything to be Gigi. To meander, feather-light, down the boulevards of *belle époque* Paris in a little blue sailor dress, my sweet face framed by a flat, disk-shaped hat with two ribbons dangling mischievously past my bangs." Woody Allen's parodies and fantasies are inseparable; their unstable union is his comic subject.

In "The Purple Rose of Cairo," the paradoxical crossovers from one level of unreality to another are played deadpan straight, as they were in Buster Keaton's 1924 "Sherlock Jr.," where the projectionist hero dreamed that he became involved with the characters on the screen (and as they were in the 1981 Steve Martin-Bernadette Peters "Pennies from Heaven"). Cecilia, like Keaton as that projectionist, isn't very vivid. (If she were, she wouldn't need to make these crossings.) In her neatly buttoned brown coat, she's a little brown mouse. But she's also self-possessed. In the early scenes, she and her sister (played by Mia's sister Stephanie Farrow) work side by side at the diner, and they talk together in soft, confiding voices; they have a sisterly conversational rhythm, and a trust in each other. When Cecilia is fired, Sis threatens to quit, but Cecilia is practical enough to talk her out of it, and Sis is practical enough to let herself be talked out of it. Mia Farrow's role is written so that she's like the frail, big-eyed waifs that Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young used to play, but she also has a sturdy, independent side. She can see that Tom Baxter, whom she spends some time with, is a romantic simp—she's drawn to him, but she knows he's all hollow gestures and couldn't survive in her world. She refers to him, quite simply, as "a wonderful man" but "fictional."

This is the first Woody Allen movie in which a whole batch of actors really interact and spark each other. It's the first time that he has written a large number of good comedy roles—even if most of them are, like Tom Baxter, only mock characters. When Tom impulsively pops out of the screen at the Jewel, he disappears from the story of the black-and-white movie, just as



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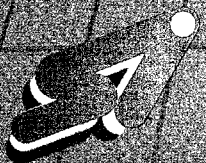
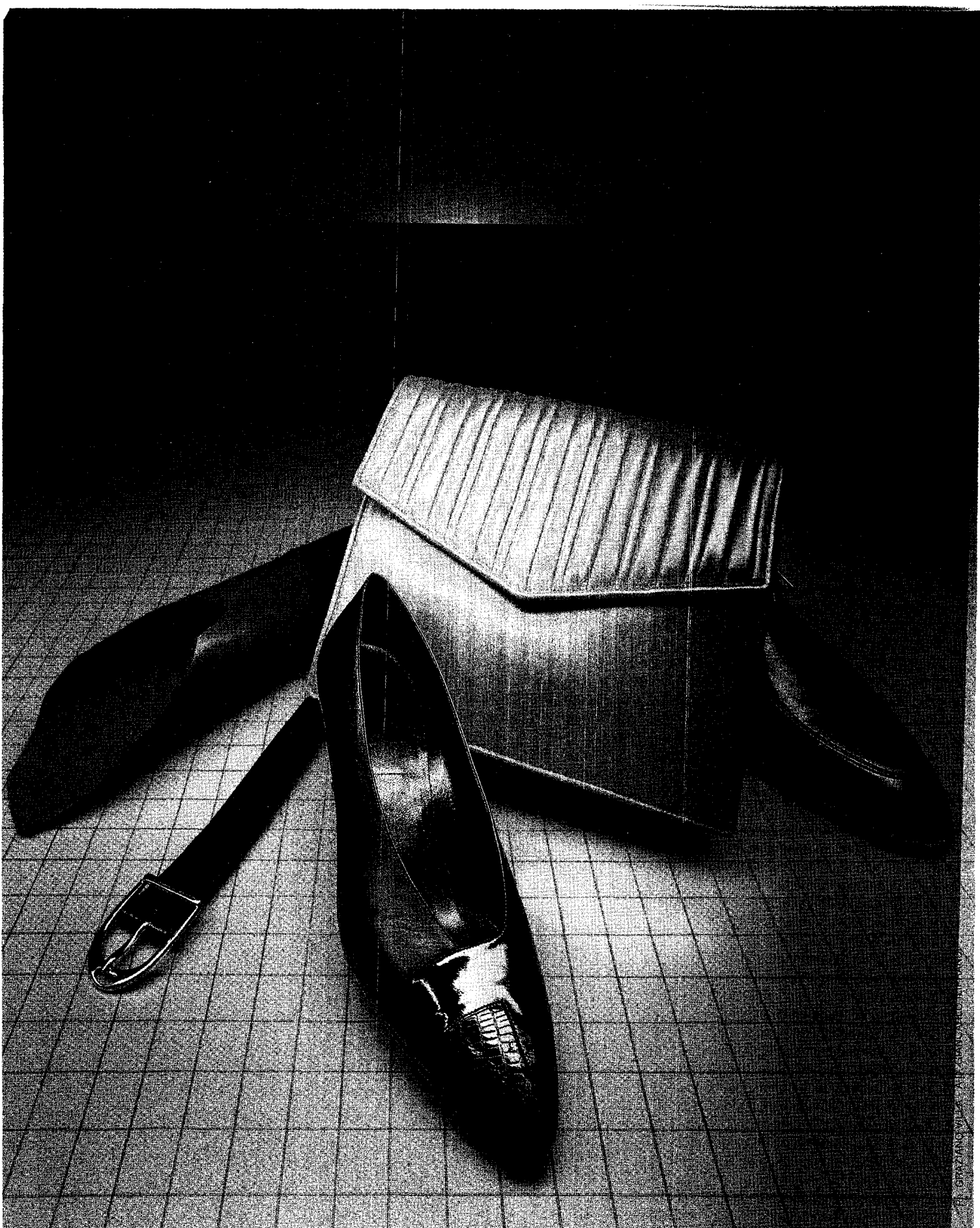
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Emma Bovary disappeared from the novel when she went to the Plaza Hotel. The other characters on the screen at the Jewel—the rich sophisticates who met Tom at a tomb in Cairo and invited him for a “madcap” weekend in Manhattan—can’t go on with the story, in which he is supposed to fall for Kitty Haynes (Karen Akers), a slinky, tall torch singer at the Copacabana. Kitty is stranded, and so are a dowager countess, played by Zoe Caldwell, and an assortment of swells, played by John Wood, Ed Herrmann, and Van Johnson, and several other characters, including a blond ninny (Deborah Rush) and the black maid, Delilah (Annie Joe Edwards), who is reminiscent of Hattie McDaniel as Mae West’s tubby confidante in the 1933 “I’m No Angel.” Allen has written these roles so that each recalls a specific type of thirties-movie character. And when Tom Baxter (who’s the juvenile lead, the perennial enthusiast in the mold of Charles Starrett and David Manners) takes off with Cecilia, the others lose their high-toned diction and begin to bicker about their relative importance in the picture. They also bitch at the Jewel’s crabby patrons, who want the story to continue, or their money back. The countess, who has a gilded baritone like Tallulah Bankhead’s, gets down to a scary basso when she expresses her disgust at Tom’s unprofessionalism. Zoe Caldwell’s chest tones and her glare may remind you of such magnificent tough old broads as Constance Collier and Alison Skipworth. And John Wood is immaculately asexual in the hollow-head-under-a-top-hat Edward Everett Horton tradition. (He’s funnier than Horton was, because he doesn’t overdo it.) Van Johnson has a slightly decayed grandeur and raised eyebrows, and Ed Herrmann, of the aristocratic sloping head, is like an eternal preppy—he looks as if he should be standing next to Rudy Vallée, singing “The Whiffenpoof Song.”

Much of the comedy is in the shifts and transactions of the characters on the screen at the Jewel, the townspeople, and the New York and Hollywood people who arrive to deal with the emergency—a group that includes Gil

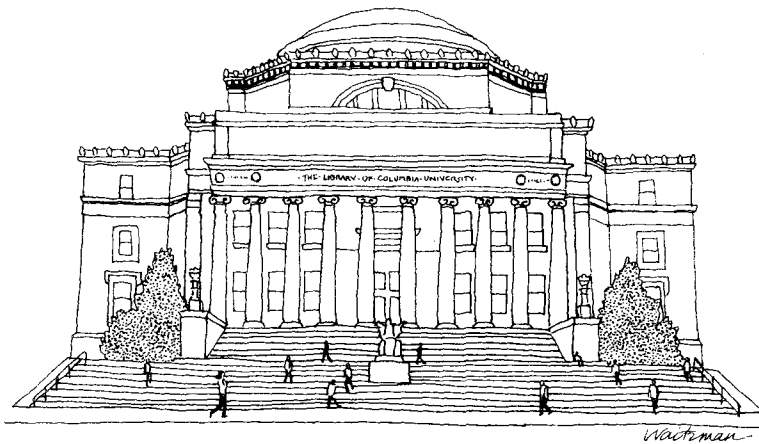
Shepherd (Jeff Daniels), the actor who played the role of Tom Baxter, and who wants to get Tom and his pith helmet back up on the screen where they belong. Gil quickly realizes that Cecilia is the key to the mystery—that Tom left the screen in order to court her. Woody Allen shows new verve as a director in his work with Jeff Daniels (he was Debra Winger’s husband in “Terms of Endearment”). As the chaste, quixotic Tom, Daniels has a sequence in which he’s picked up by a prostitute named Emma (a nod to “The Kugelmass Episode,” perhaps?) and taken to the local bordello, where his good looks and romantic ideals are a big hit. Dianne Wiest is spectacularly touching and funny as Emma, and the bordello scene, though not in a strict sense necessary to the plot, adds to it—brings it some bright hues, some texture. When the girls offer Tom a free roll in the hay and he declines, because he’s in love with Cecilia, Emma wants to know if there are “any other guys like you out there.” She and the other girls get misty-eyed over Tom; they’re far more naïve about his romantic appeal—his niceness—than Cecilia is.

As the skin-deep Tom and the shiny-eyed narcissist Gil, Jeff Daniels comes through with two unmistakably different satiric performances. Woody Allen’s cinematographer, Gordon Willis, lights Gil to bring out his avidity for stardom; he’s irradiated, like Gene Kelly at the première in “Singin’ in the Rain”—his teeth, the whites of his eyes, and his polo coat and spiffy fedora all gleam. Gil is such an actory actor that when he humbly tells Cecilia he isn’t really a star yet, you half expect him to spit flashbulbs. He’s something of a challenge, and Cecilia livens up when she’s with him. He speaks rather patronizingly of his responsibility for Tom, telling her

that he “created” the character, and her tone is slyly ingenuous when she says, “Didn’t the man who wrote the movie do that?” Of course, Gil is full of anxieties about his career; Cecilia, with her storehouse of movie trivia, advises him as if she were the editor of *Photoplay*. And he laps up her adulation.

The movie has been thought out with such graceful intelligence that its flaws seem minor. Cecilia’s trip into the black-and-white world at the Jewel doesn’t come to much. There’s also a lapse in the way Woody Allen handles the film-industry people who show up in the town: except for Gil, they don’t have satiric personality traits. The writer *didn’t* create them—they’re just lumpy walk-ons, and the energy leaks out of the scenes with Alexander Cohen as the producer. And by not making it clear how consciously manipulative Gil is, Allen leaves a gap that the audience experiences as a sense of dislocation. And though Gordon Willis’s black-and-white images are exactly what’s needed, his color cinematography—as well as the work of the production designer—seems too rich and shadowed for comedy. The Depression thirties was the era of Deco dishware in cheap and cheerful primary colors, of yellow oilcloth on kitchen tables and red-and-white plaids and checkerboard patterns wherever you looked. The deep “Godfather” browns here are too serious, and they link into a few problems of emotional tone.

There’s a central piece of miscasting: as Cecilia’s husband, Danny Aiello is too heavy and loutish. Probably he was selected for the incongruity of this big vulgarian’s being married to the slight, fine-drawn Cecilia (and her supporting him), but we don’t have a clue to why she married him or why he married her. Woody Allen has too much taste to let us see the husband smacking Cecilia around, but we hear about his having done it, and his physique is threatening. I waited for Aiello to become more stylized—for his oafishness to be made comic. (He does lighten up—but not enough—when Cecilia comes home and catches him with a giggly, voluptuous flooze.) I rather



dreaded Cecilia's scenes with her husband, and after the flooze episode, when you see Cecilia trudging through town carrying her suitcase, and then, defeated, going back, because she has no place else to go, the film has a morbid, unfunny subtext. You don't want her to have to go home to this bruiser's surplus gut and his thick, Victor McLaglen arms. (Our image of him makes the resolution of the film cruelly harsh.) It's difficult to know how much of the subtext is intentional. Some of it is surprising: the fairy-tale man, the two-dimensional man from the black-and-white world, is the only one who treats Cecilia decently; the other men abuse her or betray her. (Does Woody Allen believe that young women who claim that they've found someone "nice" are all deluded?)

There's something else that the crushing presence of the husband connects with. Woody Allen knows how to merge his modern sensibility with that of Buster Keaton. (The first step is that what was accounted for in "Sherlock Jr." as a dream is now presented in a matter-of-fact manner, with the cunning capper that it's "fictional.") The film is far more Keatonesque than Chaplinesque. Mia Farrow has her plangency, but she's also a hardhead, like Keaton, and with something of his resilience and individuality. (She's the only beauty to have survived Diane Arbus's camera.) But though Woody Allen isn't like Chaplin—he doesn't make you cry—he has a naturally melancholic, depressive quality. It's his view of life; the movie casts a spell, yet at the end it has a bitter tang. It says that sweetness doesn't get you anywhere. And though in acting terms Mia Farrow carries off her Chaplinesque moment of reconciliation to fate, I think it's a mistake. Woody Allen's full vision here could take a less tidy, airier finish—he needed to pull something magical out of a hat. (He might even have carried through on the illogical plot turns of the movie within the movie.) Most of Buster Keaton's comedies ended happily, and when Chaplin wasn't being maudlin so did his. Woody Allen puts a strain on his light, paradoxical story about escapism when he gives it a desolate, "realistic" ending. The author's voice that emerges from his movies, and from this one in particular, is that of a winner who in his deepest recesses feels like a loser. Happiness and success aren't real to him; painfulness is the only reality he trusts.

(Trusting it is his idea of integrity.) And so he sentimentalizes his own make-believe here by trying to give it "real" emotion.

But this "Purple Rose" has enough true poignancy for us to forgive it its fake poignancy. I watched this movie all but purring with pleasure. It's a delicate classic comedy. It's not a picture to go to with huge expectations; it doesn't have the daring or excitement of a great work. But it has a small, rapt quality, and I think it's Woody Allen's finest creation. It's scaled to Mia Farrow's cheekbones. And it has a surprising warmth.

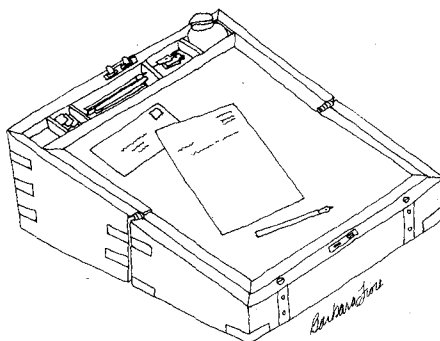
THE English comedy "A Private Function" is like an Ealing Studios comedy of the late-forties, early-fifties period as it might have been skewed by Joe Orton. The picture keeps adding greedy eccentrics and scatological jokes until everything is interconnected and the action seems on the verge of exploding into lewd farce. It never quite makes the final leap (there's something very English about that), but it's pretty funny anyway. The dialogue doesn't let you down. Alan Bennett, who wrote the script, was one of the "Beyond the Fringe" foursome, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Jonathan Miller, and has become perhaps the best known (and most prolific) of Britain's television playwrights. In "A Private Function," he writes lines that make you laugh not just at the line itself but at the knotty mental state of the person who delivers it. The jokes seem to erupt out of the characters. Bennett and the young director Malcolm Mowbray, who worked up the story idea with him, are making their joint debut in feature films, and the picture has a distinctive zest and virulence.

The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, with rationing of bread and eggs, and all kinds of food shortages. The whole country seems to be steeped in petty vice, and for the sake of a chop or a roast just

about every character engages in deceit and fraud and other species of moral turpitude. The plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society—the proudly royalist doctor (Denholm Elliott), the solicitor (John Normington), and the pudgy accountant (Richard Griffiths)—to hold a subscription banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. In order to serve something suitable for a patriotic feast, the three leading citizens have made a deal with a black marketeer—a local farmer—to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig. The three, however, have tried to drive out a lowly newcomer to the town, a mild-mannered chiropodist named Chilvers (Michael Palin), who makes his house calls on a bicycle, and when, on a visit to the farmer's wife, he discovers their felonious secret he has an uncharacteristic vengeful impulse: knowing they can't complain to the police, he takes a notion to steal their pig. This material might seem rather basic, but the moviemakers have a streak of the higher insanity: when Chilvers tells his socially ambitious wife—played by Maggie Smith—she's ecstatic about the idea. Though the writing is rather shaky on this point, and it may not make a lot of sense to us in the audience, Mrs. Chilvers is convinced that stealing the pig will change her and her husband's lives and give them the social position she feels is her due. (And because of her maneuverings it does work out that way.)

This woman of steel who bosses and bullies her husband is an inspired parody of Lady Macbeth. Mrs. Chilvers gives piano lessons, and spends much of her time trying to keep her dotty old mother (Liz Smith) in line, but she has visions of herself as a woman of class and refinement—visions that have been severely tested by her marriage. Maggie Smith and Liz Smith (no relation) make a great mother-daughter comedy team; the mother is like a bleary, befuddled mirror image of the daughter's pretensions. And Maggie Smith can bring you up short by a devastating inflection. When Chilvers polishes the car that for want of fuel he has kept on blocks but will need for the kidnapping, he says, in satisfaction, "I can see me face in that." The mournfulness of all Mrs. Chilvers' disappointment in him comes out in her "So can I."

After Chilvers kidnaps the pig and brings it home, he lacks the callousness to kill it, and the pig, who snuffles like



a chugging train and has an upset stomach in addition to normal piggy incontinence, uses the Chilvers living quarters as a pen. Maggie Smith proves herself a sovereign comedienne in the broadest of broad situations. When visitors to the Chilvers home are puzzled by the foul smell, Mrs. Chilvers wrinkles her skinny nose, tightens her mouth, and tries to blame it on her mother's advanced years. Soon the angry town leaders arrive to claim the main course of their banquet, and fall to arguing. The most reasonable is the accountant, whose resemblance to the pig makes him seem rather endearing—he's as dismayed as the tenderhearted Chilvers at the prospect of the animal's being butchered. (Chilvers offers the suggestion that the power-élite fellows should set her up somewhere in a sty.)

"A Private Function" is like "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. The characters cheat and conspire at such a low level that at times you laugh helplessly. About the only person in town who abides by the egalitarian regulations is the inspector for the Ministry of Food (Bill Paterson), and he has no sense of smell or of taste, and seems deficient in other senses, too. At least, he does until his seductive landlady (Rachel Davies) gets him to paint stocking seams on her bare legs. When the big-wigs are shouting and carrying on at the Chilvers place, Mrs. Chilvers dresses up in a horrendous, tarty blue frock, wheels in a cocktail cart, and socks her body around—she's using her idea of feminine wiles. The scene begins promisingly but lasts a shade too long, and the final celebration dinner is too comfy. By not going into wild farce, the movie becomes trivial. It goes nowhere—no further than the Ealing comedies did. But it's alive and unruly; the humor keeps boiling up. The film has quick shifts of tone, and every once in a while there's an effect that's inexplicably, touchingly funny—like the deranged lyricism of a shot of the mother and the huge pink porker side by side looking out of an upstairs bedroom window.

—PAULINE KAEI

The Arlington County Board is considering withdrawing from the Northern Virginia agency that distributes cigarette taxes to local governments after being told by Revenue Commissioner Geraldine M. Whiting that the agency is inefficient and inefficient.—*Washington Post*.

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Royal Viking's Crossings

AROUND CITY HALL

SHOWTIME

THE musical satire on current events that is put on each March by members of the Inner Circle, the fraternity of present and former City Hall reporters, was generally well received this year, as it usually is. Among the eighteen hundred people in the audience in the grand ballroom of the New York Hilton on the evening of March 9th were pillars of local corporate life and of Wall Street; union leaders; many members of the local criminal-justice system, including judges, Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, and State Attorney General Robert Abrams; half a dozen members of the New York delegation to the House of Representatives; most of the top city and state legislators; and even the governor of an adjoining state—Thomas Kean, of New Jersey, who pronounces his name to rhyme with “rain” and was rewarded for his attendance with a line in the show: “He may be Kean but he’s certainly not able.” At the last minute, New York Governor Mario Cuomo opted to attend a critical basketball game being played at Madison Square Garden by his alma mater, St. John’s University. (St. John’s lost.) On hand, of course, was Mayor Edward Koch, in honor of whose 1985 campaign for a third term the show’s title was “Enough!! Or Eddie?”—by common agreement not one of the most brilliant of the Inner Circle’s titular inspirations.

A forum to which mayoral candidates were invited had been held that afternoon in Harlem. Thanks to registration drives, the black vote is increasingly important in local political races. Koch’s two announced rivals for the Democratic mayoral nomination, City Council President Carol Bellamy and Manhattan Assemblyman Herman (Denny) Farrell, who is himself black, both spoke at the forum, whose subject was the need to remedy the underrepresentation of blacks and other minority entrepreneurs in the city’s business-enterprise system. The Mayor sent word that he would be unable to attend, because he would be busy rehearsing his rebuttal to the Inner Circle’s three acts of satirical gibes at the political scene. By awkward coincidence, the first act of “Enough!! Or

Eddie?” that evening ended with Jim Ryan, of Channel 5, the reporter who played Koch, singing, to the tune of “Mr. T,” “So black New York will vote for me... From now on I’ll hang tough, in Harlem all day, I’ll get rhythm, eat soul food, get baptized and pray... And make believe I really care.”



As it turned out, Koch, in his twenty-minute musical rebuttal—staged with the help of cast members from the Off Broadway production “Little Shop of Horrors,” it was entitled “City Hall of Horrors,” and dealt with Koch’s problems in the mayoral race—did not mention the issue of the black vote. He was shown having a bad time, however, after

he was temporarily swallowed up by a mayoral candidate with no apparent ethnic connections—a man-eating foam-rubber plant. “The city seems so quiet all of a sudden,” someone onstage said after Koch disappeared into the great maw. “This plant defeats its opponents the old-fashioned way. It *eats* them,” said the narrator of various election-year episodes of what he called “Mayorpiece Theatre.” The narrator, who, as Koch explained later, had flown in from California on the red-eye for the occasion, was indeed John Houseman. Koch was liberated when what was described as the Westheimer maneuver was used on the offending opponent by Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the sex therapist, who, as Koch also explained, had flown in from Paris for the occasion. The willingness of busy public figures as well as the casts of popular shows to go to all lengths to help the Mayor show off in a twenty-minute skit is one more example of the powers of incumbency which can break the hearts of political challengers.

AS some of those in the audience at the reporters’ show understood, it was not an easy assignment to try to produce a laugh riot about current events in a town where, in recent weeks, there has been wide preoccupation with a series of deaths and permanently crippling injuries resulting from violent—and, as it often turned out, indictable—actions taken by local policemen empowered to enforce the

law, and also by citizens who took on themselves a similar responsibility, with fatal or near-fatal consequences for others. It is not as if violent death, and even dismemberment (see “Sweeney Todd”), have been considered off limits as subjects for theatrical humor—particularly for what can probably still be called black humor, although, on occasion, blacks have charged that the use of the term “black humor” to describe morbid scenes with comic overtones is one more sign that America is a racist society. Some blacks handle such concerns differently. Last month, after Mayor Koch announced that he would treat Farrell like any other mayoral opponent, Farrell said, “That’s mighty black of him.”

Many New Yorkers, in order to sort out what they think about some of the recent violence, have found themselves trying to learn more than they ever dreamed they’d want to know about the city’s criminal-justice system. At the most frivolous party on the upper East Side, people can be seen vigorously waving their wineglasses at each other as they discuss how it could have happened that, late in January, a grand jury in the Bronx, where Mario Merola is the district attorney, indicted a policeman in the shotgun death of an elderly woman named Eleanor Bumpurs during an eviction proceeding, while, a few days earlier, a grand jury in Morgenthau’s borough refused to hand up an indictment for any act of violence against Bernhard Goetz. (Surely there can be few people anywhere not living in caves who by this time do not know that, late in December, after he encountered four black teen-agers on an I.R.T. subway and one of them asked him for five dollars, Goetz, a thirty-seven-year-old white man, shot all four of the youths, two of them in the back, leaving one, Darrell Cabey, permanently paralyzed and brain-damaged, but winning for himself the international starring role of the subway vigilante.) Also the source of much barside discord has been not only the role of the police in many violent cases but the purported mishandling of evidence in such cases by New York’s chief medical examiner, Elliot Gross, whose office is now the subject of five different official investigations.

Though conflicting views on the powers of a grand jury or on the Medical Examiner’s Office may have come to be matters of intense local interest to many New Yorkers, they do not play well as three-minute

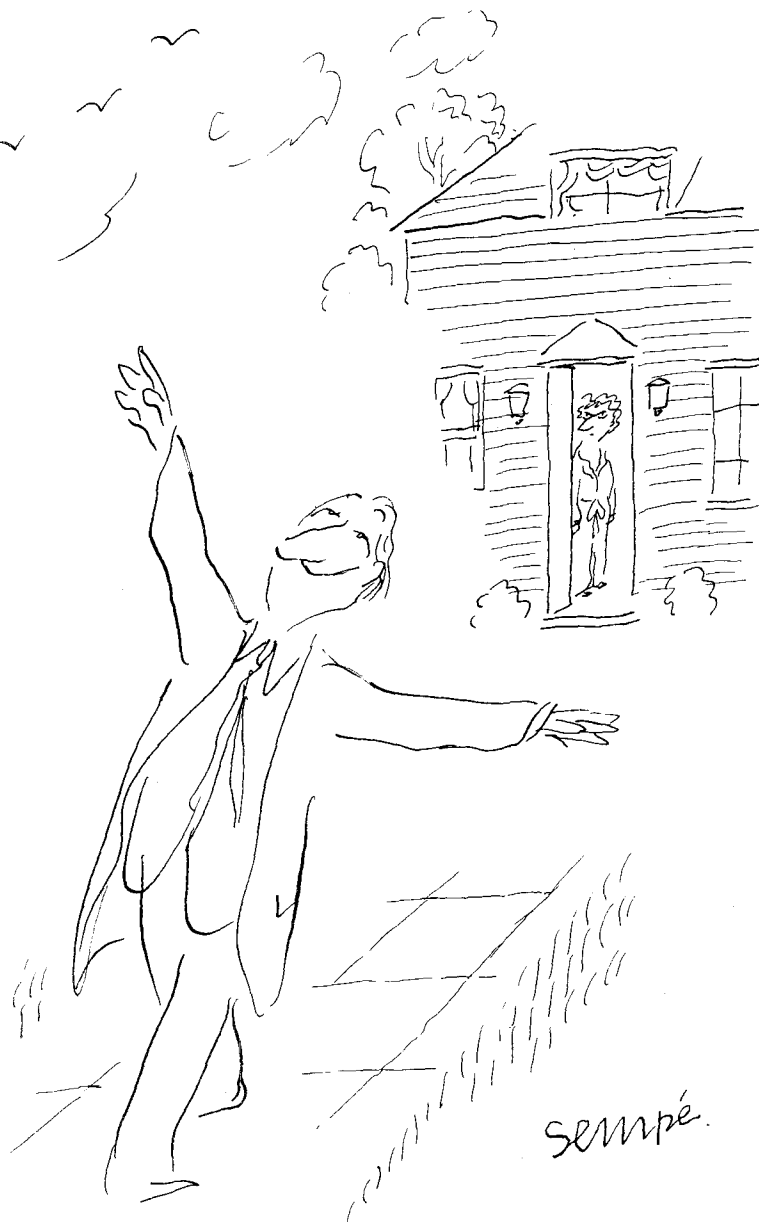
knee-slapping skits favored in variety shows, including those put on by City Hall reporters. In the end, the show made only passing reference to Gross, who was in the audience, dealing with his office in a song called "Dem Bones;" dem bones, it was suggested, often got mixed up. With one exception, no material based on controversies about New York cops made the show; most reporters, like most politicians, find it useful to remain on friendly terms with their local police. A judgment was also made to refrain from mentioning any of the harsh criticism directed at Morgenthau after he was unable to persuade the grand jury to indict Goetz for the subway shootings. Morgenthau was referred to in the show in connection with another case—that of Sydney Biddle Barrows, the socially well-connected young woman who is alleged to have been the head of a prosperous local prostitution ring, whom the *Post* had immediately labelled the Mayflower Madam, and whose little black book, listing her clients, Morgenthau's office had seized. To the tune of "Who?" Beth Fallon, of the *Post*, playing the Mayflower Madam, sang a highly irreverent song that began, "Who is my clientele? Who should I kiss and tell? Names, addresses, phone numbers, too. One of them is Bob Morgen—who?" In the same skit, Morgenthau was shown explaining that he had declined to release the names in the book because they were "the same names as the Inner Circle seating list." While most of the local police escaped attention, the exception was Benjamin Ward, the city's first black police commissioner, who was not present. Last October, the *News* revealed that on at least seven occasions when Ward was commissioner of correction, the job he left to become police commissioner,

he had used his Rikers Island prison office as what an unreleased Department of Investigation report called a "motel" to entertain a woman friend. The back cover of the program for "Enough!! Or Eddie!" showed a picture labelled "Rikers Island Slammer," with Ward in a penthouse entertaining a female friend while three guards out front made see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil signs. A song in the show to the tune of "Prisoner of Love" hailed him as "the Commissioner of Love." However, the *cherchez-les-femmes* approach to local criminal-justice controversies did not prevail entirely. In the first act, Bernhard Goetz appeared in a subway scene to background music of "Whatever Bernie Wants, Bernie Goetz," and a gun-toting reporter, James Harney, of the *News*, sang, "Pistol-Packin' Bernie, got fame throughout this town, Pistol-Packin' Bernie, shot four of

them right"—bang-bang-bang-bang-bang—"down!" It got a big hand.

THE amateurs in charge of the Inner Circle show must have found it hard to resist the temptation to present a scene—or possibly a whole act—burlesquing the events of the last week in February, when Bernhard Goetz was respectfully treated in interviews and in commentaries by some local politicians as the city's resident criminologist, educator, theologian, and moral overseer. During January and most of February, Goetz had been an unobtrusive figure, declining all interview requests and giving no sign of courting the popular-folk-hero role that had been assigned to him. A point of noisy local debate was whether similar acclaim and similar legal leniency would have prevailed if the shooter had been black and those wounded had been white, or if all the

principals had been black. Then, on February 24th, a twenty-four-year-old black factory worker named Andy Frederick was arraigned in Brooklyn Supreme Court on a charge of second-degree manslaughter. On his way to work three mornings earlier, Frederick had been on a subway platform when two black men grabbed some candy bars from a newsstand. Frederick reproved them, and in the scuffle that followed he hit one of the men, and then he was hit over the head, without visible damage. Frederick took out a knife and stabbed one of the candy grabbers, Felix McCord, who died on the platform. When Frederick turned himself in, forty hours later, he explained that the stabbing had been done with a pocket-knife; Mayor Koch later described it as "a Boy Scout knife." In a front-page headline, the *Post* immediately hailed him as "THE SUBWAY AVENGER." Frederick told report-



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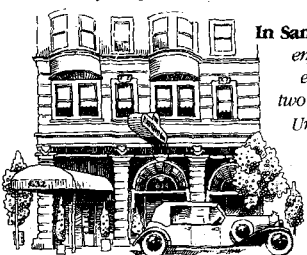
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ers, "I'm no hero"—which was what Goetz had said after he turned himself in for the subway shootings.

Suddenly making an aggressive move into the spotlight, the subway vigilante appeared at the arraignment of the subway avenger, telling Frederick, "We are the two good guys," and assuring him, "Andy, remember, the people are with you." To a crowd of reporters, he said, "I think the public should relate to this man." The Mayor, demonstrating that he, at any rate, related to this man, described Frederick as "a good Samaritan" and said of Goetz and his new friend, "Our hearts have got to go out to Mr. Frederick, and I view them as the same."

In one of a dozen or so interviews that Goetz gave to newspaper and television reporters in the next several days, he explained to a representative of the *Times* that Frederick had reprimanded the candy grabbers "for what only can be considered socially unacceptable conduct," and that "their reaction should have been one of shame." He later called the killing "clearly self-defense." In other interviews, he described New York as being "sick from one end to another." Thus, he said, "what we have is moral anarchy." On March 2nd, Goetz told reporters that he planned to move out of New York "in a couple of weeks." Before this interval was up, however, there was a necessary change of plans: On March 12th, Morgenthau, saying that he had found new evidence—reportedly a new witness—won permission from a judge to convene a new grand jury in the subway shootings.

SEVERAL months ago, in an appearance before a House committee concerned with crime, Mayor Koch was so vehement about the importance of insuring the swift and certain punishment of criminals as a lesson to them and to others that a Midwestern representative commented admiringly, "I think you could be elected mayor of Dodge City." It is not likely that the Mayor ever thought that a considerable number of the criminals the local justice system would soon be cracking down on would be members of his own police force. The indictment of Officer Stephen Sullivan for the shooting of Eleanor Bumpurs was handed up in the Bronx on January 31st. Two weeks later, in Brooklyn, Officer Joseph Vacchio was indicted for second-degree manslaughter for the shooting,

on January 3rd, of twenty-three-year-old Darryl Dodson. Someone had come to the police station to say that he had been threatened by a man with a gun. Vacchio saw Dodson crossing the street, decided he matched the description, and, although witnesses said Dodson had his hands up, shot him dead—accidentally, he said later. Dodson was unarmed. The policeman was white and the victim black, and that is the way members of the black community insist that most such fatal accidents happen in this city. A week after the Vacchio indictment, six white policemen in Manhattan were indicted in connection with the fatal injuries inflicted on Michael Stewart, a twenty-five-year-old black graffiti writer, while he was in police custody. Then, on February 24th, two policemen in the Bronx were told that someone had been throwing light bulbs down to the street from an elevated subway platform. Going up the stairs, the cops saw two young men there, one of them twenty-two-year-old Paul Fava, who was scheduled to go into the Navy the next day. According to his companion, they had not been throwing light bulbs, but one of the policemen, Mervin Yearwood, while he was frisking Fava put a gun to the young man's head and it went off—accidentally, Yearwood said. "My son was executed," said Fava's father, calling for a murder indictment against Yearwood. In this case, the victim was white and the policemen were black. On March 7th, still another police officer, Joseph Arzuaga, was indicted for the December 27th shooting of a seventeen-year-old white youth, Anthony Seijo, whom Arzuaga had chased after seeing him jump a turnstile. (Contrary to the growing impression, not all serious crime in this city happens in the subways.) Arzuaga fired one shot through a store window as he chased Seijo, luckily hitting no one. Seijo made the mistake of asking what Arzuaga would do if he kept running. According to one witness, Arzuaga, using Clint Eastwood's line from the Dirty Harry movie "Sudden Impact," said, "Go ahead, make my day," and, as Seijo continued to run, shot him in the back, paralyzing him from the waist down. Although Arzuaga said that Seijo had brandished a knife and snatched his chain and police shield, Seijo was found to be unarmed, and the chain and shield were found on Arzuaga.

In Queens, where the indictment of Arzuaga took place, the district attor-

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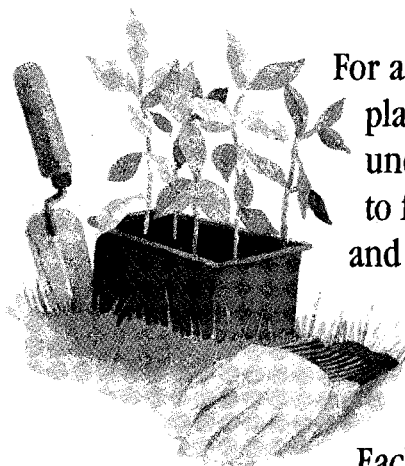
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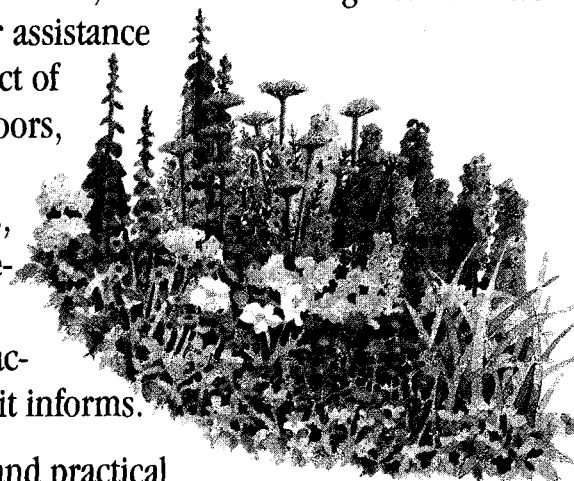
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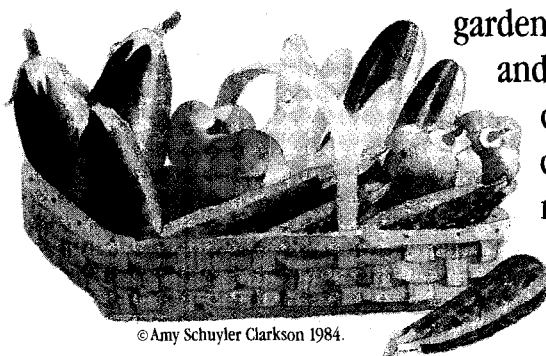
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ney, John Santucci, has been considering running for the City Council. Apparently, playing a role in the indictment of a city policeman—thirteen such indictments have been revealed in the last few weeks—has become more politically acceptable than it once was. Three weeks before the Arzuaga indictment, a Queens grand jury had indicted three police officers on charges of assault and reckless endangerment. One of them had fired three shots at a Queens resident, Jack Coulter, who had honked his horn when the three cops, off duty at the time and just coming from a party, blocked his way on the street he lived on. Fortunately, the shots missed, but until he was rescued by neighbors Coulter was beaten with sticks by the law-enforcement officers, who then arrested him for assaulting them. No announcement of the police indictments in this case had been made by Santucci's office. All these indictments against New York policemen are pending. Other New Yorkers who were accused of breaking the law have suffered swifter punishment and won't be committing those crimes again. For not paying rent, for writing graffiti, for looking like a man who was carrying a gun, for possibly throwing light bulbs on a street, and for beating a subway fare, a number of people are now dead and two are permanently crippled—one after jumping a turnstile and the other after asking a man on a subway if he had five dollars.

After February 27th, when the court ordered the release of the description of the shootings that Goetz gave in New Hampshire, where he had turned himself in, support for Goetz here grew noticeably less enthusiastic. He had told the New Hampshire police that, after three of the youths were down and he saw that the fourth, slumped against the train wall, showed no blood, he had said, "You don't look so bad, here's another," and had then fired a fifth shot into the rib cage of the youth, who was Darrell Cabey. Many New Yorkers who had let this testimony influence their view of Goetz as a victim were taken aback at the results of a *Daily News*—"Eyewitness News" poll published on March 3rd. An early-January poll in the *News* had shown that forty-nine per cent of New Yorkers tended to approve of Goetz's having shot the four youths. The *News* noted that seventy-one per cent of those polled this month had heard about Goetz's New Hampshire testimony. Nevertheless, local approval of the shootings had in-

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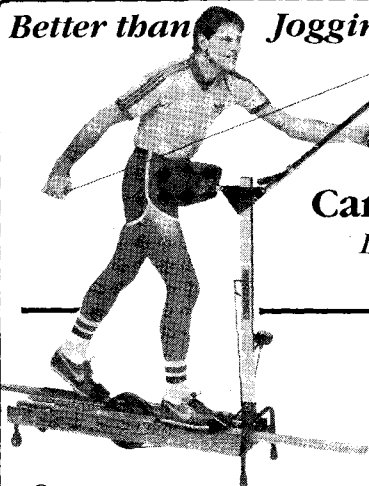
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returned in the third only shortly before the finale. In a sense, the show was a metaphor for the attention being paid lately to political news in this city. It is true that there is a relentless number of photo opportunities on the mayoral schedule (there were thirteen events on the schedule one day last summer, and that was in a nonelection year), all of which reporters have to cover; as Koch, the savvy politician, well knows, there's nothing some editors fall for more easily than a picture of a public official doing high kicks with the Rockettes—something Koch did last month. Nevertheless, the ordinary citizen has only so much time to spare for political news, and—especially now that the 1985 mayoral contest looks more and more like a non-contest—a large share of that time is reserved for the latest from Washington or Albany. Most of the show's third act was given over to skits about the Reagans, Walter Mondale, Geraldine Ferraro, New York's two United States senators, Jesse Jackson, Jerry Falwell, and, particularly, Mario Cuomo, whose Presidential aspirations—or non-aspirations, as he keeps insisting—took up much of the last part of the show. The Governor and his wife, Matilda, were shown as Archie and Edith Bunker—fair enough, since all four are from the borough of Queens—singing, to the tune of “Those Were the Days,” “Ah, to act with White House class, maybe lead the Sunday Mass.” He was also sonorously hailed to the tune of the “Hallelujah Chorus” (“King of Queens! . . . And Lord of Words!”).

Although Koch was allotted relatively little time during the evening, his opponents in the mayoral race, who were both in the audience, had even more to complain about. Farrell was shown in a brief turn (“Down underneath the skin, a hack's a hack”), and Bellamy, who is generally considered a forthright sort, was portrayed singing—wistfully and, it was implied, hopelessly—“I Have a Dream.” She did receive another mention—from the Mayor, at the beginning of his rebuttal. After an evening that he must have found gratifying in the sense that it treated him as a virtual shoo-in for reelection yet no fun because of the insults sent in his direction, Koch directed one of his own at the reporter performers. Reviewing their show, he said, “I haven't had so much fun since I asked Carol Bellamy for five dollars.”

—ANDY LOGAN

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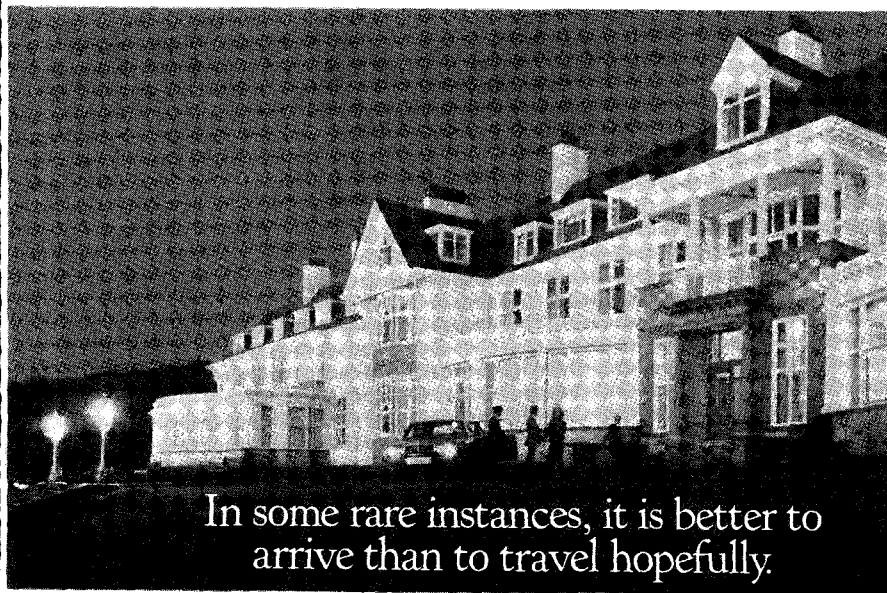
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THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

As *Is,* by William M. Hoffman, at Circle Rep, is about a personable young homosexual, called Rich, who is about to launch a career as a writer when he is stricken by AIDS—acquired immune-deficiency syndrome. In the first scene, Rich, still apparently healthy, is splitting up with his lover of many years, a Jew named Saul, and they are dividing their household possessions, because Rich has fallen for a comely youth. When Rich's illness surfaces, his family deserts him, but Saul doesn't. From there on, one small scene follows another; the technique is that of a documentary, not only about the sad plight of Rich and the fidelity

of Saul but also about their milieu—the leather bars and bathhouses, the hotels for assignments, Christopher Street for drugs, the AIDS hot line, a group-therapy session for afflicted men (and one woman), and, eventually, a hospital room. Several of the actors play multiple roles, and Marshall W. Mason's staging and Mr. Hoffman's writing both show theatrical ingenuity. There is humor, too, along with the pathos inherent in the subject; the play—more theatrical event than play, actually—is sentimental at times, but it is never hokey, which is commendable, considering the pitfalls. The acting seems in every instance appropriate

and credible. Jonathan Hogan is Rich, and Jonathan Hadary is Saul, and both of them are good. As is always true at Circle Rep, the setting, spare and impressionistic (by David Potts), the lighting (by Dennis Parichy), and the costumes (by Michael Warren Powell) are impeccable.

ROBERT BOLT, the British dramatist, in his *"Vivat! Vivat Regina!"* has reduced the struggle of many years between Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth of England to a set of conversations—some lively, some not—as the action shifts back and forth from the royal court in London to various spots in Scotland, and at last to the prison cell in Carlisle where Mary is confined. The first verdict on the current revival, by Mirror Repertory Company, at St. Peter's, must be: no contest. Geraldine Page shines as Elizabeth; she endows the role with such subtlety and humor and depth, and her scenes with Bryan Clark, as her adviser and courtier William Cecil, are so stylish and entertaining that she not only holds all our interest but absorbs all our sympathy as well. Once in a while, I tossed a "Poor thing" at Mary, but that was it. Sabra Jones, the artistic director of the company, has cast herself in this leading role, for which she is totally unqualified, and, pitted against Miss Page, God help her. The play, as Brendan Gill pointed out in his review of the Broadway production, in 1972, suffers from "thinness of texture," and seems a peculiar candidate for revival in any case. Peculiar or not, performances like Miss Page's don't come along every day of the week, in whatever setting. In this production, directed by John Strasberg, the action is sluggish, without pace or urgency—not that Mr. Bolt supplied much of either one. Among the supporting actors, besides Mr. Clark I enjoyed Jess Osuna as a Spanish ambassador; W. B. Brydon as Lord Bothwell; Baxter Harris as Robert Dudley; and, above all, a baby named Elijah Torn Burkhardt, presumably Miss Page's grandson, as James Stuart, Prince of Scotland, Ireland, and England. The ingenious scenery was designed and lighted by James Tilton; the lavish, handsome costumes are by Gail Cooper-Hecht.

AMLIN GRAY, who wrote *"How I Got That Story,"* one of the most original and powerful plays ever to be done Off Broadway, has now written *"The Fantod,"* a deplorable



"What a view! How did you find this place?"

mock-Victorian gothic in the manner of Edward Gorey, but without his flair or taste. It is, at best, the kind of spoof that sets my teeth on edge, and I mention it only because an Off Off Broadway group, N.Y. Theatre Workshop, has mounted it quite well at the Perry Street, and because an actor named Mark Moses, new to me, gives a delightful performance as the love-struck juvenile. The excellent scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Richard Hoover, Andrew B. Marlay, and John Gisondi, respectively. Stephen Katz is the competent director.

THE only real treat of this dim week was the New Amsterdam Theatre Company's sublime concert production of "Leave It to Jane" (music by Jerome Kern, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse), which ran for only two evenings at Town Hall. It was done with a full onstage orchestra and a full company of singers who could truly act, but without scenery or props or costumes—the men in dinner jackets, the women in long dresses—and, above all, without amplification. Nothing impeded that glorious score, those nimble words. The performances, in which action and stage business were pantomimed, and even dancing merely indicated, were always eloquent or funny—just about perfect. Jeanne Lehman played the title role, and George Dvorsky, Lara Teeter, and Jerome Dempsey, among others, gave her strong support. Ronald Bentley was the director. Later this year, the New Amsterdam Company will be offering, again for only two evenings apiece, revivals of two other Kern musicals (lyrics for both by Oscar Hammerstein II)—"Music in the Air," in April, and "Sweet Adeline," in May.

—EDITH OLIVER

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[From "Long Voyage Back,"
by Luke Rhinehart]

Neil lowered himself from the last chin-up and moved into the wheelhouse and stood beside the eighteen-year-old. Two empty glasses sat on the wheelhouse shelf, reminders of the whiskey they'd drunk at dawn when they'd sighted land for the first time since northern Florida. Neil picked up one and drained it.

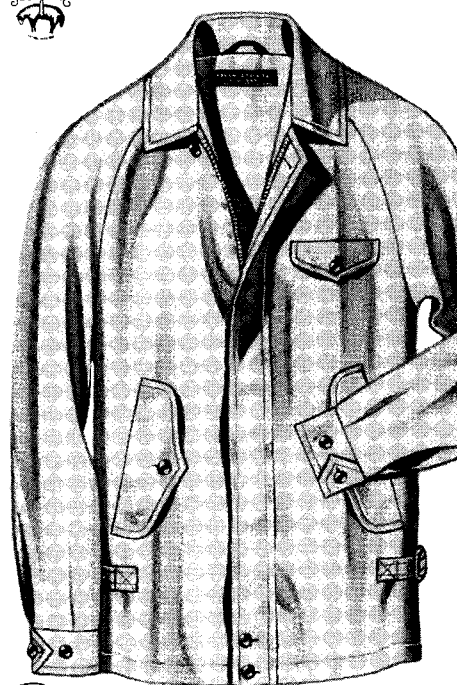
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BOOKS

Eliot Without Words

PETER ACKROYD, at the end of two solid pages acknowledging thirty-nine libraries, collections, and archives plus twenty-seven individuals who aided the extensive research on his "T. S. Eliot: A Life" (Simon & Schuster; \$24.95), confesses:

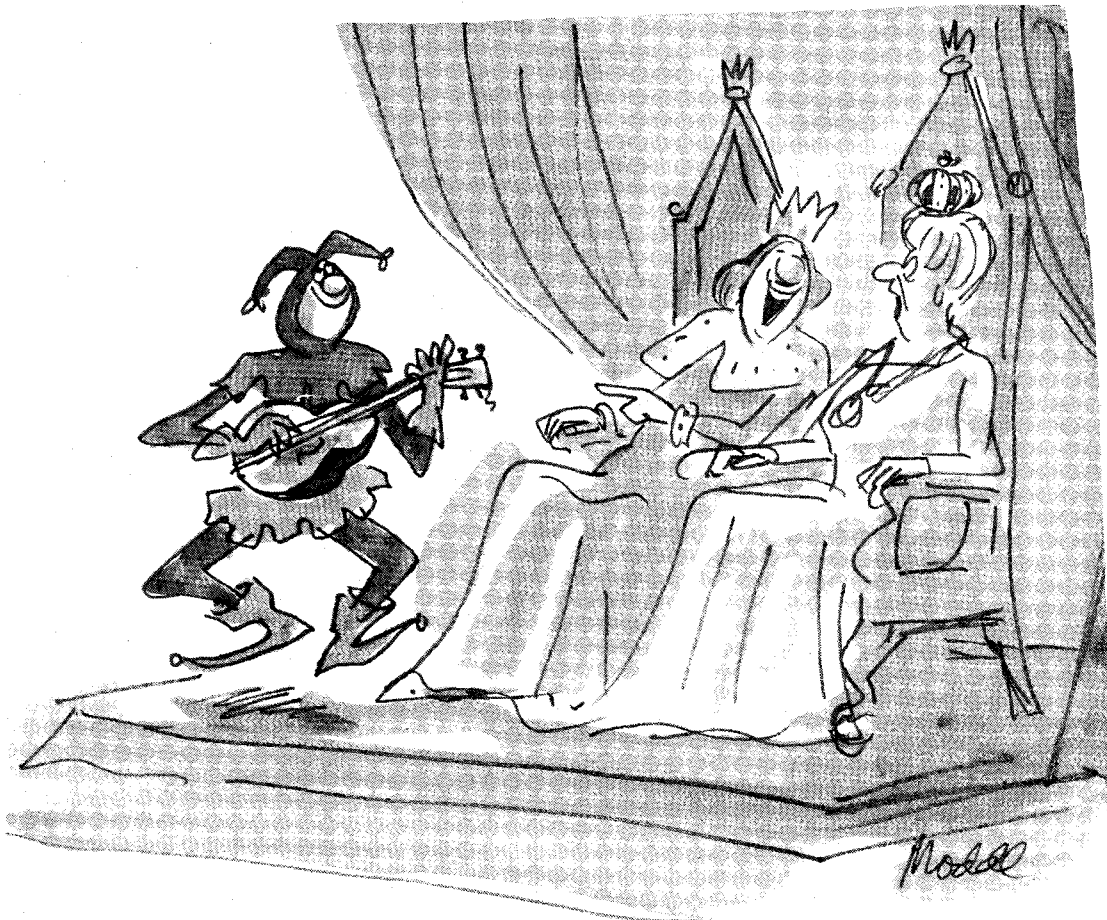
I am forbidden by the Eliot estate to quote from Eliot's published work, except for purposes of fair comment in a critical context, or to quote from Eliot's unpublished work or correspondence.

Again and again, in the chronological plod of Mr. Ackroyd's assertions, one longs for the confirming quotation, the enlivening snatch of poem or letter, that would prove his point. Instead, we get a number, which tantalizingly refers us, in over fifty columns of notes, to some library where Eliot's own words are still locked up safe from all but a few prying eyes. "Should he adopt an academic career and raise a family? Or should he plan eventually to live in Paris? What was he to do? These were some of the worries which he poured out in his correspondence."²⁰ Fumbling our way

to the proper back page, we find "20 Eliot to Conrad Aiken, 25 February 1915. Huntington." Again: "Their relationship was further impaired when in 1954 Pound criticized Eliot's Christianity as 'lousy'; Eliot wrote a caustic letter back."⁷⁹ The reader who would like to see Eliot being caustic in defense of his religion must travel, 79 informs him, to New Haven, and presumably beg access from the stern guardians of the Beinecke Library. Even when the source is not the great man's correspondence but his first wife's diary, a superscripted number pinch-hits for specifics: "Certainly he was himself capable of violent emotions, and in her diary Vivien remembered an instance of his sudden and violent ferocity."⁶² "Vivien's diaries for this period" give an extraordinary picture of a woman who is tearing herself to pieces, and scattering those pieces in the sight of all those she had known." Even when the source has been placed by others into print, the habit of paraphrase rules Mr. Ackroyd's style: "Virginia Woolf had

denounced *The Rock* and in April 1934 was arguing violently with him about his religious convictions;³² three months later she told Stephen Spender that Eliot seemed to be turning into a priest."³³ The first number refers us to the fourth volume of the published diaries of Virginia Woolf, and the second to the fifth volume of the published letters. Seek, and ye shall find. Mr. Ackroyd considers Eliot to have been an elusive, all too mimetic man, with something peculiar hidden at his core; the words "curious," "peculiar," "unreal," and "bizarre" recur. Yet some of the strangeness of Eliot as portrayed here lies in the unnatural silence imposed upon him by the restrictions of his estate; but for a few phrases from his letters and an odd line or two of his verse, the poet walks gagged through his own biography.

As early as 1925, Eliot had announced he did not want a biography of him written; this has not totally discouraged Mr. Ackroyd, or T. S. Matthews, whose impudent "Great Tom" (1974) skates saucily over great tracts of confessed ignorance, or Lyndall Gordon, whose "Eliot's Early Years" (1977) quotes its subject with relative abandon and nevertheless received a helpful reading from Valerie Eliot, or those several friends—Robert Sencourt, Joseph Chiari, William Turner Levy, Victor Scherle—who have added their personal memoirs of Eliot to the swelling bibliography, or the armies of literary critics who must draw upon what facts are known about the tortuous and reluctant production of the Eliot oeuvre. Although Mr. Ackroyd is certainly superior to Mr. Matthews in the number of archives and informants he has visited, he is English and was born in 1949, so an air of book learning hovers over areas where his American senior was effortlessly at home. Mr.



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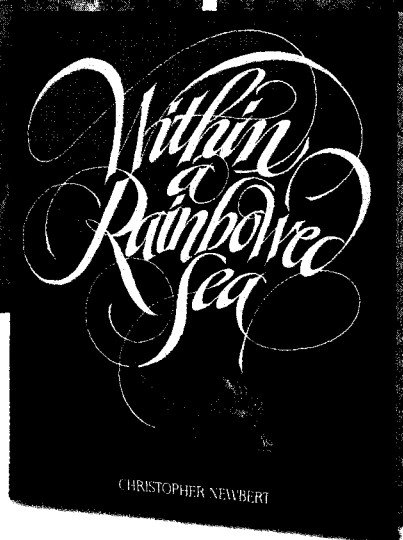
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Ackroyd tells his English readers, apropos of Ezra Pound's nickname for Eliot, Old Possum, that "the opossum [is] an animal which shams death in order to escape predators," and he informs his younger readers, apropos of the twenties, that "this was the age of 'flappers' and 'bright young people,' that irruption of the pleasure principle between the Great War and the Depression." New Englanders will be somewhat disoriented by his opening pages, in which Beverly is spelled Beverley, Eastern Point is spoken of as the Eliot family's own summer house rather than as an extensive section of Gloucester, the Harvard *Lampoon* (or the Lampoon Building) becomes "the Lampoon Club," and young salts un-geographically "would sail in Eliot's catboat along the coast of Massachusetts [sic] up to the Canadian border." Though Mr. Ackroyd has been a Mellon Fellow at Yale, he tends to see us as little Puritan dears far across the sea: America is "marked by a vague spirituality and an inchoate civilization," Eliot's father "represented the American aspiration towards success, thrift and practicality," and his dogooding mother "was, to use a convenient analogy, a Fabian of American life." And the biographer's grasp of Eliot's religious life seems gingerly, though he musters what sympathy he can: "If it were necessary to locate those elements of the Christian faith which impressed Eliot most deeply, they would surely be those of prayer and confession, balm and absolution for a soul deeply conscious of sin. . . . That self-imposed martyrdom which Eliot had dramatised many years before in his Harvard poetry . . . is the particular fate of those who associate the senses with sin and guilt; such an association is formed early in life, and its origins are not susceptible to investigation."

Within its limitations—another of which is a slightly unctuous stiffness of tone, as if Mr. Ackroyd were trying to make adequately stuffy conversation with an odd old type with whom he has been condemned to spend a prolonged sherry hour—the biography has the virtues of solidity and fairness. In orderly fashion it arrays the stages of Eliot's pilgrimage: the comfortable upbringing in the St. Louis family of Unitarian Brahmins, the brilliant but not quite comfortable academic career at Harvard, the escape to England in 1914, the escape into marriage in 1915, the few unsatisfactory years of schoolteaching, the harried and over-

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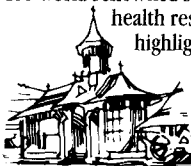
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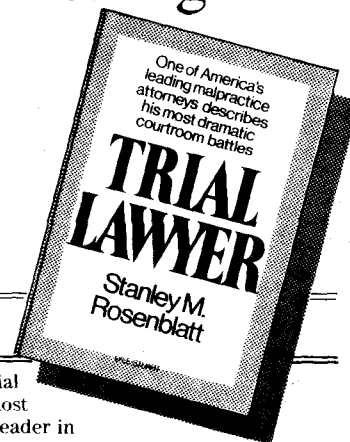
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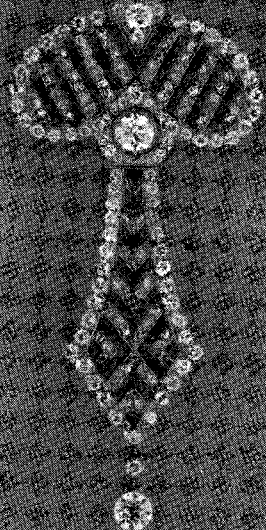
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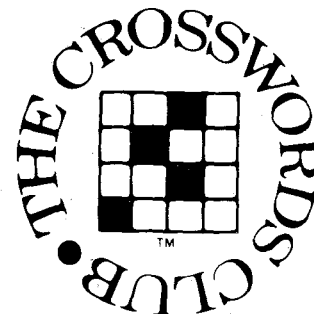
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worked but artistically valuable years at Lloyds Bank, the pleasant and lasting change to a publishing job at Faber in 1925, his reception into the Anglican church and British citizenship in 1927, his agonized decision to leave his first wife in 1932, his increasingly public and hyperactive bachelor career as editor, lecturer, churchman, playwright, and international personage, and, finally, when it would seem that Old Possum should be playing dead, his happy marriage, in 1957, to a woman thirty-eight years younger than he. Eliot died in 1965, at the age of seventy-six. He was never entirely healthy, having been born with a double hernia, an overwrought nervous system, and a constitutional fragility. A doctor once told him, "Mr. Eliot, you have the thinnest blood I've ever tested." The English winters regularly laid him low with bronchitis and high fevers, and his teeth gave him much pain and trouble. In late middle age, he developed tachycardia (like "harbouring some runaway machine," he said) and emphysema. He smoked cigarettes most of his life and was a surprisingly heavy, though rarely demonstrative, drinker. His marriage to Vivien Haigh-Wood was a wedding of maladies, since she, even when young, was something of a nervous wreck, given to headaches, depression, and excessive self-medication. Even her skin looked unhealthy, as Virginia Woolf more than once observed in her journals. An immense amount of Eliot's energy was deflected into humoring and nursing his neurotic wife, in the very years when he was working full time at Lloyds Bank and writing those poems and critical essays that renovated English poetry. After he left her, she would remember in her diaries, according to Mr. Ackroyd, "how gentle he was with her during her illnesses... how 'handy' he was around the house." Whatever neuroses and inabilities the virginal twenty-six-year-old groom brought to the precipitate wedding, Viv was certainly sicker than Tom, and for seventeen years he endured her demands and collapses and abuse with a fortitude and patience that, if not absolutely saintly, were about all that could be humanly expected. Mr. Ackroyd states flatly, "The decision to leave his wife was justified—and it is significant that no one, not even the members of Vivien's own family, criticized him for it at the time." Eliot's feelings of guilt, however, gave even his lectures at the time of the separa-



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tion an undercurrent of despair and self-disgust; poetry is a "mug's game," he told the Harvard audience for the Charles Eliot Norton lectures of 1932-33, and a poet "may have wasted his time and messed up his life for nothing." His sore conscience can only have been aggravated by Vivien's pathetic attempts, on his return to London, to confront him and win him back, and by her permanent commitment to a mental institution in 1938, and by her death there in 1947, at the relatively young age of fifty-eight. "Any man might do a girl in," he had written in "Sweeney Agonistes," "Any man has to, needs to, wants to / Once in a lifetime, do a girl in." By one account, he was "shattered by grief and almost despair" by Vivien's death, and by another he cancelled a lunch on the day of her funeral with a cable saying he had to "bury a woman" and was subsequently "unusually relaxed . . . almost gay at times." Mr. Ackroyd says, "These accounts are contradictory but not incompatible."

The same evenhandedness characterizes Mr. Ackroyd's treatment of two other sensitive points in Eliot's story: his alleged anti-Semitism and his political conservatism. Concerning the former, the best-known literary evidence, besides a few veiled phrases in the early poems, is the observation in "After Strange Gods" that in "the society that we desire . . . reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable." "After Strange Gods" comprised three lectures given at the University of Virginia in 1933, and was published by prior agreement with the university; Eliot never permitted them to be reprinted in any form. The poems, including the lines from "Burbank with a Baedeker: Bleistein with a Cigar" that run "The rats are underneath the piles. / The Jew is underneath the lot" were never changed. These lines from the "Waste Land" manuscripts—

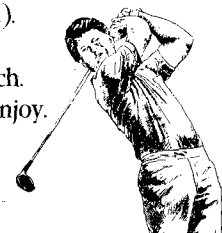
Full fathom five your Bleistein lies
Under the flatfish and the squids.
Graves' Disease in a dead jew's eyes!—

did not see print in Eliot's lifetime. Mr. Ackroyd found some slighting references to Jews in the unpublished correspondence, but none of them of later date than 1929. Eliot had, of course, a number of Jewish friends, and one of them, Leonard Woolf, said, "I think T. S. Eliot was slightly anti-Semitic in the sort of vague way

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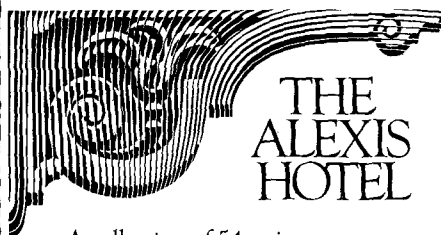
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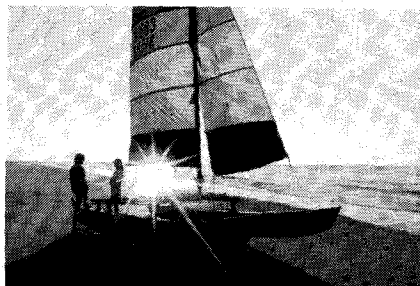
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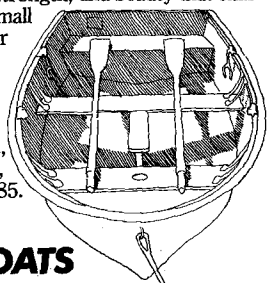
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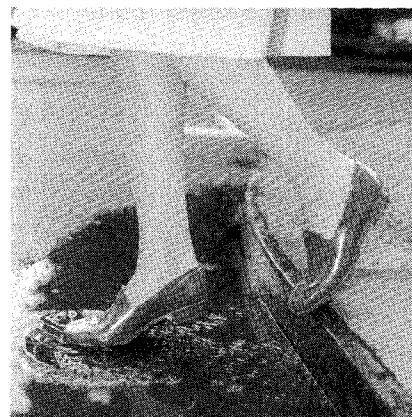
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which is not uncommon. He would have denied it quite genuinely." Mr. Ackroyd proposes a connection with the misogynistic traces in Eliot's utterances of the twenties: "It seems likely that his distrust of Jews and women was the sign of an uneasy and vulnerable temperament in which aggression and insecurity were compounded. This is an explanation, however, and not a justification."

Of Eliot's politics, and especially of his often chastised refusal to take an anti-Franco position on the Spanish Civil War, the young biographer, removed from the heat of these ardent old issues, ventures, "His scepticism about his own motives as well as those of others, and his general belief that one should not comment on any situation until one understood it thoroughly, made him refrain from making the kind of easy judgment or fashionable 'stand' in which others indulged." In contrast to Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis, and in spite of a "peculiar" letter to the *Daily Mail* in 1923 praising a series of pro-Mussolini articles, "Eliot recognized very well that the reliance upon order and 'the state' alone was a form of escapism, a cover for unprincipled militarism and nationalism." Not that Eliot was an outstanding democrat or populist; in those aggressive Virginia lectures he loftily asserted, "The number of people in possession of any criteria for discriminating between good and evil is very small." But not even the haziest undergraduate should be allowed to confuse Eliot's circumspect, if paternalistic, ideas of a Christian society with the irrational and vicious fascism that Pound wound up espousing.

Eliot was, as his employers and co-workers all recognized, a reasonable and practical man: an effective and conscientious banker, and an even more able editor in a publishing house. Pound himself, in 1915, had written a reassuring letter to Henry Ware Eliot predicting that his son's progress in London would be smoother and swifter than Pound's own; and so it proved. Pound went to Paris, then Italy, and drove his great talent onto the shoals of fanaticism, disgrace, and despair. Eliot stayed in England, and in the postwar period reaped honors, popular success as a playwright, and virtually sacred cultural status. "Eliot had always been the subtler and more complicated man, shrewd enough to make his peace with an age to which he did not truly belong." As editor at

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Faber and of *The Criterion*, Eliot successfully encouraged younger poets from Auden and Spender down to Ted Hughes and Thom Gunn. "Eliot's contemporaries, like Lewis or Pound, were generally quite unable to see the solid or objective merit in the work of the generation then emerging, but Eliot was able to get outside his own preconceptions and assumptions so that he could spot the real thing, even in work very different from his own." He was even, Mr. Ackroyd claims, something of a postmodernist: "It was Eliot who in the end loosened the hold of the 'modernists' on English culture—not only did he assert the public role and 'social usefulness' of the writer in an almost nineteenth-century manner, but he also announced that the principles he derived from his religious belief were more enduring than literary or critical ones." Where the typical modernist religion was private and revolutionary, like the arcana of Yeats or D. H. Lawrence's bombastic eroticism, Eliot found his own answer in a long-established institution, the Anglican church, whose committees he did not spurn and whose ongoing existence in society instilled, as did the councils of publishing, the human lessons of compromise and adjustment. In temper, Eliot was close to the eclectic Joyce: both men warmed their genius on old loyalties and demotic language, their heads a mix of music-hall tunes and medieval exemplars. Eliot, so long queasy at the feast of life, ended as a celebrant of domestic pleasures, his voyage like Bloom's come home to (as his last published poem, "A Dedication to My Wife," vividly puts it) "The breathing in unison / Of lovers whose bodies smell of each other."

Along with a freshly detailed impression of Eliot's hardworking worldliness—how many lectures he gave! how many cultural excursions across the Channel and the Atlantic he undertook, in ill health and good!—Mr. Ackroyd's biography affords a renewed appreciation of the immense difficulty with which Eliot pulled his few poems out of himself. The fitful and pained assembly of fragments into "The Waste Land," and Eliot's diffidence in accepting Pound's editorial slashing and in affixing to the published text, at the last minute, the suavely owlsh "Notes," have been well documented by the publication in facsimile of the manuscripts in 1971. One turns those facsimile pages reverently, noticing with what furious



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speed Eliot wrote when inspiration was upon him, as it was in the "Elizabeth and Leicester" and "water-dripping" sections. He was, for all his professed "classicism," a most unsystematic bard, given to long fallow periods and much advice-seeking from interested friends; not only Pound but Vivien annotated the "Waste Land" manuscripts, and John Hayward was to serve as consultant on "Four Quartets." Between these two major poems, in nearly twenty years of what should have been his prime, there was precious little, notably "The Hollow Men," of 1925, and "Ash-Wednesday," five years later—poems of a suppliant thinness, affecting chiefly in their near approach to total silence, in their sense of utterance achieved out of a desert dryness. And "Four Quartets," which renewed his reputation and gives ballast to his oeuvre, was carried to completion, we are assured by Burton Raffel in his "T. S. Eliot" (1982), because of "the coming of World War II and the fact that it made further theater work for the moment impossible." From the unfinished "Sweeney Agonistes" (1928) on, Eliot's heart seemed to belong to the theatre; he had always been a poet of voices, of shifting impersonations. Mr. Ackroyd finds even in Eliot's Ph.D. thesis on F. H. Bradley proof of his "extraordinary ability to create a synthetic discourse; he is able to employ over an extended space a certain form of language while simultaneously remaining quite detached from it." Having read Eliot's letters to Pound, he marvels at "Eliot's extraordinary ability to mimic Pound's verbal mannerisms, as if he were willingly immersing himself in his personality. He even goes so far as to fabricate his signature in a way similar to Pound's, so that it forms a kind of hieroglyph." This propensity for mimicry Mr. Ackroyd relates to an inner vacuum, a central incoherence. Edmund Wilson found Eliot's personality "really rather incoherent." Wilson had heard Eliot read in New York in 1933 and wrote to John Dos Passos, "He is an actor and really put on a better show than Shaw.... He gives you the creeps a little at first because he is such a completely artificial, or, rather, self-invented character." V. S. Pritchett described him as "a company of actors inside one suit, each twitting the others." Wyndham Lewis saw him as "an inveterate *moqueur*." Siegfried Sassoon referred to his "cold-storaged humanity" and once heard him claim



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that "all great art is based on a condition of fundamental boredom." A witness who was to become far from disinterested, Vivien Haigh-Wood, wrote of her first encounter with Eliot, "I found him dull, dull, dull. He never moves his lips but speaks in an even, mandarin voice . . . I think he has lost all spontaneity and can only break through his conventionality by stimulants or violent emotion." Before he perfected his impersonation of a banker and a clergyman, there was a latent extravagance in his dandified torpor; several acquaintances of the twenties detected "green powder on his face"—"pale but distinctly green," the Sitwells thought, "the colour of forced lily-of-the-valley." Some of the jokes and poses affected by the young Eliot sound quite mad. As he and Vivien thrashed through their *maladie à deux*, nervous collapse was held off by a grim will.

The private springs he drew upon for his poetry were exceptionally deep and difficult of access. A poet of Auden's preening fluency must have seemed to him a creature from another planet. He believed, as firmly as the Surrealists, in the crucial collaboration of the subconscious, of buried forces he hoped to call to the surface with a drumbeat of verbal rhythm. When he wrote the final sections of "The Waste Land," he told an interviewer, "I wasn't even bothering whether I understood what I was saying." His imagination was thoroughly auditory, a matter of voices and repetitions; sharp visual images become ever more rare in his poetry as the cadence of utterance, increasingly pontifical and ruminative, takes over. After the example of Dante, he strove for simplicity and directness, to the point of the austere; in an unpublished address given in New Haven in 1933 he spoke of hoping to write poetry "with nothing poetic about it, poetry standing naked in its bare bones, or poetry so transparent that we should not see the poetry, but that which we are meant to see through the poetry." However lame and flat the thing being said (and his tranced way of composing admits much that seems flat and semiconscious), the music is real, and tends to touch those ancient centers of awareness where incantation and lullaby merge.

Eliot was in his life a paradigm of modernism, a dutiful product of the nineteenth century who broke through his repressions with drumbeat, pastiche, and parody. Though critics still

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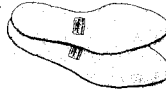
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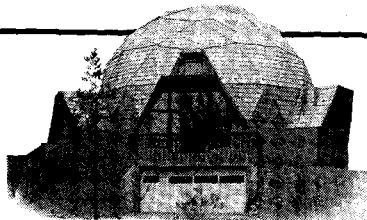


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find much to fume at, his bare-bones, nearly transparent poetry will not go away; there will be no anthologies without him. His attempts to bring verse back onto the English stage are of irreducible literary interest, though perhaps they are better read than played. As a literary critic, he had the advantages of a superb ear and an outsider's irreverence; his essays up to about 1935 contain more ideas, more energizing and clarifying insights into the classics of the English language than anything since. Twenty years have passed since his death, and his claims to privacy need no longer be rigorously respected. His mind is of such interest that we deserve to have all its traces. As Henry James rollingly wrote of the posthumous publication of Hawthorne's journals:

These liberal excisions from the privacy of so reserved and shade-seeking a genius suggest forcibly the general question of the proper limits of curiosity as to that passive personality of an artist of which the elements are scattered in portfolios and table-drawers. It is becoming very plain, however, that whatever the proper limits may be, the actual limits will be fixed only by a total exhaustion of matter.

Eliot's widow is reportedly preparing an edition of his letters. Good. They may well be of more intrinsic interest than those of Hemingway or Faulkner and, by virtue of Eliot's wider connections and more generous nature, than those of Joyce. An edition should also be prepared of all the reviews and lectures that in his lifetime he neglected to collect. No more biographies should be written until such material can be freely quoted, along with the journals of Vivien Eliot. Let the dead speak! —JOHN UPDIKE

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[Floyd W. Parsons in the May, 1921, issue of *The World's Work*]

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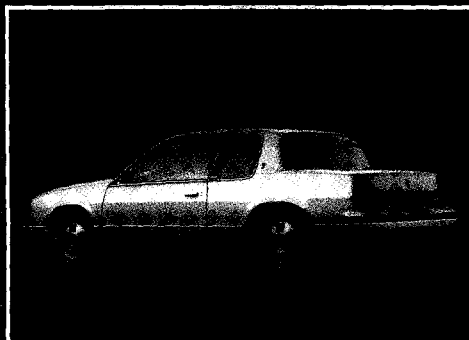
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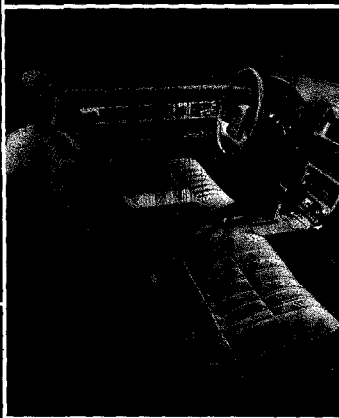
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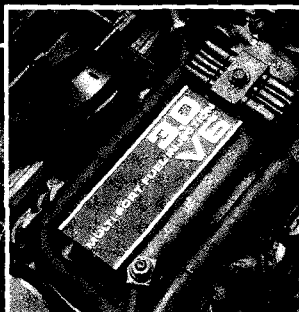
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